

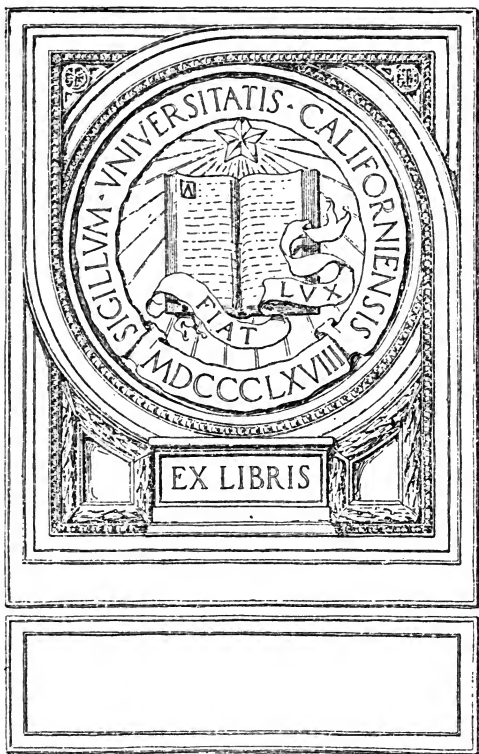
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CHARLES LAMB

THE
LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA

Edited by

A. HAMILTON THOMPSON, M.A., F.S.A.

Cambridge :
at the University Press

1913



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PREFACE

I N the present edition of *The Last Essays of Elia* the order of the first English edition of 1833 has been followed. *Confessions of a Drunkard*, which took the place of *A Death-Bed* in the second edition, and has been omitted from the text of the essays in some of the best modern editions, is inserted here after *Popular Fallacies*, with which the original volume concluded. Some of the more important passages omitted from the collected editions are added in an appendix, as well as the letter to Southey of which *The Tombs in the Abbey* is an abbreviation. As in his edition of the *Essays of Elia*, the editor has attempted to identify those passages in the text which are obviously quotations from other authors: his obligations to the notes in Mr Lucas's edition of *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb* are duly set forth in the notes and the first of the three indexes.

A. H. T.

GRETTON, NORTHANTS.

October, 1913.

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LEADING DATES IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB

- 1775, 10 Feb. Born at 2, Crown office row, Inner Temple.
- 1782, Oct.—1789, Nov. At Christ's hospital.
- 1791, Sept.—1792, Feb. Clerk in South-Sea house.
1792. Entered the India house as a clerk.
- 1796, 22 Sept. Death of his mother at 7, Little Queen street, Holborn.
1797. Removal to 45, Chapel street, Pentonville.
1798. Publication of *Rosamund Gray*.
1799. Death of his father ('Lovel' of *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*).
1800. Charles and Mary Lamb in Southampton buildings, Chancery lane. Work for *The Morning Post*, etc. (see *Newspapers Thirty five Years Ago*).
1801. Removal to 16, Mitre Court buildings, Temple.
1802. Publication of *John Woodvil*.
- 1806, Dec. Failure of *Mr H*— at Drury Lane.
1807. Publication of *Tales from Shakespeare* and *Mrs Leicester's School*, by Charles and Mary Lamb.
1808. Publication of *The Adventures of Ulysses* and *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*.

X LEADING DATES IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB

- 1809. Publication of *Poetry for Children*, by Charles and Mary Lamb. Removal to 4, Inner Temple lane.
- 1817. Removal to 20, Russell street, Covent Garden.
- 1818. Publication of *Works* in two volumes.
- 1820, Sept. Appearance of the first essay of Elia in *The London Magazine*.
- 1821, Nov. Death of John Lamb (see *My Relations* and *Dream-Children*).
- 1823. Removal to Colebrooke cottage, Colebrooke row, Islington (see *Amicus Redivivus*). Publication of *Elia*.
- 1825, May. Retired from the India house on a pension (see *The Superannuated Man*).
- 1826. In lodgings at Enfield.
- 1827. Removal to Enfield Chase, where Charles and Mary Lamb lived at first in a house called the Manse, and later in lodgings next door.
- 1830. Publication of *Album Verses*.
- 1832. Removal to Bay cottage, Edmonton.
- 1833. Publication of *Last Essays of Elia*.
- 1834, July. Death of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
- 1834, 27 Dec. Death of Charles Lamb.
- 1847. Death of Mary Lamb (born 1765). Buried with her brother in the churchyard at Edmonton.

INTRODUCTION

THE essays published in 1823 under the title of *Elia* bore the sub-title, *Essays which have appeared under that Signature in the London Magazine*. This periodical was founded in 1820 by the publishers, Baldwin, Cradock and Joy, under the editorship of John Scott. In August 1821 it was transferred to Messrs Taylor and Hessey, who continued to publish it until August 1825. Its brilliant career was short-lived, and it suffered much by the death of its first editor in a duel, a little more than a year after its foundation. Lamb began to contribute to it in August 1820 with *Recollections of the South-Sea House*; and the collected volume contains four essays printed in 1820, thirteen printed in 1821, and ten, of which three were considerably re-arranged, printed in 1822. The essay on *Valentine's Day*, which brings the total number up to twenty-eight, had been printed in two other periodicals, but did not appear in *The London Magazine*.

Elia was the name of an Italian clerk whose acquaintance Lamb had made during his short period of service in the South-Sea house (Sept. 1791—Feb. 1792). Lamb adopted the pseudonym, as he told John Taylor, the publisher of the *London*, to avoid giving possible offence to his elder brother John, who, when *Recollections of the South-Sea House* appeared, was still in the service of the company. The original *Elia*, who, according to Lamb's statement, was an author himself, died in 1820, before Lamb's first essay in the *London* saw the light. The identity of the real author of the essays

was not hard to discover, and Leigh Hunt announced it in *The Indicator* early in 1821. Lamb answered him in the *London* for March 1821, when the following postscript was printed at the end of *A Chapter on Ears* :

A writer, whose real name, it seems, is *Boldero*, but who has been entertaining the town for the last twelve months, with some very pleasant lucubrations, under the assumed signature of *Leigh Hunt*¹, in his *Indicator*, of the 31st January last, has thought fit to insinuate that I *Elia* do not write the little sketches which bear my signature in this magazine; but that the true author of them is a Mr L—b. Observe the critical period at which he has chosen to impute the calumny!—on the very eve of the publication of our last number—affording no scope for explanation for a full month—during which time I must needs lie writhing and tossing, under the cruel imputation of nonentity. Good heavens! that a plain man must not be allowed *to be*—

They call this an age of personality: but surely this spirit of anti-personality (if I may so express it) is something worse.

Take away my moral reputation: I may live to discredit that calumny.

Injure my literary fame,—I may write that up again—

But when a gentleman is robbed of his identity, where is he?

Other murderers stab but at our existence, a frail and perishing trifle at the best. But here is an assassin who aims at our very essence; who not only forbids us *to be* any longer, but *to have been* at all. Let our ancestors look to it—

Is the parish register nothing? Is the house in Princes-street, Cavendish square, where we saw the light six-and-forty years ago, nothing? Were our progenitors from stately Genoa, where we flourished four centuries back, before the barbarous name of *Boldero*² was known to a European mouth, nothing? Was the goodly scion of our name, transplanted into England, in the reign of the seventh Henry, nothing? Are the archives of the steel yard, in succeeding reigns (if haply they survive the fury of our envious

¹ Clearly a fictitious appellation; for if we admit the latter of these names to be in a manner English, what is *Leigh*? Christian nomenclature knows no such.

² It is clearly of transatlantic origin.

enemies) showing that we flourished in prime repute, as merchants, down to the period of the commonwealth, nothing?

‘Why, then the world, and all that’s in’t, is nothing—
The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia is nothing.’

I am ashamed that this trifling writer should have power to move me so.

There was no form of literary humour which Lamb loved better than an ingenious mixture of fiction with fact; and matter-of-fact readers of the *London* found the Genoese ancestry and the alleged birthplace of Elia hard to reconcile with the statements contained in other essays. In November 1821 Lamb printed the following letter in the *London*, under the title of *Elia to his Correspondents*:

A Correspondent, who writes himself Peter Ball, or Bell—for his hand-writing is as ragged as his manners—admonishes me of the old saying, that some people (under a courteous periphrasis I slur his less ceremonious epithet) had need have good memories. In my ‘Old Benchers of the Inner Temple,’ I have delivered myself, and truly, a Templar born. Bell clamours upon this, and thinketh that he hath caught a fox. It seems that in a former paper, retorting upon a weekly scribbler who had called my good identity in question, (see P.S. to my ‘Chapter on Ears’), I profess myself a native of some spot near Cavendish Square, deducing my remoter origin from Italy. But who does not see, except this tinkling cymbal, that in that idle fiction of Genoese ancestry I was answering a fool according to his folly—that Elia there expresseth himself ironically, as to an approved slanderer, who hath no right to the truth, and can be no fit recipient of it? Such a one it is usual to leave to his delusions; or, leading him from error still to contradictory error, to plunge him (as we say) deeper in the mire, and give him line till he suspend himself. No understanding reader could be imposed upon by such obvious rhodomontade to suspect me for an alien, or believe me other than English.—To a second Correspondent, who signs himself ‘a Wiltshire man,’ and claims me for a countryman upon the strength of an equivocal phrase in my ‘Christ’s Hospital,’ a more mannerly reply is due. Passing over the Genoese fable, which Bell makes such a ring about, he nicely detects a more subtle discrepancy,

which Bell was too obtuse to strike upon. Referring to the passage ...I must confess, that the term 'native town,' applied to Calne, *primâ facie* seems to bear out the construction which my friendly Correspondent is willing to put upon it. The context too, I am afraid, a little favours it. But where the words of an author, taken literally, compared with some other passage in his writings, admitted to be authentic, involve a palpable contradiction, it hath been the custom of the ingenuous commentator to smooth the difficulty by the supposition, that in the one case an allegorical or tropical sense was chiefly intended. So, by the word 'native,' I may be supposed to mean a town where I might have been born; or where it might be desirable that I should have been born, as being situate in wholesome air, upon a dry chalky soil, in which I delight; or a town, with the inhabitants of which I passed some weeks, a summer or two ago, so agreeably, that they and it became in a manner native to me. Without some such latitude of interpretation in the present case, I see not how we can avoid falling into a gross error in physics, as to conceive that a gentleman may be born in two places, from which all modern and ancient testimony is alike abhorrent. Bacchus cometh the nearest to it, whom I remember Ovid to have honoured with the epithet 'Twice born¹.' But, not to mention that he is so called (we conceive) in reference to the places *whence* rather than the places *where* he was delivered,—for by either birth he may probably be challenged for a Theban—in a strict way of speaking, he was a *filius femoris* by no means in the same sense as he had been before a *filius alvi*, for that latter was but a secondary and tralatitious way of being born, and he but a denizen of the second house of his geniture. Thus much by way of explanation was thought due to the courteous 'Wiltshire man.'—To 'Indagator,' 'Investigator,' 'Incertus,' and the rest of the pack, that are so importunate about the true localities of his birth—as if, forsooth, Elia were presently about to be passed to his parish—to all such churchwarden critics he answereth, that, any explanation here given notwithstanding, he hath not so fixed his nativity (like a rusty vane)

¹ 'Imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo
Eripitur, patrioque tener (si credere dignum est)
Insuitur femori—
Tutaque bis geniti sunt incunabula Bacchi.'

to one dull spot, but that, if he seeth occasion, or the argument shall demand it, he will be born again, in future papers, in whatever place, and at whatever period, shall seem good unto him.

‘Modò me Thebis, modò Athenis.’

ELIA.

In January 1823 Lamb determined to kill Elia, and wrote the essay, *A Character of the late Elia*, now printed in part as the preface to *The Last Essays of Elia. Rejoicings on the New Year's Coming of Age*, which appeared in the same number of the *London*, was signed by ‘Elia’s Ghost.’ Essays from the same pen, however, appeared regularly in the *London* from March to December 1823. Only two were printed in 1824; but in January 1825 Elia again became a regular contributor, until the magazine passed into new hands in August.

A second series of *Elia* was collected by a firm of American publishers, and published at Philadelphia in 1828, as a sequel to a pirated reprint of the original volume. This contained some of Lamb’s earlier essays, which had been published in his *Works* (1818), and three essays by other hands, in addition to the actual contributions of Elia. *The Last Essays of Elia*, however, was not published in England until 1833. This volume contained one essay (*Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading*) from *The London Magazine* of 1822; nine essays of 1823; two of 1824; and five of 1825. Of the remaining essays, the *Popular Fallacies* and two of the same series printed under separate titles were reprinted from *The New Monthly Magazine* of 1826; three were from *The Englishman’s Magazine* of 1831; one from *The Athenaeum* of 1832; and one from Hone’s *Table Book* (1827). This last, *A Death-Bed*, was omitted in the second edition of 1835, in which its place was filled by an earlier essay, *Confessions of a Drunkard*, written as early as 1812 and already printed in three separate forms.

It should be remembered that, at the time of his earliest appearance as Elia, Lamb was already generally known as a miscellaneous writer and critic, and his *Works* had been

published in two volumes in 1818. He was in his forty-sixth year, and the *Essays of Elia* are thus the fruit of a ripe experience and exhibit a fully developed style. Lamb's choice of subjects is of the most casual, and his method of treatment of the most desultory kind. In his medley of autobiography, soliloquy, parable, and criticism, there is no settled philosophy of life, to colour every object from a fixed point of view. The essays reflect a variety of their author's moods, but in none of these is he the victim of a disposition to preach to his readers. His observations upon life are personal confidences, which ask for our sympathy and promise it, where it is given, a quick return. No modern English writer has appealed so unreservedly to his audience, or has shown it so thoroughly that the professional man of letters can be an ordinary human being. The fellow-feeling with all that is human, which made Lamb the friend in his lifetime of men of the most diverse gifts and shades of thought, has given him a peculiar place in the sympathy and affections of later generations.

In this prevailing interest in humanity Lamb was most nearly akin to the writers of an elder age, in whom he found his favourite reading and the source of his individual style. Among his earlier writings there is nothing to which the student of English literature turns with more pleasure than the notes in *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the Time of Shakespeare* (1808). Each of these short paragraphs, examples of elaborate and imaginative, but perfectly lucid prose, sums up the characteristics of his authors with an understanding which no later critic has equalled. Other longer essays declared his affection for those authors of the early part of the seventeenth century, who wrote freely as their speculations moved them, with a spontaneous display of their wide reading, out of curiosity in the varied life which they saw round them and without the least intention of overwhelming the public with their superior cleverness. One of Lamb's earliest pieces of prose is a short series of *Curious Fragments*, written in imitation of Robert Burton, the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*,

and purporting to be extracts from his common-place book. In the *Essays of Elia* there is abundant evidence of Lamb's delight in the *Anatomy*, a treatise in which Burton applied his vast store of out-of-the-way reading to a range of subjects very imperfectly suggested by the title. The conceits of Fuller, 'oftentimes deeply steeped in human feeling and passion,' and the more florid style of Jeremy Taylor, at once stately and fluent, adorned with continual allusions to history and literature and with natural descriptions of the greatest beauty, were also much to his taste. But his favourite prose author of this period was sir Thomas Browne. His own habit of mind closely resembled that of the author of *Religio Medici*, who took a pleasure, quite distinct from absorption in self, in examining and revealing his own thoughts and motives, finding in knowledge of himself the key to the study of the world around him. More than this, Lamb's reading of sir Thomas Browne closely affected his own style. Its tendency to the use of latinised and obsolete words and phrases may be referred to the general influence of seventeenth-century writers; but there are whole passages, especially those written in his more serious moods, in which Lamb's thoughts, moving in the channel in which Browne's mind found its way to expression most readily, take shape in a rhythm and cadence almost indistinguishable from those habitual to Browne. Sustained passages of this type will be found in *New Year's Eve* and in the *Popular Fallacy* 'that we should rise with the Lark'; but the influence of Browne was never far absent from Lamb, and the essays are pervaded by allusions to this favourite author and echoes of his manner.

This is the most conspicuous instance of the debt which Lamb owed to the literature of the past. His familiarity with the older authors, however, was not confined to a few. His thoughts clothed themselves naturally in phrases borrowed from the Authorised version of the Bible, from Shakespeare, Milton, Marvell, Cowley, Izaak Walton, and less well-known writers; and, apart from the more obvious cases, there is probably a very large number of quotations or reminiscent

phrases in the essays, for which an original might be found with some searching. But the style of *Elia* is not on that account imitative, or a mere collection of other men's thoughts and words. Lamb's mind was in the highest degree receptive, but what it received it gave out again with a new context and an individual meaning. Nothing that reached it faded into a dead memory, but everything suffered

‘a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.’

His work is a proof of the undying power of the great literature of the past to perpetuate itself in new forms and to call original genius into being. Readers to whom sir Thomas Browne's prose appears to be nothing but an unintelligible fantasia upon unpractical themes can listen to its echoes in Lamb with attention and interest. Hazlitt records that William Ayrton the musician, on hearing Lamb descant upon the attractions of Browne and Fulke Greville, ‘whispered a friendly apprehension, that while Lamb continued to admire these old crabbed authors, he would never become a popular writer.’ It was this admiration, on the contrary, which aided a mind as peculiar and creative as those of the ‘old crabbed authors’ themselves to express itself in terms that commanded the sympathy of a new age, and have won a popularity dependent upon qualities which were all Lamb's own.

The self-revelation of the *Essays of Elia* has been mentioned already. While such writers as Browne and Burton found a source of interest in themselves, that interest was mainly concerned with the intellect: Browne's allusions to his home in Norwich, Burton's to his birthplace in Warwickshire or his parsonage in Lincolnshire, are merely passing touches of autobiography. Lamb, on the other hand, wrote in his essays a record of episodes which can be connected, with the addition of a few links and the elimination of a considerable amount of delightful fiction, into a substantial account of a large part of his life. Sometimes, as in *My First Play* or in *Mackery End*, the story is told directly: sometimes,

as in *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago*, it is told from an assumed point of view. Artistic effect is always carefully considered: the form which Lamb's work took allowed him considerable licence in the presentation of facts, of which he availed himself liberally. The ease with which he blended fact with fancy is unique in English literature. The two elements are woven together so closely that, even where the matter in hand seems to be drawn entirely from his own experience, there is always a suspicion that imagination has lent her aid to supply some picturesque touch and heighten the effect of the story. His delight in pure fun inclined him naturally to these harmless deceptions. Prosaic readers, who were mystified by such contradictions as the apparent claim of Elia to three separate birthplaces, gave him opportunity for the type of banter in which he excelled. His gentle expostulations only deepened the mystery. Apart from personal gratification, however, his method of employing autobiography is strictly in keeping with the canons of art. The *Essays of Elia* is primarily a work of imagination. Autobiographic detail is not its purpose, but is merely incident to it; and the writer is at liberty to keep to the strict truth or draw upon his imagination as he will.

This free handling of fact is seen at its best in those essays in which Lamb groups together a number of portraits of his early friends and acquaintances. *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*, the 'college' of clerks in *Recollections of the South-Sea House*, the Grecians in *Christ's Hospital* are drawn with a power of accurate reminiscence, always tempered with a consciousness of the licence necessary to artistic portraiture. Slight exaggerations, judicious omissions, only make the likeness more effective. Here and there we find a picture, like the famous and beautiful apostrophe to Coleridge in *Christ's Hospital*, which is of historical interest; but for the most part Lamb exercised his skill upon the task of summoning into life forgotten shades from the dead past. The names which he supplied in a 'key' for the benefit of one of his friends are otherwise for the most

pages of Cervantes, so no art could claim in his mind an equal pre-eminence with literature. His understanding of the inter-twined elements in life, his appreciation of the duty of literature to reproduce the apparent variance and actual harmony of such elements, gave his own writings, fugitive in their outer form, a permanent value ; and to this is due their high position among those contributions to the explanation of life which have survived the fickle taste of a single period and have become classics.

PREFACE

BY A FRIEND OF THE LATE ELIA

THIS poor gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, hath at length paid his final tribute to nature.

To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humour of the thing, if ever there was much in it, was pretty well exhausted; and a two years' and a half existence has been a tolerable duration for a phantom.

I am now at liberty to confess, that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well-founded. Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him. Egotistical they have been pronounced by some who did not know, that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true only (historically) of another; as in a former Essay (to save many instances)—where under the *first person* (his favourite figure) he shadows forth the forlorn estate of

a country-boy placed at a London school, far from his friends and connections—in direct opposition to his own early history. If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the griefs and affections of another—making himself many, or reducing many unto himself—then is the skilful novelist, who all along brings in his hero or heroine, speaking of themselves, the greatest egotist of all ; who yet has never, therefore, been accused of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist escape being faulty, who, doubtless, under cover of passion uttered by another, oftentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story modestly ?

My late friend was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him, hated him ; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a free-thinker ; while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him ; and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure—irony. He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred.—He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest ; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator ; and he seemed

determined that no one else should play that part when he was present. He was *petit* and ordinary in his person and appearance. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good company, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent, and be suspected for an odd fellow ; till some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether senseless, perhaps, if rightly taken), which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him ; but nine times out of ten, he contrived by this device to send away a whole company his enemies. His conceptions rose kindlier than his utterance, and his happiest *impromptus* had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation. He chose his companions for some individuality of character which they manifested.—Hence, not many persons of science, and few professed *literati*, were of his councils. They were, for the most part, persons of an uncertain fortune ; and, as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a great miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake. His *intimados*, to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society ; and the colour, or something else, in the weed pleased him. The burrs stuck to him—but they were good and loving burrs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalised (and offences were sure to arise), he could not help it. When he has been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to

the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, what one point did these good people ever concede to him? He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness. Only in the use of the Indian weed he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a solvent of speech. Marry—as the friendly vapour ascended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it! the ligaments, which tongue-tied him, were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statish!

I do not know whether I ought to bemoan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discoursing with him latterly on this subject, he expressed himself with a pettishness, which I thought unworthy of him. In our walks about his suburban retreat (as he called it) at Shacklewell, some children belonging to a school of industry had met us, and bowed and curtsied, as he thought, in an especial manner to *him*. ‘They take me for a visiting governor,’ he muttered earnestly. He had a horror, which he carried to a foible, of looking like anything important and parochial. He thought that he approached nearer to that stamp daily. He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and kept a wary eye upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. He did not conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession. His manners lagged behind his years.

He was too much of the boy-man. The *loga virilis* never sate gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses; but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.



THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA

BLAKESMOOR IN H—SHIRE

I DO not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy : and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions, incompatible with the bustle of modern occupancy, and vanities of foolish present aristocracy. The same difference of feeling, I think, attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory—or a trait of affectation, or worse, vain-glory, on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonising the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church : think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross

conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

Journeying northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road to look upon the remains of an old great house with which I had been impressed in this way in infancy. I was apprised that the owner of it had lately pulled it down; still I had a vague notion that it could not all have perished, that so much solidity with magnificence could not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it.

The work of ruin had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to—an antiquity.

I was astonished at the indistinction of everything. Where had stood the great gates? What bounded the court-yard? Whereabout did the out-houses commence? A few bricks only lay as representatives of that which was so stately and so spacious.

Death does not shrink up his human victim at this rate. The burnt ashes of a man weigh more in their proportion.

Had I seen these brick-and-mortar knaves at their process of destruction, at the plucking of every panel I should have felt the varlets at my heart. I should have cried out to them to spare a plank at least out of the cheerful store-room, in whose hot window-seat I used to sit and read Cowley, with the grass-plat before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it about me—it is in mine ears now, as oft as summer returns; or a pannel of the yellow-room.

Why, every plank and pannel of that house for me had magic in it. The tapestried bed-rooms—tapestry so much better than painting—not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots—at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid (replaced as quickly) to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally—all Ovid on the walls, in colours vividder than his descriptions. Actæon in mid sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana; and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coolness of Dan Phœbus, eel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas.

Then, that haunted room—in which old Mrs Battle died—whereinto I have crept, but always in the daytime, with a passion of fear; and a sneaking curiosity, terror-tainted, to hold communication with the past.—*How shall they build it up again?*

It was an old deserted place, yet not so long deserted but that traces of the splendour of past inmates were everywhere apparent. Its furniture was still standing—even to the tarnished gilt leather battledores, and crumbling feathers of shuttlecocks in the nursery, which told that children had once played there. But I was a lonely child, and had the range at will of every apartment, knew every nook and corner, wondered and worshipped everywhere.

The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought, as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration. So strange a passion for the place possessed me in those years, that, though there lay—I shame to say how few roods distant from the mansion—half hid by trees, what I judged some romantic lake, such was the

spell which bound me to the house, and such my carefulness not to pass its strict and proper precincts, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty brawling brook had been the *Lacus Incognitus* of my infancy. Variegated views, extensive prospects—and those at no great distance from the house—I was told of such—what were they to me, being out of the boundaries of my Eden?—So far from a wish to roam, I would have drawn, methought, still closer the fences of my chosen prison; and have been hemmed in by a yet securer cincture of those excluding garden walls. I could have exclaimed with that garden-loving poet—

Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines;
Curl me about, ye gadding vines;
And oh so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place;
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your silken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And courteous briars, nail me through.

I was here as in a lonely temple. Snug firesides—the low-built roof—parlours ten feet by ten—frugal boards, and all the homeliness of home—these were the condition of my birth—the wholesome soil which I was planted in. Yet, without impeachment to their tenderest lessons, I am not sorry to have had glances of something beyond; and to have taken, if but a peep, in childhood, at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune.

To have the feeling of gentility, it is not necessary to have been born gentle. The pride of ancestry may be

had on cheaper terms than to be obliged to an importunate race of ancestors ; and the coatless antiquary in his unemblazoned cell, revolving the long line of a Mowbray's or De Clifford's pedigree, at those sounding names may warn himself into as gay a vanity as these who do inherit them. The claims of birth are ideal merely, and what herald shall go about to strip me of an idea? Is it trenchant to their swords? can it be hacked off as a spur can? or torn away like a tarnished garter?

What, else, were the families of the great to us? what pleasure should we take in their tedious genealogies, or their capitulatory brass monuments? What to us the uninterrupted current of their bloods, if our own did not answer within us to a cognate and correspondent elevation?

Or wherefore else, O tattered and diminished 'Scutcheon that hung upon the time-worn walls of thy princely stairs, BLAKESMOOR! have I in childhood so oft stood poring upon thy mystic characters—thy emblematic supporters, with their prophetic 'Resurgam'—till, every dreg of peasantry purging off, I received into myself Very Gentility? Thou wert first in my morning eyes; and of nights hast detained my steps from bedward, till it was but a step from gazing at thee to dreaming on thee.

This is the only true gentry by adoption ; the veritable change of blood, and not, as empirics have fabled, by transfusion.

Who it was by dying that had earned the splendid trophy, I know not, I inquired not: but its fading rags, and colours cobweb-stained, told that its subject was of two centuries back.

And what if my ancestor at that date was some Damœtas—feeding flocks, not his own, upon the hills of Lincoln—did I in less earnest vindicate to myself the family trappings of this once proud Ægon?—repaying by a backward triumph the insults he might possibly have heaped in his life-time upon my poor pastoral progenitor.

If it were presumption so to speculate, the present owners of the mansion had least reason to complain. They had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer trifle; and I was left to appropriate to myself what images I could pick up, to raise my fancy, or to soothe my vanity.

I was the true descendant of those old W——s: and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places.

Mine was that gallery of good old family portraits, which as I have gone over, giving them in fancy my own family name, one—and then another—would seem to smile, reaching forward from the canvas, to recognise the new relationship: while the rest looked grave, as it seemed, at the vacancy in their dwelling, and thoughts of fled posterity.

That Beauty with the cool blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb—that hung next the great bay window—with the bright yellow H——shire hair, and eye of watchet hue—so like my Alice!—I am persuaded that she was a true Elia—Mildred Elia, I take it.

Mine too, BLAKESMOOR, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its Twelve Cæsars—stately busts in marble—ranged round; of whose countenances, young reader of faces as I was, the frowning beauty of Nero, I remember, had most of my

wonder ; but the mild Galba had my love. There they stood in the coldness of death, yet freshness of immortality.

Mine too, thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority, high-backed, and wickered, once the terror of luckless poacher, or self-forgetful maiden—so common since, that bats have roosted in it.

Mine too—whose else?—thy costly fruit-garden, with its sun-baked southern wall ; the ampler pleasure-garden, rising backwards from the house in triple terraces, with flower-pots now of palest lead, save that a speck here and there, saved from the elements, bespoke their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering ; the verdant quarters backwarder still ; and, stretching still beyond, in old formality, thy firry wilderness, the haunt of the squirrel, and the day-long murmuring wood-pigeon—with that antique image in the centre, God or Goddess I wist not ; but child of Athens or old Rome paid never a sincerer worship to Pan or to Sylvanus in their native groves, than I to that fragmental mystery.

Was it for this that I kissed my childish hands too fervently in your idol-worship, walks and windings of BLAKESMOOR ! for this, or what sin of mine, has the plough passed over your pleasant places ? I sometimes think that as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revived.

POOR RELATIONS

A POOR relation—is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of our prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your 'scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy,—an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, 'That is Mr ——.' A rap between familiarity and respect; that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, 'My dear, perhaps Mr —— will drop in to-day.' He remembereth birth-days—and professeth

he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice, against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think ‘they have seen him before.’ Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend; yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet ’tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant ^{tale} anecdote—of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as ‘he is blest in seeing it now.’ He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn

is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. ‘He is an old humourist,’ you may say, ‘and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one.’ But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. ‘She is plainly related to the L——s; or what does she at their house?’ She is, in all probability, your wife’s cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case.—Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the

gentlemen. Mr — requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *Sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

Richard Amlet, Esq., in the play, is a notable instance of the disadvantages to which this chimerical notion of *affinity constituting a claim to acquaintance*, may subject the spirit of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who persists in calling him 'her son Dick.' But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men, besides, are not of Dick's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, who, wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed. Poor W—— was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classic, and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride; but its quality was inoffensive; it was not of that sort which hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a distance; it only sought to ward off derogation from itself. It was the principle of self-respect carried as far as it could go, without infringing upon that respect, which he would have every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more

obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes, because I would not thread the alleys and blind ways of the town with him to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W—— went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion from the society. The servitor's gown (worse than his school array) clung to him with Nessian venom. He thought himself ridiculous in a garb, under which Latimer must have walked erect, and in which Hooker, in his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depth of college shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student shrunk from observation. He found shelter among books, which insult not; and studies, that ask no questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studious pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy man; when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity. The father of W—— had hitherto exercised the humble profession of house-painter at N——, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some public works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of the young man the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with our

universities, the distance between the gownsmen and the townsmen, as they are called—the trading part of the latter especially—is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W——’s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W—— was a little, busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and scraping, cap in hand, to anything that wore the semblance of a gown—insensible to the winks and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or equal in standing, perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not last. W—— must change the air of Oxford, or be suffocated. He chose the former; and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they can bear, censure the dereliction; he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W——, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the High-street to the back of * * * * * college, where W—— kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him—finding him in a better mood—upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity or badge of gratitude to his saint. W—— looked up at the Luke, and, like Satan, ‘knew his mounted sign—and fled.’ A letter on his father’s table the next morning, announced that he had accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St Sebastian.

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter, are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow-chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been school-fellows, a world ago, at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive—a stately being, let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect

which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill, and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading Mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minster; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remember with anguish the thought that came over me: ‘Perhaps he will never come here again.’ He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigour—when my

aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season—uttered the following memorable application—‘Do take another slice, Mr Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.’ The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—‘Woman, you are superannuated.’ John Billet did not survive long, after the digesting of this affront ; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored ! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (anno 1781), where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence ; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his escrutoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.

STAGE ILLUSION

A PLAY is said to be well or ill acted, in proportion to the scenical illusion produced. Whether such illusion can in any case be perfect, is not the question. The nearest approach to it, we are told, is, when the actor appears wholly unconscious of the presence of spectators.

In tragedy—in all which is to affect the feelings—this undivided attention to his stage business seems indispensable. Yet it is, in fact, dispensed with every day by our cleverest tragedians; and, while these references to an audience, in the shape of rant or sentiment, are not too frequent or palpable, a sufficient quantity of illusion for the purposes of dramatic interest may be said to be produced in spite of them. But, tragedy apart, it may be inquired whether, in certain characters in comedy, especially those which are a little extravagant, or which involve some notion repugnant to the moral sense, it is not a proof of the highest skill in the comedian when, without absolutely appealing to an audience, he keeps up a tacit understanding with them; and makes them, unconsciously to themselves, a party in the scene. The utmost nicety is required in the mode of doing this; but we speak only of the great artists in the profession.

The most mortifying infirmity in human nature, to feel in ourselves, or to contemplate in another, is, perhaps, cowardice. To see a coward *done to the life* upon a stage would produce anything but mirth. Yet we most of us remember Jack Bannister's cowards. Could anything be more agreeable, more pleasant? We loved the rogues. How was this effected but by the exquisite art of the actor in a perpetual sub-insinuation to us, the spectators, even in the extremity of the shaking fit, that he was not half such a coward as we took him for?—We saw all the common symptoms of the malady upon him: the quivering lip, the cowering knees, the teeth chattering; and could have sworn 'that man was frightened.' But we forgot all the while—or kept it almost a secret to ourselves—that he never once lost his

self-possession; that he let out by a thousand droll looks and gestures—meant at *us*, and not at all supposed to be visible to his fellows in the scene, that his confidence in his own resources had never once deserted him. Was this a genuine picture of a coward? or not rather a likeness, which the clever artist contrived to palm upon us instead of an original: while we secretly connived at the delusion for the purpose of greater pleasure, than a more genuine counterfeiting of the imbecility, helplessness, and utter self-desertion, which we know to be concomitants of cowardice in real life, could have given us?

Why are misers so hateful in the world, and so endurable on the stage, but because the skilful actor, by a sort of sub-reference, rather than direct appeal to us, disarms the character of a great deal of its odiousness, by seeming to engage *our* compassion for the insecure tenure by which he holds his money-bags and parchments? By this subtle vent half of the hatefulness of the character—the self-closeness with which in real life it coils itself up from the sympathies of men—evaporates. The miser becomes sympathetic; *i.e.*, is no genuine miser. Here again a diverting likeness is substituted for a very disagreeable reality.

Spleen, irritability—the pitiable infirmities of old men, which produce only pain to behold in the realities, counterfeited upon a stage, divert not altogether for the comic appendages to them, but in part from an inner conviction that they are *being acted* before us; that a likeness only is going on, and not the thing itself. They please by being done under the life, or beside it; not *to the life*. When Gattie acts an old man, is he angry indeed? or only a pleasant counterfeit, just enough of

a likeness to recognize, without pressing upon us the uneasy sense of a reality?

Comedians, paradoxical as it may seem, may be too natural. It was the case with a late actor. Nothing could be more earnest or true than the manner of Mr Emery; this told excellently in his Tyke, and characters of a tragic cast. But when he carried the same rigid exclusiveness of attention to the stage business, and wilful blindness and oblivion of everything before the curtain into his comedy, it produced a harsh and dissonant effect. He was out of keeping with the rest of the *Personæ Dramatis*. There was as little link between him and them, as betwixt himself and the audience. He was a third estate, dry, repulsive, and unsocial to all. Individually considered, his execution was masterly. But comedy is not this unbending thing; for this reason, that the same degree of credibility is not required of it as to serious scenes. The degrees of credibility demanded to the two things, may be illustrated by the different sort of truth which we expect when a man tells us a mournful or a merry story. If we suspect the former of falsehood in any one tittle, we reject it altogether. Our tears refuse to flow at a suspected imposition. But the teller of a mirthful tale has latitude allowed him. We are content with less than absolute truth. 'Tis the same with dramatic illusion. We confess we love in comedy to see an audience naturalised behind the scenes, taken into the interest of the drama, welcomed as bystanders however. There is something ungracious in a comic actor holding himself aloof from all participation or concern with those who are come to be diverted by him. Macbeth must

see the dagger, and no ear but his own be told of it ; but an old fool in farce may think he *sees something*, and by conscious words and looks express it, as plainly as he can speak, to pit, box, and gallery. When an impertinent in tragedy, an Osric, for instance, breaks in upon the serious passions of the scene, we approve of the contempt with which he is treated. But when the pleasant impertinent of comedy, in a piece purely meant to give delight, and raise mirth out of whimsical perplexities, worries the studious man with taking up his leisure, or making his house his home, the same sort of contempt expressed (however *natural*) would destroy the balance of delight in the spectators. To make the intrusion comic, the actor who plays the annoyed man must a little desert nature ; he must, in short, be thinking of the audience, and express only so much dissatisfaction and peevishness as is consistent with the pleasure of comedy. In other words, his perplexity must seem half put on. If he repel the intruder with the sober set face of a man in earnest, and more especially if he deliver his expostulations in a tone which in the world must necessarily provoke a duel ; his real-life manner will destroy the whimsical and purely dramatic existence of the other character (which to render it comic demands an antagonist comicality on the part of the character opposed to it), and convert what was meant for mirth, rather than belief, into a downright piece of impertinence indeed, which would raise no diversion in us, but rather stir pain, to see inflicted in earnest upon any unworthy person. A very judicious actor (in most of his parts) seems to have fallen into an error of this sort in his playing with Mr Wrench in the farce of Free and Easy.

Many instances would be tedious ; these may suffice to show that comic acting at least does not always demand from the performer that strict abstraction from all reference to an audience, which is exacted of it ; but that in some cases a sort of compromise may take place, and all the purposes of dramatic delight be attained by a judicious understanding, not too openly announced, between the ladies and gentlemen—on both sides of the curtain.

TO THE SHADE OF ELLISTON

JOYOUSEST of once embodied spirits, whither at length hast thou flown ? to what genial region are we permitted to conjecture that thou hast flitted ?

Art thou sowing thy WILD OATS yet (the harvest time was still to come with thee) upon casual sands of Avernus ? or art thou enacting ROVER (as we would gladlier think) by wandering Elysian streams ?

This mortal frame, while thou didst play thy brief antics amongst us, was in truth any thing but a prison to thee, as the vain Platonist dreams of this *body* to be no better than a county gaol, forsooth, or some house of durance vile, whereof the five senses are the fetters. Thou knewest better than to be in a hurry to cast off those gyves ; and had notice to quit, I fear, before thou wert quite ready to abandon this fleshly tenement. It was thy Pleasure-House, thy Palace of Dainty Devices : thy Louvre, or thy White Hall.

What new mysterious lodgings dost thou tenant

now? or when may we expect thy aërial house-warming?

Tartarus we know, and we have read of the Blessed Shades; now cannot I intelligibly fancy thee in either.

Is it too much to hazard a conjecture, that (as the schoolmen admitted a receptacle apart for Patriarchs and un-chrisom babes) there may exist—not far perchance from that store-house of all vanities, which Milton saw in visions—a LIMBO somewhere for PLAYERS? and that

Up thither like aërial vapours fly
Both all Stage things, and all that in Stage things
Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame?
All the unaccomplish'd works of Authors' hands,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Damn'd upon earth, fleet thither—
Play, Opera, Farce, with all their trumpery.

There, by the neighbouring moon (by some not improperly supposed thy Regent Planet upon earth), mayst thou not still be acting thy managerial pranks, great disembodied Lessee? but Lessee still, and still a manager.

In Green Rooms, impervious to mortal eye, the muse beholds thee wielding posthumous empire.

Thin ghosts of Figurantes (never plump on earth) circle thee in endlessly, and still their song is *Fye on sinful Phantasy!*

Magnificent were thy capriccios on this globe of earth, ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON! for as yet we know not thy new name in heaven.

It irks me to think, that, stript of thy regalities, thou shouldst ferry over, a poor forked shade, in crazy Stygian wherry. Methinks I hear the old boatman,

paddling by the weedy wharf, with raucid voice, bawling 'SCULLS, SCULLS': to which, with waving hand, and majestic action, thou deignest no reply, other than in two curt monosyllables, 'No : OARS.'

But the laws of Pluto's kingdom know small difference between king, and cobbler ; manager, and call-boy : and, if haply your dates of life were conterminant, you are quietly taking your passage, cheek by cheek (O ignoble levelling of Death) with the shade of some recently departed candle-snuffer.

But mercy ! what strippings, what tearing off of histrionic robes, and private vanities ! what denudations to the bone, before the surly Ferryman will admit you to set a foot within his battered lighter !

Crowns, sceptres : shield, sword, and truncheon ; thy own coronation robes (for thou hast brought the whole property-man's wardrobe with thee, enough to sink a navy) ; the judge's ermine ; the coxcomb's wig ; the snuff-box *à la Foppington*—all must overboard, he positively swears—and that Ancient Mariner brooks no denial ; for, since the tiresome monodrame of the old Thracian Harper, Charon, it is to be believed, hath shown small taste for theatricals.

Ay, now 'tis done. You are just boat-weight ; *pura et puta anima*.

But, bless me, how *little* you look !

So shall we all look—kings and keysars—stript for the last voyage.

But the murky rogue pushes off. Adieu, pleasant, and thrice pleasant shade ! with my parting thanks for many a heavy hour of life lightened by thy harmless extravaganzas, public or domestic.

Rhadamanthus, who tries the lighter causes below, leaving to his two brethren the heavy calendars—honest Rhadamanth, always partial to players, weighing their parti-coloured existence here upon earth—making account of the few foibles, that may have shaded thy *real life*, as we call it, (though, substantially, scarcely less a vapour than thy idlest vagaries upon the boards of Drury), as but of so many echoes, natural re-percussions, and results to be expected from the assumed extravagancies of thy *secondary* or *mock life*, nightly upon a stage—after a lenient castigation, with rods lighter than of those Medusean ringlets, but just enough to ‘whip the offending Adam out of thee,’ shall courteously dismiss thee at the right-hand gate—the O. P. side of Hades—that conducts to masques and merry-makings in the Theatre Royal of Proserpine.

PLAUDITO, ET VALETO.

ELLISTONIANA

My acquaintance with the pleasant creature, whose loss we all deplore, was but slight.

My first introduction to E., which afterwards ripened into an acquaintance a little on this side of intimacy, was over a counter in the Leamington Spa Library, then newly entered upon by a branch of his family. E., whom nothing misbecame—to auspicate, I suppose, the filial concern, and set it a-going with a lustre—was serving in person two damsels fair, who had come into the shop ostensibly to inquire for some new publication, but in

reality to have a sight of the illustrious shopman, hoping some conference. With what an air did he reach down the volume, dispassionately giving his opinion of the worth of the work in question, and launching out into a dissertation on its comparative merits with those of certain publications of a similar stamp, its rivals! his enchanted customers fairly hanging on his lips, subdued to their authoritative sentence. So have I seen a gentleman in comedy *acting* the shopman. So Lovelace sold his gloves in King Street. I admired the histrionic art, by which he contrived to carry clean away every notion of disgrace, from the occupation he had so generously submitted to; and from that hour I judged him, with no after repentance, to be a person with whom it would be a felicity to be more acquainted.

To descant upon his merits as a Comedian would be superfluous. With his blended private and professional habits alone I have to do; that harmonious fusion of the manners of the player into those of every-day life, which brought the stage boards into streets, and dining-parlours, and kept up the play when the play was ended.—‘I like Wrench,’ a friend was saying to him one day, ‘because he is the same natural, easy creature, *on* the stage, that he is *off*.’ ‘My case exactly,’ retorted Elliston—with a charming forgetfulness, that the converse of a proposition does not always lead to the same conclusion—‘I am the same person *off* the stage that I am *on*.’ The inference, at first sight, seems identical; but examine it a little, and it confesses only, that the one performer was never, and the other always, *acting*.

And in truth this was the charm of Elliston’s private deportment. You had spirited performance always going

on before your eyes, with nothing to pay. As where a monarch takes up his casual abode for a night, the poorest hovel which he honours by his sleeping in it, becomes *ipso facto* for that time a palace; so wherever Elliston walked, sate, or stood still, there was the theatre. He carried about with him his pit, boxes, and galleries, and set up his portable playhouse at corners of streets, and in the market-places. Upon flintiest pavements he trod the boards still; and if his theme chanced to be passionate, the green baize carpet of tragedy spontaneously rose beneath his feet. Now this was hearty, and showed a love for his art. So Apelles *always* painted—in thought. So G. D. *always* poetises. I hate a lukewarm artist. I have known actors—and some of them of Elliston's own stamp—who shall have agreeably been amusing you in the part of a rake or a coxcomb, through the two or three hours of their dramatic existence; but no sooner does the curtain fall with its leaden clatter, but a spirit of lead seems to seize on all their faculties. They emerge sour, morose persons, intolerable to their families, servants, &c. Another shall have been expanding your heart with generous deeds and sentiments, till it even beats with yearnings of universal sympathy; you absolutely long to go home, and do some good action. The play seems tedious, till you can get fairly out of the house, and realise your laudable intentions. At length the final bell rings, and this cordial representative of all that is amiable in human breasts steps forth—a miser. Elliston was more of a piece. Did he *play* Ranger? and did Ranger fill the general bosom of the town with satisfaction? why should *he* not be Ranger, and diffuse the same cordial satisfaction among his private circles?

with *his* temperament, *his* animal spirits, *his* good nature, *his* follies perchance, could he do better than identify himself with his impersonation? Are we to like a pleasant rake, or coxcomb, on the stage, and give ourselves airs of aversion for the identical character, presented to us in actual life? or what would the performer have gained by divesting himself of the impersonation? Could the man Elliston have been essentially different from his part, even if he had avoided to reflect to us studiously, in private circles, the airy briskness, the forwardness, and 'scapegoat trickeries of his prototype?

'But there is something not natural in this everlasting *acting*; we want the real man.'

Are you quite sure that it is not the man himself, whom you cannot, or will not see, under some adventitious trappings, which, nevertheless, sit not at all inconsistently upon him? What if it is the nature of some men to be highly artificial? The fault is least reprehensible in *players*. Cibber was his own Foppington, with almost as much wit as Vanbrugh could add to it.

'My conceit of his person,'—it is Ben Jonson speaking of Lord Bacon,—'was never increased towards him by his *place* or *honours*. But I have, and do reverence him for the *greatness*, that was only proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever one of the *greatest* men, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that Heaven would give him strength; for *greatness* he could not want.'

The quality here commended was scarcely less conspicuous in the subject of these idle reminiscences than in my Lord Verulam. Those who have imagined that an unexpected elevation to the direction of a great

London Theatre affected the consequence of Elliston, or at all changed his nature, knew not the essential *greatness* of the man whom they disparage. It was my fortune to encounter him near St Dunstan's Church (which, with its punctual giants, is now no more than dust and a shadow), on the morning of his election to that high office. Grasping my hand with a look of significance, he only uttered,—‘Have you heard the news?’—then, with another look following up the blow, he subjoined, ‘I am the future Manager of Drury Lane Theatre.’—Breathless as he saw me, he stayed not for congratulation or reply, but mutely stalked away, leaving me to chew upon his new-blown dignities at leisure. In fact, nothing could be said to it. Expressive silence alone could muse his praise. This was in his *great style*.

But was he less *great* (be witness, O ye Powers of Equanimity, that supported in the ruins of Carthage the consular exile, and more recently transmuted, for a more illustrious exile, the barren constableness of Elba into an image of Imperial France) when, in melancholy after-years, again, much near the same spot, I met him, when that sceptre had been wrested from his hand, and his dominion was curtailed to the petty managership, and part proprietorship, of the small Olympic, *his Elba*? He still played nightly upon the boards of Drury, but in parts, alas! allotted to him, not magnificently distributed by him. Waiving his great loss as nothing, and magnificently sinking the sense of fallen *material* grandeur in the more liberal resentment of depreciations done to his more lofty *intellectual* pretensions, ‘Have you heard’ (his customary exordium)—‘have you

heard,' said he, 'how they treat me? they put me in *comedy*.' Thought I—but his finger on his lips forbade any verbal interruption—'where could they have put you better?' Then, after a pause—'Where I formerly played Romeo, I now play Mercutio,'—and so again he stalked away, neither staying, nor caring for, responses.

O, it was a rich scene,—but Sir A—— C——, the best of story-tellers and surgeons, who mends a lame narrative almost as well as he sets a fracture, alone could do justice to it,—that I was a witness to, in the tarnished room (that had once been green) of that same little Olympic. There, after his deposition from Imperial Drury, he substituted a throne. That Olympic Hill was his 'highest heaven'; himself 'Jove in his chair.' There he sat in state, while before him, on complaint of prompter, was brought for judgment—how shall I describe her?—one of those little tawdry things that flirt at the tails of choruses—a probationer for the town, in either of its senses—the pertest little drab—a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamps' smoke—who, it seems, on some disapprobation expressed by a 'highly respectable' audience, had precipitately quitted her station on the boards, and withdrawn her small talents in disgust.

'And how dare you,' said her manager,—assuming a censorial severity, which would have crushed the confidence of a Vestris, and disarmed that beautiful Rebel herself of her professional caprices—I verily believe, he thought *her* standing before him—'how dare you, Madam, withdraw yourself, without a notice, from your theatrical duties?' 'I was hissed, Sir.' 'And you have the presumption to decide upon the taste of

the town?' 'I don't know that, Sir, but I will never stand to be hissed,' was the subjoinder of young Confidence—when gathering up his features into one significant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation—in a lesson never to have been lost upon a creature less forward than she who stood before him—his words were these: 'They have hissed *me*.'

'Twas the identical argument *à fortiori*, which the son of Peleus uses to Lycaon trembling under his lance, to persuade him to take his destiny with a good grace. 'I too am mortal.' And it is to be believed that in both cases the rhetoric missed of its application, for want of a proper understanding with the faculties of the respective recipients.

'Quite an Opera pit,' he said to me, as he was courteously conducting me over the benches of his Surrey Theatre, the last retreat, and recess, of his everyday waning grandeur.

Those who knew Elliston, will know the *manner* in which he pronounced the latter sentence of the few words I am about to record. One proud day to me he took his roast mutton with us in the Temple, to which I had superadded a preliminary haddock. After a rather plentiful partaking of the meagre banquet, not unrefreshed with the humbler sort of liquors, I made a sort of apology for the humility of the fare, observing that for my own part I never ate but of one dish at dinner. 'I too never eat but one thing at dinner'—was his reply—then after a pause—'reckoning fish as nothing.' The manner was all. It was as if by one peremptory sentence he had decreed the annihilation of all the savoury esculents, which the pleasant and nutritious

food-giving Ocean pours forth upon poor humans from her watery bosom. This was *greatness*, tempered with considerate *tenderness* to the feelings of his scanty but welcoming entertainer.

Great wert thou in thy life, Robert William Elliston, and *not lessened* in thy death, if report speak truly, which says that thou didst direct that thy mortal remains should repose under no inscription but one of pure *Latinity*. Classical was thy bringing up! and beautiful was the feeling on thy last bed, which, connecting the man with the boy, took thee back to thy latest exercise of imagination, to the days when, undreaming of Theatres and Managerships, thou wert a scholar, and an early ripe one, under the roofs builded by the munificent and pious Colet. For thee the Pauline Muses weep. In elegies, that shall silence this crude prose, they shall celebrate thy praise.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own.—*Lord Foppington, in the Relapse.*

AN ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on

this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read any thing which I call *a book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books (the Literary excepted), Draught Boards bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large: the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without': the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what 'seem its leaves,' to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of block-headed Encyclopædias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia, or Morocco, when a tithe

of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios ; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymund Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of Magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding (with Russia backs ever) is *our* costume. A Shakspeare, or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's Seasons, again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves, and worn-out appearance, nay, the very odour (beyond Russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old 'Circulating Library' Tom Jones, or Vicar of Wakefield ! How they speak of the thousand thumbs that have turned over their pages with delight !—of the lone sempstress, whom they may have cheered (milliner, or harder-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle-toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethean cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents ! Who would have them a whit less soiled ? What better condition could we desire to see them in ?

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret, because we know the copies of them to be 'eternæ.' But where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when *that* perishes,

We know not where is that Promethean torch
That can its light relumine—

such a book, for instance, as the Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted; but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sidney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose works, Fuller—of whom we *have* reprints, yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know, have not endenized themselves (nor possibly ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books—it is good to possess these in durable and costly covers. I do not care for a First Folio of Shakspeare. I rather prefer the common editions of Rowe and Tonson, without notes, and with *plates*, which, being so execrably bad, serve as maps, or modest remembrancers, to the text; and without pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakspeare gallery *engravings*, which *did*. I have a community of feeling with my countrymen about his Plays, and I like those editions of

him best, which have been oftenest tumbled about and handled.—On the contrary, I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in Folio. The Octavo editions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them. If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet, I should prefer them in that shape to the older one.—I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular?—The wretched Malone could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him whitewash the painted effigy of old Shakspeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very colour of the cheek, the eye, the eyebrow, hair, the very dress he used to wear—the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. By——, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapt both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets.

I think I see them at their work—these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess, that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakspeare? It may be, that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the

mention, are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the Fairy Queen for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts, and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakspeare enters. At such a season, the Tempest, or his own Winter's Tale—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some of the Bank offices it is the custom (to save so much individual time) for one of the clerks—who is the best scholar—to commence upon the Times, or the Chronicle, and recite its entire contents aloud *pro bono publico*. With every advantage of lungs and elocution, the effect is singularly vapid. In barbers' shops and public-houses a fellow will get up and spell out a paragraph, which he communicates as some discovery. Another follows with *his* selection. So the entire journal

transpires at length by piece-meal. Seldom-readers are slow readers, and, without this expedient, no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's, keeps the paper ! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, 'The Chronicle is in hand, Sir.'

Coming into an inn at night—having ordered your supper—what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest—two or three numbers of the old Town and Country Magazine, with its amusing *tête-à-tête* pictures—'The Royal Lover and Lady G——'; 'The Melting Platonic and the old Beau,'—and such-like antiquated scandal? Would you exchange it—at that time, and in that place—for a better book?

Poor Tobin, who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading—the Paradise Lost, or Comus, he could have *read* to him—but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye a magazine, or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone, and reading *Candide*.

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclined at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her Cythera), reading *Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure ; but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have

wished it had been—any other book. We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph or the swain in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I cannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow Hill (as yet Skinner's Street *was not*) between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a bread basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

There is a class of street-readers, whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they 'snatch a fearful joy.' Martin B——, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of *Clarissa*, when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work. M.

declares, that under no circumstance in his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint poetess of our day has moralised upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas.

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read as he'd devour it all ;
Which when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
' You, Sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look.'
The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many,
Which never can the rich annoy ;
I soon perceived another boy,
Who looked as if he'd not had any
Food—for that day at least—enjoy
The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.
This boy's case, then thought I, is surely harder,
Thus hungry, longing, thus without a penny,
Beholding choice of dainty-dressed meat :
No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learn'd to eat.

THE OLD MARGATE HOY

I AM fond of passing my vacations (I believe I have said so before) at one or other of the Universities. Next to these my choice would fix me at some woody spot, such as the neighbourhood of Henley affords in abundance, on the banks of my beloved Thames. But

somehow or other my cousin contrives to wheedle me, once in three or four seasons, to a watering-place. Old attachments cling to her in spite of experience. We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, dullest at Eastbourn a third, and are at this moment doing dreary penance at—Hastings!—and all because we were happy many years ago for a brief week at—Margate. That was our first seaside experiment, and many circumstances combined to make it the most agreeable holiday of my life. We had neither of us seen the sea, and we had never been from home so long together in company.

Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy weather-beaten, sun-ournt captain, and his rough accommodations—ill exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam-packet? To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magic fumes, and spells, and boiling caldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wentest swimmingly; or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not forced, as in a hot-bed; nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphureous smoke—a great sea-chimera, chimneying and furnacing the deep; or liker to that fire-god parching up Scamander.

Can I forget thy honest, yet slender crew, with their coy reluctant responses (yet to the suppression of anything like contempt) to the raw questions, which we of the great city would be ever and anon putting to them, as to the uses of this or that strange naval implement? 'Specially can I forget thee, thou happy medium, thou shade of refuge between us and them, conciliating

interpreter of their skill to our simplicity, comfortable ambassador between sea and land !—whose sailor-trousers did not more convincingly assure thee to be an adopted denizen of the former, than thy white cap, and whiter apron over them, with thy neat-fingered practice in thy culinary vocation, bespoke thee to have been of inland nurture heretofore—a master cook of Eastcheap? How busily didst thou ply thy multifarious occupation, cook, mariner, attendant, chamberlain : here, there, like another Ariel, flaming at once about all parts of the deck, yet with kindlier ministrations—not to assist the tempest, but, as if touched with a kindred sense of our infirmities, to soothe the qualms which that untried motion might haply raise in our crude land-fancies. And when the o'er-washing billows drove us below deck (for it was far gone in October, and we had stiff and blowing weather), how did thy officious ministerings, still catering for our comfort, with cards, and cordials, and thy more cordial conversation, alleviate the closeness and the confinement of thy else (truth to say) not very savoury, nor very inviting, little cabin?

With these additaments to boot, we had on board a fellow-passenger, whose discourse in verity might have beguiled a longer voyage than we meditated, and have made mirth and wonder abound as far as the Azores. He was a dark, Spanish-complexioned young man, remarkably handsome, with an officer-like assurance, and an insuppressible volubility of assertion. He was, in fact, the greatest liar I had met with then, or since. He was none of your hesitating, half story-tellers (a most painful description of mortals) who go on sounding your belief, and only giving you as much as they see you can

swallow at a time—the nibbling pickpockets of your patience—but one who committed downright, daylight depredations upon his neighbour's faith. He did not stand shivering upon the brink, but was a hearty, thorough-paced liar, and plunged at once into the depths of your credulity. I partly believe, he made pretty sure of his company. Not many rich, not many wise, or learned, composed at that time the common stowage of a Margate packet. We were, I am afraid, a set of as unseasoned Londoners (let our enemies give it a worse name) as Aldermanbury, or Watling-street, at that time of day could have supplied. There might be an exception or two among us, but I scorn to make any invidious distinctions among such a jolly, companionable ship's company as those were whom I sailed with. Something too must be conceded to the *Genius Loci*. Had the confident fellow told us half the legends on land, which he favoured us with on the other element, I flatter myself the good sense of most of us would have revolted. But we were in a new world, with everything unfamiliar about us, and the time and place disposed us to the reception of any prodigious marvel whatsoever. Time has obliterated from my memory much of his wild fablings; and the rest would appear but dull, as written, and to be read on shore. He had been Aide-de-camp (among other rare accidents and fortunes) to a Persian Prince, and at one blow had stricken off the head of the King of Carimania on horseback. He, of course, married the Prince's daughter. I forget what unlucky turn in the politics of that court, combining with the loss of his consort, was the reason of his quitting Persia; but, with the rapidity of a magician, he

transported himself, along with his hearers, back to England, where we still found him in the confidence of great ladies. There was some story of a Princess—Elizabeth, if I remember—having intrusted to his care an extraordinary casket of jewels, upon some extraordinary occasion—but, as I am not certain of the name or circumstance at this distance of time, I must leave it to the royal daughters of England to settle the honour among themselves in private. I cannot call to mind half his pleasant wonders; but I perfectly remember, that in the course of his travels he had seen a phoenix; and he obligingly undeceived us of the vulgar error, that there is but one of that species at a time, assuring us that they were not uncommon in some parts of Upper Egypt. Hitherto he had found the most implicit listeners. His dreaming fancies had transported us beyond the ‘ignorant present.’ But when (still hardying more and more in his triumphs over our simplicity) he went on to affirm that he had actually sailed through the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes, it really became necessary to make a stand. And here I must do justice to the good sense and intrepidity of one of our party, a youth, that had hitherto been one of his most deferential auditors, who, from his recent reading, made bold to assure the gentleman, that there must be some mistake, as ‘the Colossus in question had been destroyed long since’; to whose opinion, delivered with all modesty, our hero was obliging enough to concede thus much, that ‘the figure was indeed a little damaged.’ This was the only opposition he met with, and it did not at all seem to stagger him, for he proceeded with his fables, which the same youth appeared to swallow with still more complacency than

ever,—confirmed, as it were, by the extreme candour of that concession. With these prodigies he wheedled us on till we came in sight of the Reculvers, which one of our own company (having been the voyage before) immediately recognising, and pointing out to us, was considered by us as no ordinary seaman.

All this time sat upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm, and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile; and, if he caught now and then some snatches of these wild legends, it was by accident, and they seemed not to concern him. The waves to him whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one, being with us, but not of us. He heard the bell of dinner ring without stirring; and when some of us pulled out our private stores—our cold meat and our salads—he produced none, and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in; provision for the one or two days and nights, to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their voyage. Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, which he seemed neither to court nor decline, we learned that he was going to Margate, with the hope of being admitted into the Infirmary there for sea-bathing. His disease was a scrofula, which appeared to have eaten all over him. He expressed great hopes of a cure; and when we asked him, whether he had any friends where he was going, he replied ‘he *had* no friends.’

These pleasant, and some mournful passages, with the first sight of the sea, co-operating with youth, and a sense of holidays, and out-of-door adventure, to me that had been pent up in populous cities for many months

before,—have left upon my mind the fragrance as of summer days gone by, bequeathing nothing but their remembrance for cold and wintry hours to chew upon.

Will it be thought a digression (it may spare some unwelcome comparisons), if I endeavour to account for the *dissatisfaction* which I have heard so many persons confess to have felt (as I did myself feel in part on this occasion), *at the sight of the sea for the first time*? I think the reason usually given—referring to the incapacity of actual objects for satisfying our preconceptions of them—scarcely goes deep enough into the question. Let the same person see a lion, an elephant, a mountain, for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel himself a little mortified. The things do not fill up that space, which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind. But they have still a correspondency to his first notion, and in time grow up to it, so as to produce a very similar impression: enlarging themselves (if I may say so) upon familiarity. But the sea remains a disappointment.—Is it not, that in *the latter* we had expected to behold (absurdly, I grant, but, I am afraid, by the law of imagination, unavoidably) not a definite object, as those wild beasts, or that mountain compassable by the eye, but *all the sea at once*, THE COMMENSURATE ANTAGONIST OF THE EARTH? I do not say we tell ourselves so much, but the craving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing less. I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen (as I then was) knowing nothing of the sea, but from description. He comes to it for the first time—all that he has been reading of it all his life, and *that* the most enthusiastic part of life,—all he has gathered from narratives of

wandering seamen ; what he has gained from true voyages, and what he cherishes as credulously from romance and poetry ; crowding their images, and exacting strange tributes from expectation.—He thinks of the great deep, and of those who go down unto it ; of its thousand isles, and of the vast continents it washes ; of its receiving the mighty Plata, or Orellana, into its bosom, without disturbance, or sense of augmentation ; of Biscay swells, and the mariner

For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape ;

of fatal rocks, and the ‘still-vexed Bermoothes’ ; of great whirlpools, and the water-spout ; of sunken ships, and sumless treasures swallowed up in the unrestoring depths ; of fishes and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth—

Be but as buggs to frighten babes withal,
Compared with the creatures in the sea’s entral ;

of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez ; of pearls, and shells ; of coral beds, and of enchanted isles ; of mermaid’s grotts—

I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects to be shown all these wonders at once, but he is under the tyranny of a mighty faculty, which haunts him with confused hints and shadows of all these ; and when the actual object opens first upon him, seen (in tame weather, too, most likely) from our unromantic coasts—a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shows to him—what can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment ? Or if he has come to it from the mouth of a river, was it much more than the river

widening? and, even out of sight of land, what had he but a flat watery horizon about him, nothing comparable to the vast o'er-curtaining sky, his familiar object, seen daily without dread or amazement?—Who, in similar circumstances, has not been tempted to exclaim with Charoba, in the poem of Gebir,

Is this the mighty ocean? is this *all*!

I love town or country; but this detestable Cinque Port is neither. I hate these scrubbed shoots, thrusting out their starved foliage from between the horrid fissures of dusty innutritious rocks; which the amateur calls 'verdure to the edge of the sea.' I require woods, and they show me stunted coppices. I cry out for the water-brooks, and pant for fresh streams, and inland murmurs. I cannot stand all day on the naked beach, watching the capricious hues of the sea, shifting like the colours of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out at the windows of this island-prison. I would fain retire into the interior of my cage. While I gaze upon the sea, I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me in with chains, as of iron. My thoughts are abroad. I should not so feel in Staffordshire. There is no home for me here. There is no sense of home at Hastings. It is a place of fugitive resort, an heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers, Amphitrites of the town, and misses that coquet with the Ocean. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained, a fair, honest fishing town, and no more, it were something—with a few straggling fishermen's huts scattered about, artless as its cliffs, and with their materials filched from them, it were something. I could

abide to dwell with Meshech ; to assort with fisher-swains, and smugglers. There are, or I dream there are, many of this latter occupation here. Their faces become the place. I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the revenue,—an abstraction I never greatly cared about. I could go out with them in their mackarel boats, or about their less ostensible business, with some satisfaction. I can even tolerate those poor victims to monotony, who from day to day pace along the beach, in endless progress and recurrence, to watch their illicit countrymen—townsfolk or brethren perchance—whistling to the sheathing and unsheathing of their cutlasses (their only solace), who under the mild name of preventive service, keep up a legitimated civil warfare in the deplorable absence of a foreign one, to show their detestation of run hollands, and zeal for Old England. But it is the visitants from town, that come here to *say* that they have been here, with no more relish of the sea than a pond-perch or a dace might be supposed to have, that are my aversion. I feel like a foolish dace in these regions, and have as little toleration for myself here, as for them. What can they want here ? if they had a true relish of the ocean, why have they brought all this land luggage with them ? or why pitch their civilised tents in the desert ? What mean these scanty book-rooms—marine libraries as they entitle them—if the sea were, as they would have us believe, a book ‘to read strange matter in’ ? what are their foolish concert-rooms, if they come, as they would fain be thought to do, to listen to the music of the waves ? All is false and hollow pretension. They come, because it is the fashion, and to spoil the nature of the place. They

are, mostly, as I have said, stock-brokers ; but I have watched the better sort of them—now and then, an honest citizen (of the old stamp), in the simplicity of his heart, shall bring down his wife and daughters, to taste the sea breezes. I always know the date of their arrival. It is easy to see it in their countenance. A day or two they go wandering on the shingles, picking up cockle-shells, and thinking them great things : but, in a poor week, imagination slackens : they begin to discover that cockles produce no pearls, and then—O then !—if I could interpret for the pretty creatures (I know they have not the courage to confess it themselves), how gladly would they exchange their sea-side rambles for a Sunday walk on the green-sward of their accustomed Twickenham meadows !

I would ask of one of these sea-charmed emigrants, who think they truly love the sea, with its wild usages, what would their feelings be, if some of the unsophisticated aborigines of this place, encouraged by their courteous questionings here, should venture, on the faith of such assured sympathy between them, to return the visit, and come up to see—London. I must imagine them with their fishing-tackle on their back, as we carry our town necessities. What a sensation would it cause in Lothbury. What vehement laughter would it not excite among

The daughters of Cheapside, and wives of Lombard-street.

I am sure that no town-bred or inland-born subjects can feel their true and natural nourishment at these sea-places. Nature, where she does not mean us for mariners and vagabonds, bids us stay at home. The salt foam seems to nourish a spleen. I am not half so

good-natured as by the milder waters of my natural river. I would exchange these sea-gulls for swans, and scud a swallow for ever about the banks of Thamesis.

THE CONVALESCENT

A PRETTY severe fit of indisposition which, under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me this month, reader ; I can offer you only sick men's dreams.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such ; for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed, and draw daylight curtains about him ; and shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it ? To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse ?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick bed. How the patient lords it there ! what caprices he acts without control ! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flattening, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He changes *sides* oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed ; and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *Mare Clausum*.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself ! he is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not.

A little while ago he was greatly concerned in the event of a lawsuit, which was to be the making or the marring of his dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at once, jogging this witness, refreshing that solicitor. The cause was to come on yesterday. He is absolutely as indifferent to the decision as if it were a question to be tried at Pekin. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he picks up enough to make him understand, that things went cross-grained in the Court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word 'friend,' and the word 'ruin,' disturb him no more than so much jargon. He is not to think of anything but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration !

He has put on the strong armour of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering ; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself ; he yearneth over himself ; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers ; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself ; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

He makes the most of himself ; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals, as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over ; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.

He is his own sympathiser ; and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are ; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily call : and even in the lines of that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as *the sick man*. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his thin *douceur* so carefully, for fear of rustling, is no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of

the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumours touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house, soothes him, while he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know any thing, not to think of any thing. Servants gliding up or down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands.

Exacter knowledge would be a burthen to him : he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the muffled knocker, and closes it again without asking ‘Who was it?’ He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives. Compare the silent tread, and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demeanour, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow-chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature ! where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family’s eye ? The scene of his regalities, his sick room, which was his presence chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it

reduced to a common bed-room? The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is *made* every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to *make* it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was an historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sighs—those groans—so much more awful, while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean pangs are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved; and Philoctetes is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he, too, changed with every thing else! Can this be he—this man of news—of chat—of anecdote—of every thing but physic—can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high mediating party?—Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the household—the desert-like

stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers—the mute attendance—the inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-attention—the sole and single eye of distemper alone fixed upon itself—world-thoughts excluded—the man a world unto himself—his own theatre—

What a speck is he dwindled into!

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the terra firma of established health, your note, dear Editor, reached me, requesting—an article. In *Articulo Mortis*, thought I; but it is something hard—and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of; a gentle call to activity, however trivial; a wholesome weaning from that preposterous dream of self-absorption—the puffy state of sickness—in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines, and monarchies, of the world alike; to its laws, and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding; the acres, which in imagination I had spread over—for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single sufferings, till he becomes a Tityus to himself—are wasting to a span; and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately, you have me once again in my natural pretensions—the lean and meagre figure of your insignificant Essayist.

SANITY OF TRUE GENIUS

So far from the position holding true, that great wit (or genius, in our modern way of speaking) has a necessary alliance with insanity, the greatest wits, on the contrary, will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive of a mad Shakespeare. The greatness of wit, by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood, manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them. 'So strong a wit,' says Cowley, speaking of a poetical friend,

'——did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below.'

The ground of the mistake is, that men, finding in the raptures of the higher poetry a condition of exaltation, to which they have no parallel in their own experience, besides the spurious resemblance of it in dreams and fevers, impute a state of dreaminess and fever to the poet. But the true poet dreams being awake. He is not possessed by his subject, but has dominion over it. In the groves of Eden he walks familiar as in his native paths. He ascends the empyrean heaven, and is not intoxicated. He treads the burning marl without dismay; he wins his flight without self-loss through realms of chaos 'and old night.' Or if, abandoning himself to that severer chaos of a 'human mind untuned,' he is

content awhile to be mad with Lear, or to hate mankind (a sort of madness) with Timon, neither is that madness, nor this misanthropy, so unchecked, but that,—never letting the reins of reason wholly go, while most he seems to do so,—he has his better genius still whispering at his ear, with the good servant Kent suggesting saner counsels, or with the honest steward Flavius recommending kindlier resolutions. Where he seems most to recede from humanity, he will be found the truest to it. From beyond the scope of Nature if he summon possible existences, he subjugates them to the law of her consistency. He is beautifully loyal to that sovereign directress, even when he appears most to betray and desert her. His ideal tribes submit to policy ; his very monsters are tamed to his hand, even as that wild sea-brood, shepherded by Proteus. He tames, and he clothes them with attributes of flesh and blood, till they wonder at themselves, like Indian Islanders forced to submit to European vesture. Caliban, the Witches, are as true to the laws of their own nature (ours with a difference), as Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth. Herein the great and the little wits are differenced ; that if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual existence, they lose themselves and their readers. Their phantoms are lawless ; their visions nightmares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency. Their imaginations are not active—for to be active is to call something into act and form—but passive, as men in sick dreams. For the super-natural, or something super-added to what we know of nature, they give you the plainly non-natural. And if this were all, and that these mental hallucinations were discoverable only in the treatment of subjects out

of nature, or transcending it, the judgment might with some plea be pardoned if it ran riot, and a little wantonized: but even in the describing of real and every day life, that which is before their eyes, one of these lesser wits shall more deviate from nature—show more of that inconsequence, which has a natural alliance with frenzy,—than a great genius in his ‘maddest fits,’ as Wither somewhere calls them. We appeal to any one that is acquainted with the common run of Lane’s novels,—as they existed some twenty or thirty years back,—those scanty intellectual viands of the whole female reading public, till a happier genius arose, and expelled for ever the innutritious phantoms,—whether he has not found his brain more ‘betossed,’ his memory more puzzled, his sense of when and where more confounded, among the improbable events, the incoherent incidents, the inconsistent characters, or no-characters, of some third-rate love intrigue—where the persons shall be a Lord Glendamour and a Miss Rivers, and the scene only alternate between Bath and Bond-street—a more bewildering dreaminess induced upon him, than he has felt wandering over all the fairy grounds of Spenser. In the productions we refer to, nothing but names and places is familiar; the persons are neither of this world nor of any other conceivable one; an endless string of activities without purpose, of purposes destitute of motive:—we meet phantoms in our known walks; *fantasques* only christened. In the poet we have names which announce fiction; and we have absolutely no place at all, for the things and persons of the Fairy Queen prate not of their ‘whereabout.’ But in their inner nature, and the law of their speech and actions, we are at home and upon acquainted ground. The one turns

life into a dream : the other to the wildest dreams gives the sobrieties of every day occurrences. By what subtle art of tracing the mental processes it is effected, we are not philosophers enough to explain, but in that wonderful episode of the cave of Mammon, in which the Money God appears first in the lowest form of a miser, is then a worker of metals, and becomes the god of all the treasures of the world ; and has a daughter, Ambition, before whom all the world kneels for favours—with the Hesperian fruit, the waters of Tantalus, with Pilate washing his hands vainly, but not impertinently, in the same stream—that we should be at one moment in the cave of an old hoarder of treasures, at the next at the forge of the Cyclops, in a palace and yet in hell, all at once, with the shifting mutations of the most rambling dream, and our judgment yet all the time awake, and neither able nor willing to detect the fallacy,—is a proof of that hidden sanity which still guides the poet in his widest seeming-aberrations.

It is not enough to say that the whole episode is a copy of the mind's conceptions in sleep ; it is, in some sort—but what a copy ! Let the most romantic of us, that has been entertained all night with the spectacle of some wild and magnificent vision, recombine it in the morning, and try it by his waking judgment. That which appeared so shifting, and yet so coherent, while that faculty was passive, when it comes under cool examination, shall appear so reasonless and so unlinked, that we are ashamed to have been so deluded ; and to have taken, though but in sleep, a monster for a god. But the transitions in this episode are every wit as violent as in the most extravagant dream, and yet the waking judgment ratifies them.

CAPTAIN JACKSON

AMONG the deaths in our obituary for this month, I observe with concern 'At his cottage on the Bath road, Captain Jackson.' The name and attribution are common enough; but a feeling like reproach persuades me, that this could have been no other in fact than my dear old friend, who some five-and-twenty years ago rented a tenement, which he was pleased to dignify with the appellation here used, about a mile from Westbourn Green. Alack, how good men, and the good turns they do us, slide out of memory, and are recalled but by the surprise of some such sad memento as that which now lies before us!

He whom I mean was a retired half-pay officer, with a wife and two grown-up daughters, whom he maintained with the port and notions of gentlewomen upon that slender professional allowance. Comely girls they were too.

And was I in danger of forgetting this man?—his cheerful suppers—the noble tone of hospitality, when first you set your foot in *the cottage*—the anxious ministrings about you, where little or nothing (God knows) was to be ministered.—Althea's horn in a poor platter—the power of self-enchantment, by which, in his magnificent wishes to entertain you, he multiplied his means to bounties.

You saw with your bodily eyes indeed what seemed a bare scrag—cold savings from the foregone meal—remnant hardly sufficient to send a mendicant from the

door contented. But in the copious will—the revelling imagination of your host—the ‘mind, the mind, Master Shallow,’ whole beeves were spread before you—hecatombs—no end appeared to the profusion.

It was the widow’s cruse—the loaves and fishes; carving could not lessen, nor helping diminish it—the stamina were left—the elemental bone still flourished, divested of its accidents.

‘Let us live while we can,’ methinks I hear the open-handed creature exclaim; ‘while we have, let us not want,’ ‘here is plenty left’; ‘want for nothing’—with many more such hospitable sayings, the spurs of appetite, and old concomitants of smoaking boards and feast-oppressed chargers. Then sliding a slender ratio of Single Gloucester upon his wife’s plate, or the daughter’s, he would convey the remanent rind into his own, with a merry quirk of ‘the nearer the bone,’ &c., and declaring that he universally preferred the outside. For we had our table distinctions, you are to know, and some of us in a manner sate above the salt. None but his guest or guests dreamed of tasting flesh luxuries at night, the fragments were *verè hospitibus sacra*. But of one thing or another there was always enough, and leavings: only he would sometimes finish the remainder crust, to show that he wished no savings.

Wine we had none; nor, except on very rare occasions, spirits; but the sensation of wine was there. Some thin kind of ale I remember—‘British beverage,’ he would say! ‘Push about, my boys’; ‘Drink to your sweet-hearts, girls.’ At every meagre draught a toast must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, with none of the effects wanting. Shut your eyes,

and you would swear a capacious bowl of punch was foaming in the centre, with beams of generous Port or Madeira radiating to it from each of the table corners. You got flustered, without knowing whence ; tipsy upon words ; and reeled under the potency of his unperforming Bacchanalian encouragements.

We had our songs—‘Why, Soldiers, why,’—and the ‘British Grenadiers’—in which last we were all obliged to bear chorus. Both the daughters sang. Their proficiency was a nightly theme—the masters he had given them—the ‘no-expençe’ which he spared to accomplish them in a science ‘so necessary to young women.’ But then—they could not sing ‘without the instrument.’

Sacred, and, by me, never-to-be-violated, Secrets of Poverty ! Should I disclose your honest aims at grandeur, your makeshift efforts of magnificence ? Sleep, sleep, with all thy broken keys, if one of the bunch be extant ; thrummed by a thousand ancestral thumbs ; dear, cracked spinnet of dearer Louisa ! Without mention of mine, be dumb, thou thin accompanier of her thinner warble ! A veil be spread over the dear delighted face of the well-deluded father, who now haply listening to cherubic notes, scarce feels sincerer pleasure than when she awakened thy time-shaken chords responsive to the twitterings of that slender image of a voice.

We were not without our literary talk either. It did not extend far, but as far as it went, it was good. It was bottomed well ; had good grounds to go upon. In *the cottage* was a room, which tradition authenticated to have been the same in which Glover, in his occasional retirements, had penned the greater part of his Leonidas. This circumstance was nightly quoted, though none of

the present inmates, that I could discover, appeared ever to have met with the poem in question. But that was no matter. Glover had written there, and the anecdote was pressed into the account of the family importance. It diffused a learned air through the apartment, the little side casement of which (the poet's study window), opening upon a superb view as far as to the pretty spire of Harrow, over domains and patrimonial acres, not a rood nor square yard whereof our host could call his own, yet gave occasion to an immoderate expansion of—vanity shall I call it?—in his bosom, as he showed them in a glowing summer evening. It was all his, he took it all in, and communicated rich portions of it to his guests. It was a part of his largess, his hospitality; it was going over his grounds; he was lord for the time of showing them, and you the implicit lookers-up to his magnificence.

He was a juggler, who threw mists before your eyes—you had no time to detect his fallacies. He would say, 'Hand me the *silver* sugar tongs'; and, before you could discover it was a single spoon, and that *plated*, he would disturb and captivate your imagination by a misnomer of 'the urn' for a tea-kettle; or by calling a homely bench a sofa. Rich men direct you to their furniture, poor ones divert you from it; he neither did one nor the other, but by simply assuming that everything was handsome about him, you were positively at a demur what you did, or did not see, at *the cottage*. With nothing to live on, he seemed to live on everything. He had a stock of wealth in his mind; not that which is properly termed *Content*, for in truth he was not to be *contained* at all, but overflowed all bounds by the force of a magnificent self-delusion.

Enthusiasm is catching ; and even his wife, a sober native of North Britain, who generally saw things more as they were, was not proof against the continual collision of his credulity. Her daughters were rational and discreet young women ; in the main, perhaps, not insensible to their true circumstances. I have seen them assume a thoughtful air at times. But such was the preponderating opulence of his fancy, that I am persuaded, not for any half hour together, did they ever look their own prospects fairly in the face. There was no resisting the vortex of his temperament. His riotous imagination conjured up handsome settlements before their eyes, which kept them up in the eye of the world too, and seem at last to have realised themselves ; for they both have married since, I am told, more than respectably.

It is long since, and my memory waxes dim on some subjects, or I should wish to convey some notion of the manner in which the pleasant creature described the circumstances of his own wedding-day. I faintly remember something of a chaise and four, in which he made his entry into Glasgow on that morning to fetch the bride home, or carry her thither, I forget which. It so completely made out the stanza of the old ballad—

When we came down through Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see ;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie.

I suppose it was the only occasion upon which his own actual splendour at all corresponded with the world's notions on that subject. In homely cart, or travelling caravan, by whatever humble vehicle they chanced to be transported in less prosperous days, the ride through

Glasgow came back upon his fancy, not as a humiliating contrast, but as a fair occasion for reverting to that one day's state. It seemed an 'equipage etern' from which no power of fate or fortune, once mounted, had power thereafter to dislodge him.

There is some merit in putting a handsome face upon indigent circumstances. To bully and swagger away the sense of them before strangers, may not be always discommendable. Tibbs, and Bobadil, even when detected, have more of our admiration than contempt. But for a man to put the cheat upon himself; to play the Bobadil at home; and, steeped in poverty up to the lips, to fancy himself all the while chin-deep in riches, is a strain of constitutional philosophy, and a mastery over fortune, which was reserved for my old friend Captain Jackson.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

Sera tamen respexit
Libertas. VIRGIL.

A Clerk I was in London gay.
O'KEEFE.

IF peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holidays, or

to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood ; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six-and-thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing-lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant play-time, and the frequently-intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours' a-day attendance at the counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content—doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself ; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music and the ballad-singers—the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a week-day saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful—are shut out. No book-stalls deliciously to idle over—no busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by—the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances—or half-happy at best—of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the

capacity of enjoying a free hour ; and livelily expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day look anything but comfortable.

But besides Sundays I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence ; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me ? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them ? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest ? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

Independently of the rigours of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree, that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I

had grown to my desk, as it were ; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance ; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when, on the 5th of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L——, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained labouring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure ; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when, on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock), I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlour. I thought, now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L——, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me,—when to my utter astonishment B——, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of

retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted !), and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer ! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—for ever. This noble benefit—gratitude forbids me to conceal their names—I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world—the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet and Lacy.

Esto perpetua !

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity ; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastile, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue ; I could see no end of my possessions ; I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active

business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away; but I do *not* read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candle-light Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in by-gone winters. I walk, read, or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure; I let it come to me. I am like the man

——— that's born, and has his years come to him
In some green desert.

'Years!' you will say! 'what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon? He has already told us, he is past fifty.'

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me three-fold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be

as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks, with whom I had for so many years, and for so many hours in each day of the year, been closely associated—being suddenly removed from them—they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Tragedy by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death :

—— —'Twas but just now he went away ;
I have not since had time to shed a tear ;
And yet the distance does the same appear
As if he had been a thousand years from me.
Time takes no measure in Eternity.

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since ; to visit my old desk-fellows—my co-brethren of the quill—that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk ; the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D——l take me, if I did not feel some remorse—beast, if I had not,—at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six-and-thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness

of my professional road. Had it been so rugged, then, after all? or was I a coward simply? Well, it is too late to repent; and I also know, that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch——, dry, sarcastic, and friendly!—Do——, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl——, officious to do, and to volunteer, good services!—and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately House of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one half the year supplied the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my 'works!' There let them rest, as I do from my labours, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned

upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond-street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish-street Hill? Where is Fenchurch-street? Stones of old Mincing-lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six-and-thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from, or propinquity to, the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, &c. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sate as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holyday, as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out

of it—is melted down into a week-day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holyday. I have Time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May-morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him NOTHING-TO-DO; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.

I am no longer * * * * *, clerk to the Firm of, &c. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est*. I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

THE GENTEEL STYLE IN WRITING

It is an ordinary criticism, that my Lord Shaftesbury and Sir William Temple are models of the genteel style in writing. We should prefer saying—of the lordly, and the gentlemanly. Nothing can be more unlike than the inflated finical rhapsodies of Shaftesbury, and the plain natural chit-chat of Temple. The man of rank is discernible in both writers; but in the one it is only insinuated gracefully, in the other it stands out offensively. The peer seems to have written with his coronet on, and his Earl's mantle before him; the commoner in his elbow chair and undress.—What can be more pleasant than the way in which the retired statesman peeps out in his essays, penned by the latter in his delightful retreat at Shene? They scent of Nimeguen and the Hague. Scarce an authority is quoted under an ambassador. Don Francisco de Melo, a 'Portugal Envoy in England,' tells him it was frequent in his country for men, spent with age or other decays, so as they could not hope for above a year or two of life, to ship themselves away in a Brazil fleet, and after their arrival there to go on a great length, sometimes of twenty or thirty years, or more, by the force of that vigour they recovered with that remove. 'Whether such an effect (Temple beautifully adds) might grow from the air, or the fruits of that climate, or by approaching nearer the sun, which is the fountain of light and heat, when their natural heat was so far decayed; or whether the piecing out of an old man's life were worth the pains; I cannot tell: perhaps the play is not worth the candle.' Monsieur Pompone, 'French Ambassador in his (Sir William's) time at the Hague,'

certifies him, that in his life he had never heard of any man in France that arrived at a hundred years of age; a limitation of life which the old gentleman imputes to the excellence of their climate, giving them such a liveliness of temper and humour, as disposes them to more pleasures of all kinds than in other countries; and moralises upon the matter very sensibly. The 'late Robert Earl of Leicester' furnishes him with a story of a Countess of Desmond, married out of England in Edward the Fourth's time, and who lived far in King James's reign. The 'same noble person' gives him an account, how such a year, in the same reign, there went about the country a set of morrice-dancers, composed of ten men who danced, a Maid Marian, and a tabor and pipe; and how these twelve, one with another, made up twelve hundred years. 'It was not so much (says Temple) that so many in one small county (Herefordshire) should live to that age, as that they should be in vigour and in humour to travel and to dance.' Monsieur Zulichem, one of his 'colleagues at the Hague,' informs him of a cure for the gout; which is confirmed by another 'Envoy,' Monsieur Serinchamps, in that town, who had tried it.—Old Prince Maurice of Nassau recommends to him the use of hammocks in that complaint; having been allured to sleep, while suffering under it himself, by the 'constant motion or swinging of those airy beds.' Count Egmont, and the Raignegrave who 'was killed last summer before Maestricht,' impart to him their experiences.

But the rank of the writer is never more innocently disclosed, than where he takes for granted the compliments paid by foreigners to his fruit-trees. For the taste

and perfection of what we esteem the best, he can truly say; that the French, who have eaten his peaches and grapes at Shene in no very ill year, have generally concluded that the last are as good as any they have eaten in France on this side Fontainebleau; and the first as good as any they have eat in Gascony. Italians have agreed his white figs to be as good as any of that sort in Italy, which is the earlier kind of white fig there; for in the later kind and the blue, we cannot come near the warm climates, no more than in the Frontignac or Muscat grape. His orange-trees, too, are as large as any he saw when he was young in France, except those of Fontainebleau, or what he has seen since in the Low Countries; except some very old ones of the Prince of Orange's. Of grapes he had the honour of bringing over four sorts into England, which he enumerates, and supposes that they are all by this time pretty common among some gardeners in his neighbourhood, as well as several persons of quality; for he ever thought all things of this kind 'the commoner they are made the better.' The garden pedantry with which he asserts that 'tis to little purpose to plant any of the best fruits, as peaches or grapes, hardly, he doubts, beyond Northamptonshire at the furthest northwards; and praises the 'Bishop of Munster at Cosevelt,' for attempting nothing beyond cherries in that cold climate; is equally pleasant and in character. 'I may perhaps' (he thus ends his sweet Garden Essay with a passage worthy of Cowley) 'be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, without often looking abroad to see how other matters play,

what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes. For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any of them, but have often endeavoured to escape from them, into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths and circles of life. The measure of choosing well is whether a man likes what he has chosen, which, I thank God, has befallen on me; and though among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own; yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever once going to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humour to make so small a remove; for when I am in this corner, I can truly say with Horace, *Me quoties reficit*, &c.

“Me, when the cold Digentian stream revives,
What does my friend believe I think or ask?
Let me yet less possess, so I may live,
Whate’er of life remains, unto myself.
May I have books enough; and one year’s store,
Not to depend upon each doubtful hour:
This is enough of mighty Jove to pray,
Who, as he pleases, gives and takes away.”

The writings of Temple are, in general, after this easy copy. On one occasion, indeed, his wit, which was mostly subordinate to nature and tenderness, has seduced him into a string of felicitous antitheses ; which, it is obvious to remark, have been a model to Addison and succeeding essayists. ‘Who would not be covetous, and with reason,’ he says, ‘if health could be purchased with gold ? who not ambitious, if it were at the command of power, or restored by honour ? but, alas ! a white staff will not help gouty feet to walk better than a common cane ; nor a blue riband bind up a wound so well as a fillet. The glitter of gold, or of diamonds, will but hurt sore eyes instead of curing them ; and an aching head will be no more eased by wearing a crown than a common night-cap.’ In a far better style, and more accordant with his own humour of plainness, are the concluding sentences of his ‘Discourse upon Poetry.’ Temple took a part in the controversy about the ancient and the modern learning ; and, with that partiality so natural and so graceful in an old man, whose state engagements had left him little leisure to look into modern productions, while his retirement gave him occasion to look back upon the classic studies of his youth—decided in favour of the latter. ‘Certain it is,’ he says, ‘that, whether the fierceness of the Gothic humours, or noise of their perpetual wars, frightened it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it—the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet, such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be

the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes, and the cottages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor and idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life ; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager, in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales ; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions or affections. I know very well that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music, as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to their charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and request of these two entertainments will do so too ; and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them.' 'When all is done (he concludes), human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with, and humoured a little, to keep it quiet, till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.'

BARBARA S——

ON the noon of the 14th of November, 1743 or 4, I forget which it was, just as the clock had struck one, Barbara S——, with her accustomed punctuality, ascended the long rambling staircase, with awkward interposed landing-places, which led to the office, or rather a sort of box with a desk in it, whereat sat the then Treasurer of (what few of our readers may remember) the old Bath Theatre. All over the island it was the custom, and remains so I believe to this day, for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. It was not much that Barbara had to claim.

This little maid had just entered her eleventh year; but her important station at the theatre, as it seemed to her, with the benefits which she felt to accrue from her pious application of her small earnings, had given an air of womanhood to her steps and to her behaviour. You would have taken her to have been at least five years older.

Till latterly she had merely been employed in choruses, or where children were wanted to fill up the scene. But the manager, observing a diligence and adroitness in her above her age, had for some few months past intrusted to her the performance of whole parts. You may guess the self-consequence of the promoted Barbara. She had already drawn tears in young Arthur; had rallied Richard with infantine petulance in the Duke of York; and in her turn had rebuked that petulance when she was Prince of Wales. She would have done

the elder child in Morton's pathetic after-piece to the life ; but as yet the 'Children in the Wood' was not.

Long after this little girl was grown an aged woman, I have seen some of these small parts, each making two or three pages at most, copied out in the rudest hand of the then prompter, who doubtless transcribed a little more carefully and fairly for the grown-up tragedy ladies of the establishment. But such as they were, blotted and scrawled, as for a child's use, she kept them all ; and in the zenith of her after reputation it was a delightful sight to behold them bound up in costliest morocco, each single—each small part making a *book*—with fine clasps, gilt-splashed, &c. She had conscientiously kept them as they had been delivered to her ; not a blot had been effaced or tampered with. They were precious to her for their affecting remembrancings. They were her principia, her rudiments ; the elementary atoms ; the little steps by which she pressed forward to perfection. 'What,' she would say, 'could Indian rubber, or a pumice-stone, have done for these darlings ?'

I am in no hurry to begin my story—indeed I have little or none to tell—so I will just mention an observation of hers connected with that interesting time.

Not long before she died I had been discoursing with her on the quantity of real present emotion which a great tragic performer experiences during acting. I ventured to think, that though in the first instance such players must have possessed the feelings which they so powerfully called up in others, yet by frequent repetition those feelings must become deadened in great measure, and the performer trust to the memory of past emotion, rather than express a present one. She indignantly

repelled the notion, that with a truly great tragedian the operation, by which such effects were produced upon an audience, could ever degrade itself into what was purely mechanical. With much delicacy, avoiding to instance in her *self*-experience, she told me, that so long ago as when she used to play the part of the Little Son to Mrs Porter's Isabella (I think it was), when that impressive actress has been bending over her in some heart-rending colloquy, she has felt real hot tears come trickling from her, which (to use her powerful expression) have perfectly scalded her back.

I am not quite so sure that it was Mrs Porter ; but it was some great actress of that day. The name is indifferent ; but the fact of the scalding tears I most distinctly remember.

I was always fond of the society of players, and am not sure that an impediment in my speech (which certainly kept me out of the pulpit) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it. I have had the honour (I must ever call it) once to have been admitted to the tea-table of Miss Kelly. I have played at serious whist with Mr Liston. I have chatted with ever good-humoured Mrs Charles Kemble. I have conversed as friend to friend with her accomplished husband. I have been indulged with a classical conference with Macready ; and with a sight of the Player-picture gallery, at Mr Matthews's, when the kind owner, to remunerate me for my love of the old actors (whom he loves so much), went over it with me, supplying to his capital collection, what alone the artist could not give them—voice ; and their living

motion. Old tones, half-faded, of Dodd, and Parsons, and Baddeley, have lived again for me at his bidding. Only Edwin he could not restore to me. I have supped with ——; but I am growing a coxcomb.

As I was about to say—at the desk of the then treasurer of the old Bath theatre—not Diamond's—presented herself the little Barbara S——.

The parents of Barbara had been in reputable circumstances. The father had practised, I believe, as an apothecary in the town. But his practice, from causes which I feel my own infirmity too sensibly that way to arraign—or perhaps from that pure infelicity which accompanies some people in their walk through life, and which it is impossible to lay at the door of imprudence—was now reduced to nothing. They were, in fact, in the very teeth of starvation, when the manager, who knew and respected them in better days, took the little Barbara into his company.

At the period I commenced with, her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters. I must throw a veil over some mortifying circumstances. Enough to say, that her Saturday's pittance was the only chance of a Sunday's (generally their only) meal of meat.

One thing I will only mention, that in some child's part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast fowl (O joy to Barbara!) some comic actor, who was for the night caterer for this dainty—in the misguided humour of his part, threw over the dish such a quantity of salt (O grief and pain of heart to Barbara!) that when she crammed a portion of it into her mouth, she was obliged sputteringly to reject it; and what with

shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing such a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking, till a flood of tears, which the well-fed spectators were totally unable to comprehend, mercifully relieved her.

This was the little starved, meritorious maid, who stood before old Ravenscroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

Ravenscroft was a man, I have heard many old theatrical people besides herself say, of all men least calculated for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient, blest himself that it was no worse.

Now Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half guinea.—By mistake he popped into her hand a—whole one.

Barbara tripped away.

She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake : God knows, Ravenscroft would never have discovered it.

But when she had got down to the first of those uncouth landing-places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now mark the dilemma.

She was by nature a good child. From her parents and those about her she had imbibed no contrary influence. But then they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thought of it as

something which concerned grown-up people—men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it. She saw *that* in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money! and then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat on their table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened, and her mouth moistened. But then Mr Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, had stood her friend behind the scenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her little parts. But again the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a year clear of the theatre. And then came staring upon her the figure of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters. And when she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation at the theatre had made it indispensable for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same—and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been precluded from doing, by reason of their unfashionable attire,—in these thoughts she reached the second landing-place—the second, I mean, from the top—for there was still another left to traverse.

Now virtue support Barbara!

And that never-failing friend did step in—for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say,

was revealed to her—a reason above reasoning—and without her own agency, as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move), she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand in the old hand of Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages; and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

A year or two's unrepining application to her profession brightened up the feet, and the prospects, of her little sisters, set the whole family upon their legs again, and released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas upon a landing-place.

I have heard her say, that it was a surprise, not much short of mortification to her, to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference, which had caused her such mortal throes.

This anecdote of herself I had in the year 1800, from the mouth of the late Mrs Crawford¹, then sixty-seven years of age (she died soon after); and to her struggles upon this childish occasion I have sometimes ventured to think her indebted for that power of rending the heart in the representation of conflicting emotions, for which in after years she was considered as little inferior (if at all so in the part of Lady Randolph) even to Mrs Siddons.

¹ The maiden name of this lady was Street, which she changed, by successive marriages, for those of Dancer, Barry, and Crawford. She was Mrs Crawford, and a third time a widow, when I knew her.

THE TOMBS IN THE ABBEY

IN A LETTER TO R—— S——, ESQ.

THOUGH in some points of doctrine, and perhaps of discipline, I am diffident of lending a perfect assent to that church which you have so worthily *historified*, yet may the ill time never come to me, when with a chilled heart, or a portion of irreverent sentiment, I shall enter her beautiful and time-hallowed Edifices. Judge then of my mortification when, after attending the choral anthems of last Wednesday at Westminster, and being desirous of renewing my acquaintance, after lapsed years, with the tombs and antiquities there, I found myself excluded; turned out like a dog, or some profane person, into the common street, with feelings not very congenial to the place, or to the solemn service which I had been listening to. It was a jar after that music.

You had your education at Westminster; and doubtless among those dim aisles and cloisters, you must have gathered much of that devotional feeling in those young years, on which your purest mind feeds still—and may it feed! The antiquarian spirit, strong in you, and gracefully blending ever with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality. You owe it to the place of your education; you owe it to your learned fondness for the architecture of your ancestors; you owe it to the venerableness of your ecclesiastical establishment, which is daily lessened and called in question through these practices—to speak

aloud your sense of them ; never to desist raising your voice against them, till they be totally done away with and abolished ; till the doors of Westminster Abbey be no longer closed against the decent, though low-in-purse, enthusiast, or blameless devotee, who must commit an injury against his family economy, if he would be indulged with a bare admission within its walls. You owe it to the decencies, which you wish to see maintained in its impressive services, that our Cathedral be no longer an object of inspection to the poor at those times only, in which they must rob from their attendance on the worship every minute which they can bestow upon the fabric. In vain the public prints have taken up this subject, in vain such poor nameless writers as myself express their indignation. A word from you, Sir—a hint in your Journal—would be sufficient to fling open the doors of the Beautiful Temple again, as we can remember them when we were boys. At that time of life, what would the imaginative faculty (such as it is) in both of us, have suffered, if the entrance to so much reflection had been obstructed by the demand of so much silver!—If we had scraped it up to gain an occasional admission (as we certainly should have done), would the sight of those old tombs have been as impressive to us (while we had been weighing anxiously prudence against sentiment) as when the gates stood open as those of the adjacent Park ; when we could walk in at any time, as the mood brought us, for a shorter, or longer time, as that lasted ? Is the being shown over a place the same as silently for ourselves detecting the genius of it ? In no part of our beloved Abbey now can a person find entrance (out of service

time) under the sum of *two shillings*. The rich and the great will smile at the anti-climax, presumed to lie in these two short words. But you can tell them, Sir, how much quiet worth, how much capacity for enlarged feeling, how much taste and genius, may coexist, especially in youth, with a purse incompetent to this demand.—A respected friend of ours, during his late visit to the metropolis, presented himself for admission to Saint Paul's. At the same time a decently clothed man, with as decent a wife, and child, were bargaining for the same indulgence. The price was only two-pence each person. The poor but decent man hesitated, desirous to go in; but there were three of them, and he turned away reluctantly. Perhaps he wished to have seen the tomb of Nelson. Perhaps the Interior of the Cathedral was his object. But in the state of his finances, even sixpence might reasonably seem too much. Tell the Aristocracy of the country (no man can do it more impressively); instruct them of what value these insignificant pieces of money, these minims to their sight, may be to their humbler brethren. Shame these Sellers out of the Temple. Stifle not the suggestions of your better nature with the pretext, that an indiscriminate admission would expose the Tombs to violation. Remember your boy-days. Did you ever see, or hear, of a mob in the Abbey, while it was free to all? Do the rabble come there, or trouble their heads about such speculations? It is all that you can do to drive them into your churches; they do not voluntarily offer themselves. They have, alas! no passion for antiquities: for tomb of king or prelate, sage or poet. If they had, they would be no longer the rabble.

For forty years that I have known the Fabric, the only well-attested charge of violation adduced, has been—a ridiculous dismemberment committed upon the effigy of that amiable spy, Major André. And is it for this—the wanton mischief of some schoolboy, fired perhaps with raw notions of Transatlantic Freedom—or the remote possibility of such a mischief occurring again, so easily to be prevented by stationing a constable within the walls, if the vergers are incompetent to the duty—is it upon such wretched pretences that the people of England are made to pay a new Peter's Pence, so long abrogated; or must content themselves with contemplating the ragged Exterior of their Cathedral? The mischief was done about the time that you were a scholar there. Do you know any thing about the unfortunate relic?—

AMICUS REDIVIVUS

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?

I do not know when I have experienced a stranger sensation, than on seeing my old friend G. D., who had been paying me a morning visit a few Sundays back, at my cottage at Islington, upon taking leave, instead of turning down the right-hand path by which he had entered—with staff in hand, and at noon day, deliberately march right forwards into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappear.

A spectacle like this at dusk would have been appalling enough; but in the broad open daylight, to

witness such an unreserved motion towards self-destruction in a valued friend, took from me all power of speculation.

How I found my feet, I know not. Consciousness was quite gone. Some spirit, not my own, whirled me to the spot. I remember nothing but the silvery apparition of a good white head emerging ; nigh which a staff (the hand unseen that wielded it) pointed upwards, as feeling for the skies. In a moment (if time was in that time) he was on my shoulders, and I—freighted with a load more precious than his who bore Anchises.

And here I cannot but do justice to the officious zeal of sundry passers by, who, albeit arriving a little too late to participate in the honours of the rescue, in philanthropic shoals came thronging to communicate their advice as to the recovery ; prescribing variously the application, or non-application, of salt, &c., to the person of the patient. Life meantime was ebbing fast away, amidst the stifle of conflicting judgments, when one, more sagacious than the rest, by a bright thought, proposed sending for the Doctor. Trite as the counsel was, and impossible, as one should think, to be missed on—shall I confess?—in this emergency it was to me as if an Angel had spoken. Great previous exertions—and mine had not been inconsiderable—are commonly followed by a debility of purpose. This was a moment of irresolution.

MONOCULUS—for so, in default of catching his true name, I choose to designate the medical gentleman who now appeared—is a grave, middle-aged person, who, without having studied at the college, or truckled to the pedantry of a diploma, hath employed a great portion of his valuable time in experimental processes upon the

bodies of unfortunate fellow-creatures, in whom the vital spark, to mere vulgar thinking, would seem extinct, and lost for ever. He omitteth no occasion of obtruding his services, from a case of common surfeit-suffocation to the ignobler obstructions, sometimes induced by a too wilful application of the plant *Cannabis* outwardly. But though he declineth not altogether these drier extinctions, his occupation tendeth, for the most part, to water-practice ; for the convenience of which, he hath judiciously fixed his quarters near the grand repository of the stream mentioned, where, day and night, from his little watch-tower, at the Middleton's-Head, he listeneth to detect the wrecks of drowned mortality—partly, as he saith, to be upon the spot—and partly, because the liquids which he useth to prescribe to himself and his patients, on these distressing occasions, are ordinarily more conveniently to be found at these common hostelries, than in the shops and phials of the apothecaries. His ear hath arrived to such finesse by practice, that it is reported, he can distinguish a plunge at a half furlong distance ; and can tell, if it be casual or deliberate. He weareth a medal, suspended over a suit, originally of a sad brown, but which, by time, and frequency of nightly diversings, has been dinged into a true professional sable. He passeth by the name of Doctor, and is remarkable for wanting his left eye. His remedy—after a sufficient application of warm blankets, friction, &c., is a simple tumbler, or more, of the purest Cognac, with water, made as hot as the convalescent can bear it. Where he findeth, as in the case of my friend, a squeamish subject, he condescendeth to be the taster ; and showeth, by his own example, the innocuous nature of the prescription. Nothing can be

more kind or encouraging than this procedure. It addeth confidence to the patient, to see his medical adviser go hand in hand with himself in the remedy. When the doctor swalloweth his own draught, what peevish invalid can refuse to pledge him in the potion? In fine, MONOCULUS is a humane, sensible man, who, for a slender pittance, scarce enough to sustain life, is content to wear it out in the endeavour to save the lives of others—his pretensions so moderate, that with difficulty I could press a crown upon him, for the price of restoring the existence of such an invaluable creature to society as G. D.

It was pleasant to observe the effect of the subsiding alarm upon the nerves of the dear absentee. It seemed to have given a shake to memory, calling up notice after notice, of all the providential deliverances he had experienced in the course of his long and innocent life. Sitting up in my couch—my couch which, naked and void of furniture hitherto, for the salutary repose which it administered, shall be honoured with costly valance, at some price, and henceforth be a state-bed at Colebrooke,—he discoursed of marvellous escapes—by carelessness of nurses—by pails of gelid, and kettles of the boiling element, in infancy—by orchard pranks, and snapping twigs, in schoolboy frolics—by descent of tiles at Trumpington, and of heavier tomes at Pembroke—by studious watchings, inducing frightful vigilance—by want, and the fear of want, and all the sore throbbings of the learned head.—Anon, he would burst out into little fragments of chaunting—of songs long ago—ends of deliverance—hymns, not remembered before since childhood, but coming up now, when his heart was made tender as a

child's—for the *tremor cordis*, in the retrospect of a recent deliverance, as in a case of impending danger, acting upon an innocent heart, will produce a self-tenderness, which we should do ill to christen cowardice; and Shakespeare, in the latter crisis, has made his good Sir Hugh to remember the sitting by Babylon, and to mutter of shallow rivers.

Waters of Sir Hugh Middleton—what a spark you were like to have extinguished for ever! Your salubrious streams to this City, for now near two centuries, would hardly have atoned for what you were in a moment washing away. Mockery of a river—liquid artifice—wretched conduit! henceforth rank with canals, and sluggish aqueducts. Was it for this, that, smit in boyhood with the explorations of that Abyssinian traveller, I paced the vales of Amwell to explore your tributary springs, to trace your salutary waters sparkling through green Hertfordshire, and cultured Enfield parks? Ye have no swans—no Naiads—no river God—or did the benevolent hoary aspect of my friend tempt ye to suck him in, that ye also might have the tutelary genius of your waters?

Had he been drowned in Cam, there would have been some consonancy in it; but what willows had ye to wave and rustle over his moist sepulture?—or, having no *name*, besides that unmeaning assumption of *eternal novelty*, did ye think to get one by the noble prize, and henceforth to be termed the STREAM DYERIAN?

And could such spacious virtue find a grave
Beneath the imposthumed bubble of a wave?

I protest, George, you shall not venture out again—no, not by daylight—without a sufficient pair of spectacles

—in your musing moods especially. Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it. You shall not go wandering into Euripus with Aristotle, if we can help it. Fie, man, to turn dipper at your years, after your many tracts in favour of sprinkling only!

I have nothing but water in my head o' nights since this frightful accident. Sometimes I am with Clarence in his dream. At others, I behold Christian beginning to sink, and crying out to his good brother Hopeful (that is, to me) 'I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all the waves go over me. Selah.' Then I have before me Palinurus, just letting go the steerage. I cry out too late to save. Next follow—a mournful procession—*suicidal faces*, saved against their wills from drowning; dolefully trailing a length of reluctant gratefulness, with ropy weeds pendent from locks of watchet hue—constrained Lazari—Pluto's half-subjects—stolen fees from the grave—bilking Charon of his fare. At their head Arion—or is it G. D.?—in his singing garments marcheth singly, with harp in hand, and votive garland, which Machaon (or Dr Hawes) snatcheth straight, intending to suspend it to the stern God of Sea. Then follow dismal streams of Lethe, in which the half-drenched on earth are constrained to drown downright, by wharfs where Ophelia twice acts her muddy death.

And, doubtless, there is some notice in that invisible world, when one of us approacheth (as my friend did so lately) to their inexorable precincts. When a soul knocks once, twice, at death's door, the sensation aroused within the palace must be considerable; and the grim Feature,

by modern science so often dispossessed of his prey, must have learned by this time to pity Tantalus.

A pulse assuredly was felt along the line of the Elysian shades, when the near arrival of G. D. was announced by no equivocal indications. From their seats of Asphodel arose the gentler and the graver ghosts—poet, or historian—of Grecian or of Roman lore—to crown with unfading chaplets the half-finished love-labours of their unwearied scholiast. Him Markland expected—him Tyrwhitt hoped to encounter—him the sweet lyrist of Peter House, whom he had barely seen upon earth¹, with newest airs prepared to greet — ; and, patron of the gentle Christ's boy,—who should have been his patron through life—the mild Askew, with longing aspirations, leaned foremost from his venerable Æsculapian chair, to welcome into that happy company the matured virtues of the man, whose tender scions in the boy he himself upon the earth had so prophetically fed and watered.

SOME SONNETS OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY

SYDNEY'S Sonnets—I speak of the best of them—are among the very best of their sort. They fall below the plain moral dignity, the sanctity, and high yet modest spirit of self-approval, of Milton, in his compositions of a similar structure. They are in truth what Milton, censuring the *Arcadia*, says of that work, (to which they are a sort of after-tune or application,) 'vain and amatorious' enough, yet the things in their kind (as he confesses to

¹ GRAIUM *tantum* vidit.

be true of the romance), may be, 'full of worth and wit.' They savour of the Courtier, it must be allowed, and not of the Commonwealthsman. But Milton was a Courtier when he wrote the Masque at Ludlow Castle, and still more a Courtier when he composed the Arcades. When the national struggle was to begin, he becomingly cast these vanities behind him; and if the order of time had thrown Sir Philip upon the crisis which preceded the Revolution, there is no reason why he should not have acted the same part in that emergency, which has glorified the name of a later Sydney. He did not want for plainness or boldness of spirit. His letter on the French match may testify, he could speak his mind freely to Princes. The times did not call him to the scaffold.

The sonnets which we oftenest call to mind of Milton were the compositions of his maturest years. Those of Sydney, which I am about to produce, were written in the very hey-day of his blood. They are stuck full of amorous fancies—far-fetched conceits, befitting his occupation; for True Love thinks no labour to send out Thoughts upon vast, and more than Indian voyages, to bring home rich pearls, outlandish wealth, gums, jewels, spicery, to sacrifice in self-depreciating similitudes, as shadows of true amiabilities in the Beloved. We must be Lovers—or at least the cooling touch of time, the *circum præcordia frigus*, must not have so damped our faculties, as to take away our recollection that we were once so—before we can duly appreciate the glorious vanities, and graceful hyperboles, of the passion. The images which lie before our feet (though by some accounted the only natural) are least natural for the high Sydnean love to express its fancies by. They may serve

for the loves of Tibullus; or the dear Author of the Schoolmistress; for passions that creep and whine in Elegies and Pastoral Ballads. I am sure Milton never loved at this rate. I am afraid some of his addresses (*ad Leonoram* I mean) have rather erred on the farther side; and that the poet came not much short of a religious indecorum, when he could thus apostrophise a singing-girl:—

Angelus unicuique suos (sic credite gentes)

Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.

Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major,

Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum?

Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli,

Per tua secretô guttura serpit agens;

Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda

Sensim immortalī assuescere posse sono.

QUOD SI CUNCTA QUIDEM DEUS EST, PER CUNCTAQUE FUSUS,

IN TE UNÂ LOQUITUR, CÆTERA MUTUS HABET.

This is loving in a strange fashion; and it requires some candour of construction (besides the slight darkening of a dead language) to cast a veil over the ugly appearance of something very like blasphemy in the last two verses. I think the Lover would have been staggered, if he had gone about to express the same thought in English. I am sure, Sydney has no flights like this. His extravaganzas do not strike at the sky, though he takes leave to adopt the pale Dian into a fellowship with his mortal passions.

I

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies;

How silently; and with how wan a face!

What! may it be, that even in heavenly place

That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?

Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case ;
 I read it in thy looks ; thy languisht grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess ?
 Do they call *virtue* there—*ungratefulness* ?

The last line of this poem is a little obscured by transposition. He means, Do they call ungratefulness there a virtue ?

II

Come Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low ;
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease¹
 Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw ;
 O make in me those civil wars to cease :
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me sweet pillows, sweetest bed ;
 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light ;
 A rosy garland, and a weary head.
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, STELLA's image see.

III

The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
 Bewray itself in my long-settled eyes,
 Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
 With idle pains, and missing aim, do guess.

¹ Press.

Some, that know how my spring I did address,
 Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies;
 Others, because the Prince my service tries,
 Think, that I think state errors to redress;
 But harder judges judge, ambition's rage,
 Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place,
 Holds my young brain captiv'd in golden cage.
 O fools, or over-wise! alas, the race
 Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start,
 But only STELLA's eyes, and STELLA's heart.

. IV

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
 Seem most alone in greatest company,
 With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
 To them that would make speech of speech arise;
 They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
 That poison foul of bubbling *Pride* doth lie
 So in my swelling breast, that only I
 Fawn on myself, and others do despise;
 Yet *Pride*, I think, doth not my soul possess,
 Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass:
 But one worse fault—*Ambition*—I confess,
 That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
 Unseen, unheard—while Thought to highest place
 Bends all his powers, even unto STELLA's grace.

V

Having this day, my horse, my hand, my lance,
 Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
 Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
 And of some sent from that *sweet enemy*,—France;
 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
 Townsfolk my strength; a daintier judge applies
 His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
 Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;

Others, because of both sides I do take
 My blood from them, who did excel in this,
 Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
 How far they shot awry! the true cause is,
 STELLA look'd on, and from her heavenly face
 Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

VI

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,
 And yet to break more staves did me address,
 While with the people's shouts (I must confess)
 Youth, luck, and praise, even filled my veins with pride—
 When Cupid, having me (his slave) descried
 In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,
 'What, now, Sir Fool!' said he; 'I would no less:
 Look here, I say.' I look'd, and STELLA spied,
 Who, hard by, made a window send forth light.
 My heart then quak'd, then dazzled were mine eyes;
 One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight;
 Nor trumpets sound I heard, nor friendly cries.
 My foe came on, and beat the air for me—
 Till that her blush made me my shame to see.

VII

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try;
 O give my passions leave to run their race;
 Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace;
 Let folk o'er-charged with brain against me cry;
 Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye;
 Let me no steps, but of lost labour, trace;
 Let all the earth with scorn recount my case—
 But do not will me from my love to fly.
 I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
 Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame;
 Nor aught do care, though some above me sit;
 Nor hope, nor wish, another course to frame,
 But that which once may win thy cruel heart:
 Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

VIII

LOVE still a boy, and oft a wanton, is,
School'd only by his mother's tender eye;
What wonder then, if he his lesson miss,
When for so soft a rod dear play he try?
And yet my STAR, because a sugar'd kiss
In sport I suck'd, while she asleep did lie,
Doth lour, nay chide, nay threat, for only this.
Sweet, it was saucy LOVE, not humble I.
But no 'scuse serves; she makes her wrath appear
In beauty's throne—see now, who dares come near
Those scarlet judges, threat'ning bloody pain?
O heav'nly Fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
That anger's self I needs must kiss again.

IX

I never drank of Aganippe well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell;
Poor lay-man I, for sacred rites unfit.
Some do I hear of Poets' fury tell,
But (God wot) wot not what they mean by it;
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speak, and what I speak doth flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?
Guess me the cause—what is it thus?—fye, no.
Or so?—much less. How then? sure thus it is,
My lips are sweet, inspired with STELLA's kiss.

X

Of all the kings that ever here did reign,
Edward, named Fourth, as first in praise I name,
Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain—
Although less gifts imp feathers oft on Fame.
Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame
His sire's revenge, join'd with a kingdom's gain;

And, gain'd by Mars could yet mad Mars so tame,
 That Balance weigh'd what Sword did late obtain.
 Nor that he made the Floure-de-luce so 'fraid,
 Though strongly hedged of bloody Lions' paws,
 That witty Lewis to him a tribute paid.
 Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause—
 But only, for this worthy knight durst prove
 To lose his crown rather than fail his love.

XI

O happy Thames, that didst my STELLA bear,
 I saw thyself, with many a smiling line
 Upon thy cheerful face, Joy's livery wear,
 While those fair planets on thy streams did shine ;
 The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
 While wanton winds, with beauty so divine
 Ravish'd, stay'd not, till in her golden hair
 They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine.
 And fain those Æol's youth there would their stay
 Have made ; but, forced by nature still to fly,
 First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
 She, so dishevell'd, blush'd ; from window I
 With sight thereof cried out, O fair disgrace,
 Let honour's self to thee grant highest place !

XII

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be ;
 And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
 Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet,
 More soft than to a chamber melody,—
 Now blessed You bear onward blessed Me
 To Her, where I my heart safe left shall meet,
 My Muse and I must you of duty greet
 With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.
 Be you still fair, honour'd by public heed,
 By no encroachment wrong'd, nor time forgot ;
 Nor blam'd for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed.
 And that you know, I envy you no lot
 Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,
 Hundreds of years you STELLA's feet may kiss.

Of the foregoing, the first, the second, and the last sonnet, are my favourites. But the general beauty of them all is, that they are so perfectly characteristic. The spirit of 'learning and of chivalry,'—of which union Spenser has entitled Sydney to have been the 'president,'—shines through them. I confess I can see nothing of the 'jejune' or 'frigid' in them; much less of the 'stiff' and 'cumbrous'—which I have sometimes heard objected to the *Arcadia*. The verse runs off swiftly and gallantly. It might have been tuned to the trumpet; or tempered (as himself expresses it) to 'trampling horses' feet.' They abound in felicitous phrases—

O heav'nly Fool, thy most kiss-worthy face— *8th Sonnet.*

——Sweet pillows, sweetest bed;

A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;

A rosy garland, and a weary head. *2nd Sonnet.*

——That sweet enemy,—France— *5th Sonnet.*

But they are not rich in words only, in vague and unlocalised feelings—the failing too much of some poetry of the present day—they are full, material, and circumstantiated. Time and place appropriates every one of them. It is not a fever of passion wasting itself upon a thin diet of dainty words, but a transcendent passion prevading and illuminating action, pursuits, studies, feats of arms, the opinions of contemporaries and his judgment of them. An historical thread runs through them, which almost affixes a date to them; marks the *when* and *where* they were written.

I have dwelt the longer upon what I conceive the merit of these poems, because I have been hurt by the wantonness (I wish I could treat it by a gentler name)

with which W. H. takes every occasion of insulting the memory of Sir Philip Sydney. But the decisions of the Author of Table Talk, &c., (most profound and subtle where they are, as for the most part, just) are more safely to be relied upon, on subjects and authors he has a partiality for, than on such as he has conceived an accidental prejudice against. Milton wrote sonnets, and was a king-hater; and it was congenial perhaps to sacrifice a courtier to a patriot. But I was unwilling to lose a *fine idea* from my mind. The noble images, passions, sentiments, and poetical delicacies of character, scattered all over the Arcadia (spite of some stiffness and encumberment), justify to me the character which his contemporaries have left us of the writer. I cannot think with the Critic, that Sir Philip Sydney was that *opprobrious thing* which a foolish nobleman in his insolent hostility chose to term him. I call to mind the epitaph made on him, to guide me to juster thoughts of him; and I repose upon the beautiful lines in the 'Friend's Passion for his Astrophel,' printed with the Elegies of Spenser and others.

You knew—who knew not Astrophel?
 (That I should live to say I knew,
 And have not in possession still!)—
 Things known permit me to renew—
 Of him you know his merit such,
 I cannot say—you hear—too much.

Within these woods of Arcady
 He chief delight and pleasure took;
 And on the mountain Partheny,
 Upon the crystal liquid brook,
 The Muses met him every day,
 That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended down the mount,
 His personage seemed most divine :
 A thousand graces one might count
 Upon his lovely cheerful eyne.
 To hear him speak, and sweetly smile,
 You were in Paradise the while.

*A sweet attractive kind of grace ;
 A full assurance given by looks ;
 Continual comfort in a face,
 The lineaments of Gospel books—*

I trow that count'nance cannot lye,
 Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

* * * * *

Above all others this is he,
 Which erst approved in his song,
 That love and honour might agree,
 And that pure love will do no wrong.

Sweet saints, it is no sin or blame
 To love a man of virtuous name.

Did never Love so sweetly breathe
 In any mortal breast before :
 Did never Muse inspire beneath
 A Poet's brain with finer store.

He wrote of Love with high conceit,
 And Beauty rear'd above her height.

Or let anyone read the deeper sorrows (grief running into rage) in the Poem,—the last in the collection accompanying the above,—which from internal testimony I believe to be Lord Brooke's,—beginning with 'Silence augmenteth grief,'—and then seriously ask himself, whether the subject of such absorbing and confounding regrets could have been *that thing* which Lord Oxford termed him.

NEWSPAPERS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

DAN STUART once told us, that he did not remember that he ever deliberately walked into the Exhibition at Somerset House in his life. He might occasionally have escorted a party of ladies across the way that were going in ; but he never went in of his own head. Yet the office of the Morning Post newspaper stood then just where it does now—we are carrying you back, Reader, some thirty years or more—with its gilt-globe-topt front facing that emporium of our artists' grand Annual Exposure. We sometimes wish, that we had observed the same abstinence with Daniel.

A word or two of D. S. He ever appeared to us one of the finest-tempered of Editors. Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, was equally pleasant, with a dash, no slight one either, of the courtier. S. was frank, plain, and English all over. We have worked for both these gentlemen.

It is soothing to contemplate the head of the Ganges ; to trace the first little bubblings of a mighty river ;

With holy reverence to approach the rocks,
Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient song.

Fired with a perusal of the Abyssinian Pilgrim's exploratory ramblings after the cradle of the infant Nilus, we well remember on one fine summer holyday (a 'whole day's leave' we called it at Christ's Hospital) sallying forth at rise of sun, not very well provisioned either for such an undertaking, to trace the current of the New River—Middletonian stream !—to its scaturient

source, as we had read, in meadows by fair Amwell. Gallantly did we commence our solitary quest—for it was essential to the dignity of a DISCOVERY, that no eye of schoolboy, save our own, should beam on the detection. By flowery spots, and verdant lanes, skirting Hornsey, Hope trained us on in many a baffling turn; endless, hopeless meanders, as it seemed; or as if the jealous waters had *dodged* us, reluctant to have the humble spot of their nativity revealed; till spent, and nigh famished, before set of the same sun, we sate down somewhere by Bowes Farm, near Tottenham, with a tithe of our proposed labours only yet accomplished; sorely convinced in spirit, that that Brucian enterprise was as yet too arduous for our young shoulders.

Not more refreshing to the thirsty curiosity of the traveller is the tracing of some mighty waters up to their shallow fontlet, than it is to a pleased and candid reader to go back to the inexperienced essays, the first callow flights in authorship, of some established name in literature; from the Gnat which preluded to the *Æneid*, to the Duck which Samuel Johnson trod on.

In those days every Morning Paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high, too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal, but, above all, *dress*, furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant.

A fashion of *flesh*, or rather *pink*-coloured hose for the ladies, luckily coming up at the juncture, when we

were on our probation for the place of Chief Jester to S.'s Paper, established our reputation in that line. We were pronounced a 'capital hand.' O the conceits which we varied upon *red* in all its prismatic differences! from the trite and obvious flower of Cytherea, to the flaming costume of the lady that has her sitting upon 'many waters.' Then there was the collateral topic of ancles. What an occasion to a truly chaste writer, like ourself, of touching that nice brink, and yet never tumbling over it, of a seemingly ever approximating something 'not quite proper'; while, like a skilful posture-master, balancing betwixt decorums and their opposites, he keeps the line, from which a hair's-breadth deviation is destruction; hovering in the confines of light and darkness, or where 'both seem either'; a hazy uncertain delicacy; Autolycus-like in the Play, still putting off his expectant auditory with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man!' But, above all, that conceit arrided us most at that time, and still tickles our midriff to remember, where, allusively to the flight of Astræa—*ultima Cælestium terras reliquit*—we pronounced—in reference to the stockings still—that MODESTY TAKING HER FINAL LEAVE OF MORTALS, HER LAST BLUSH WAS VISIBLE IN HER ASCENT TO THE HEAVENS BY THE TRACT OF THE GLOWING INSTEP. This might be called the crowning conceit; and was esteemed tolerable writing in those days.

But the fashion of jokes, with all other things, passes away; as did the transient mode which had so favoured us. The ancles of our fair friends in a few weeks began to reassume their whiteness, and left us scarce a leg to stand upon. Other female whims followed, but none,

methought, so pregnant, so invitatory of shrewd conceits, and more than single meanings.

Somebody has said, that to swallow six cross-buns daily, consecutively for a fortnight, would surfeit the stoutest digestion. But to have to furnish as many jokes daily, and that not for a fortnight, but for a long twelve-month, as we were constrained to do, was a little harder execution. 'Man goeth forth to his work until the evening'—from a reasonable hour in the morning, we presume it was meant. Now, as our main occupation took us up from eight till five every day in the City; and as our evening hours, at that time of life, had generally to do with any thing rather than business, it follows, that the only time we could spare for this manufactory of jokes—our supplementary livelihood, that supplied us in every want beyond mere bread and cheese—was exactly that part of the day which (as we have heard of No Man's Land) may be fitly denominated No Man's Time; that is, no time in which a man ought to be up, and awake, in. To speak more plainly, it is that time, of an hour, or an hour and a half's duration, in which a man, whose occasions call him up so preposterously, has to wait for his breakfast.

O those headaches at dawn of day, when at five, or half-past five in summer, and not much later in the dark seasons, we were compelled to rise, having been perhaps not above four hours in bed—(for we were no go-to-beds with the lamb, though we anticipated the lark oftentimes in her rising—we liked a parting cup at midnight, as all young men did before these effeminate times, and to have our friends about us—we were not constellated under Aquarius, that watery sign, and therefore incapable

of Bacchus, cold, washy, bloodless—we were none of your Basilian water-sponges, nor had taken our degrees at Mount Ague—we were right toping Capulets, jolly companions, we and they—but to have to get up, as we said before, curtailed of half our fair sleep, fasting, with only a dim vista of refreshing Bohea in the distance—to be necessitated to rouse ourselves at the detestable rap of an old hag of a domestic, who seemed to take a diabolical pleasure in her announcement that it was ‘time to rise’; and whose chappy knuckles we have often yearned to amputate, and string them up at our chamber door, to be a terror to all such unseasonable rest-breakers in future——

‘Facil’ and sweet, as Virgil sings, had been the ‘descending’ of the over-night, balmy the first sinking of the heavy head upon the pillow; but to get up, as he goes on to say,

—revocare gradus, superasque evadere ad auras—

and to get up, moreover, to make jokes with malice prepended—there was the ‘labour,’ there the ‘work.’

No Egyptian taskmaster ever devised a slavery like to that, our slavery. No fractious operants ever turned out for half the tyranny, which this necessity exercised upon us. Half a dozen jests in a day (bating Sundays, too), why, it seems nothing! We make twice the number every day in our lives as a matter of course, and claim no Sabbatical exemptions. But then they come into our head. But when the head has to go out to them—when the mountain must go to Mahomet——

Reader, try it for once, only for one short twelve-month.

It was not every week that a fashion of pink stockings came up ; but mostly, instead of it, some rugged, untractable subject ; some topic impossible to be contorted into the risible ; some feature, upon which no smile could play ; some flint, from which no process of ingenuity could procure a scintillation. There they lay ; there your appointed tale of brick-making was set before you, which you must finish, with or without straw, as it happened. The craving Dragon—*the Public*—like him in Bel's temple—must be fed ; it expected its daily rations ; and Daniel, and ourselves, to do us justice, did the best we could on this side bursting him.

While we were wringing out coy sprightliness for the 'Post,' and writhing under the toil of what is called 'easy writing,' Bob Allen, our *quondam* schoolfellow, was tapping his impracticable brains in a like service for the 'Oracle.' Not that Robert troubled himself much about wit. If his paragraphs had a sprightly air about them, it was sufficient. He carried this nonchalance so far at last, that a matter of intelligence, and that no very important one, was not seldom palmed upon his employers for a good jest ; for example sake—'*Walking yesterday morning casually down Snow Hill, who should we meet but Mr Deputy Humphreys ! we rejoice to add, that the worthy Deputy appeared to enjoy a good state of health. We do not remember ever to have seen him look better.*' This gentleman, so surprisingly met upon Snow Hill, from some peculiarities in gait or gesture, was a constant butt for mirth to the small paragraph-mongers of the day ; and our friend thought that he might have his fling at him with the rest. We met A. in Holborn shortly after this extraordinary rencounter, which he told

with tears of satisfaction in his eyes, and chuckling at the anticipated effects of its announcement next day in the paper. We did not quite comprehend where the wit of it lay at the time; nor was it easy to be detected, when the thing came out, advantaged by type and letter-press. He had better have met any thing that morning than a Common Council Man. His services were shortly after dispensed with, on the plea that his paragraphs of late had been deficient in point. The one in question, it must be owned, had an air, in the opening especially, proper to awaken curiosity; and the sentiment, or moral, wears the aspect of humanity and good neighbourly feeling. But somehow the conclusion was not judged altogether to answer to the magnificent promise of the premises. We traced our friend's pen afterwards in the 'True Briton,' the 'Star,' the 'Traveller,'—from all which he was successively dismissed, the Proprietors having 'no further occasion for his services.' Nothing was easier than to detect him. When wit failed, or topics ran low, there constantly appeared the following—*'It is not generally known that the three Blue Balls at the Pawn-brokers' shops are the ancient arms of Lombardy. The Lombards were the first money-brokers in Europe.'* Bob has done more to set the public right on this important point of blazonry, than the whole College of Heralds.

The appointment of a regular wit has long ceased to be a part of the economy of a Morning Paper. Editors find their own jokes, or do as well without them. Parson Este, and Topham, brought up the set custom of 'witty paragraphs' first in the 'World.' Boaden was a reigning paragraphist in his day, and succeeded poor Allen in the 'Oracle.' But, as we said, the fashion of jokes passes

away; and it would be difficult to discover in the Biographer of Mrs Siddons, any traces of that vivacity and fancy which charmed the whole town at the commencement of the present century. Even the prelusive delicacies of the present writer—the curt ‘Astræan allusion’—would be thought pedantic and out of date in these days.

From the office of the Morning Post (for we may as well exhaust our Newspaper Reminiscences at once) by change of property in the paper, we were transferred, mortifying exchange! to the office of the Albion Newspaper, late Rackstrow’s Museum, in Fleet-street. What a transition—from a handsome apartment, from rosewood desks, and silver inkstands, to an office—no office, but a *den* rather, but just redeemed from the occupation of dead monsters, of which it seemed redolent—from the centre of loyalty and fashion, to a focus of vulgarity and sedition! Here in murky closet, inadequate from its square contents to the receipt of the two bodies of Editor, and humble paragraph-maker, together at one time, sat in the discharge of his new Editorial functions (the ‘Bigod’ of Elia) the redoubted John Fenwick.

F., without a guinea in his pocket, and having left not many in the pockets of his friends whom he might command, had purchased (on tick, doubtless) the whole and sole Editorship, Proprietorship, with all the rights and titles (such as they were worth) of the Albion from one Lovell; of whom we know nothing, save that he had stood in the pillory for a libel on the Prince of Wales. With this hopeless concern—for it had been sinking ever since its commencement, and could now reckon upon not more than a hundred subscribers—F.

resolutely determined upon pulling down the Government in the first instance, and making both our fortunes by way of corollary. For seven weeks and more did this infatuated Democrat go about borrowing seven-shilling pieces, and lesser coin, to meet the daily demands of the Stamp Office, which allowed no credit to publications of that side in politics. An outcast from politer bread, we attached our small talents to the forlorn fortunes of our friend. Our occupation now was to write treason.

Recollections of feelings—which were all that now remained from our first boyish heats kindled by the French Revolution, when, if we were misled, we erred in the company of some, who are accounted very good men now—rather than any tendency at this time to Republican doctrines—assisted us in assuming a style of writing, while the paper lasted, consonant in no very under-tone to the right earnest fanaticism of F. Our cue was now to insinuate, rather than recommend, possible abdications. Blocks, axes, Whitehall tribunals, were covered with flowers of so cunning a periphrasis—as Mr Bayes says, never naming the *thing* directly—that the keen eye of an Attorney General was insufficient to detect the lurking snake among them. There were times, indeed, when we sighed for our more gentleman-like occupation under Stuart. But with change of masters it is ever change of service. Already one paragraph, and another, as we learned afterwards from a gentleman at the Treasury, had begun to be marked at that office, with a view of its being submitted at least to the attention of the proper Law Officers—when an unlucky, or rather lucky epigram from our pen, aimed at Sir J——s M——h, who was on the eve of departing

for India to reap the fruits of his apostacy, as F. pronounced it, (it is hardly worth particularising), happening to offend the nice sense of Lord, or, as he then delighted to be called, Citizen Stanhope, deprived F. at once of the last hopes of a guinea from the last patron that had stuck by us ; and breaking up our establishment, left us to the safe, but somewhat mortifying, neglect of the Crown Lawyers.—It was about this time, or a little earlier, that Dan Stuart made that curious confession to us, that he had ‘never deliberately walked into an Exhibition at Somerset House in his life.’

BARRENNESS OF THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY IN THE PRODUCTIONS OF MODERN ART

HOGARTH excepted, can we produce any one painter within the last fifty years, or since the humour of exhibiting began, that has treated a story *imaginatively*? By this we mean, upon whom his subject has so acted, that it has seemed to direct *him*—not to be arranged by him? Any upon whom its leading or collateral points have impressed themselves so tyrannically, that he dared not treat it otherwise, lest he should falsify a revelation? Any that has imparted to his compositions, not merely so much truth as is enough to convey a story with clearness, but that individualising property, which should keep the subject so treated distinct in feature from every other subject, however similar, and to common apprehensions almost identical ; so as that we might say, this

and this part could have found an appropriate place in no other picture in the world but this? Is there anything in modern art—we will not demand that it should be equal—but in any way analogous to what Titian has effected, in that wonderful bringing together of two times in the ‘Ariadne,’ in the National Gallery? Precipitous, with his reeling Satyr rout about him, re-peopling and re-illuming suddenly the waste places, drunk with a new fury beyond the grape, Bacchus, born in fire, fire-like flings himself at the Cretan. This is the time present. With this telling of the story an artist, and no ordinary one, might remain richly proud. Guido, in his harmonious version of it, saw no further. But from the depths of the imaginative spirit Titian has recalled past time, and laid it contributory with the present to one simultaneous effect. With the desert all ringing with the mad cymbals of his followers, made lucid with the presence and new offers of a god,—as if unconscious of Bacchus, or but idly casting her eyes as upon some unconcerning pageant—her soul undistracted from Theseus—Ariadne is still pacing the solitary shore, in as much heart-silence, and in almost the same local solitude, with which she awoke at day-break to catch the forlorn last glances of the sail that bore away the Athenian.

Here are two points miraculously co-uniting; fierce society, with the feeling of solitude still absolute; noon-day revelations, with the accidents of the dull grey dawn unquenched and lingering; the *present* Bacchus, with the *past* Ariadne; two stories, with double Time; separate, and harmonising. Had the artist made the woman one shade less indifferent to the God; still more, had she expressed a rapture at his advent, where would have been

the story of the mighty desolation of the heart previous? merged in the insipid accident of a flattering offer met with a welcome acceptance. The broken heart for Theseus was not lightly to be pieced up by a God.

We have before us a fine rough print, from a picture by Raphael in the Vatican. It is the Presentation of the new-born Eve to Adam by the Almighty. A fairer mother of mankind we might imagine, and a goodlier sire, perhaps, of men since born. But these are matters subordinate to the conception of the *situation*, displayed in this extraordinary production. A tolerably modern artist would have been satisfied with tempering certain raptures of connubial anticipation, with a suitable acknowledgment to the Giver of the blessing, in the countenance of the first bridegroom; something like the divided attention of the child (Adam was here a child man) between the given toy, and the mother who had just blest it with the bauble. This is the obvious, the first-sight view, the superficial. An artist of a higher grade, considering the awful presence they were in, would have taken care to subtract something from the expression of the more human passion, and to heighten the more spiritual one. This would be as much as an exhibition-goer, from the opening of Somerset House to last year's show, has been encouraged to look for. It is obvious to hint at a lower expression yet, in a picture that, for respects of drawing and colouring, might be deemed not wholly inadmissible within these art-fostering walls, in which the raptures should be as ninety-nine, the gratitude as one, or perhaps Zero! By neither the one passion nor the other has Raphael expounded the situation of Adam. Singly upon his brow sits the absorbing

sense of wonder at the created miracle. The *moment* is seized by the intuitive artist, perhaps not self-conscious of his art, in which neither of the conflicting emotions—a moment how abstracted—has had time to spring up, or to battle for indecorous mastery.—We have seen a landscape of a justly admired neoteric, in which he aimed at delineating a fiction, one of the most severely beautiful in antiquity—the gardens of the Hesperides. To do Mr ——— justice, he had painted a laudable orchard, with fitting seclusion, and a veritable dragon (of which a Polypheme, by Poussin, is somehow a fac-simile for the situation), looking over into the world shut out backwards, so that none but a ‘still-climbing Hercules’ could hope to catch a peep at the admired Ternary of Recluses. No conventual porter could keep his eyes better than this *custos* with the ‘lidless eyes.’ He not only sees that none *do* intrude into that privacy, but, as clear as daylight, that none but *Hercules aut Diabolus* by any manner of means *can*. So far all is well. We have absolute solitude here or nowhere. *Ab extra* the damsels are snug enough. But here the artist’s courage seems to have failed him. He began to pity his pretty charge, and, to comfort the irksomeness, has peopled their solitude with a bevy of fair attendants, maids of honour, or ladies of the bed-chamber, according to the approved etiquette at a court of the nineteenth century; giving to the whole scene the air of a *fête champêtre*, if we will but excuse the absence of the gentlemen. This is well, and Watteauish. But what is become of the solitary mystery—the

Daughters three,
That sing around the golden tree?

This is not the way in which Poussin would have treated this subject.

The paintings, or rather the stupendous architectural designs, of a modern artist, have been urged as objections to the theory of our motto. They are of a character, we confess, to stagger it. His towered structures are of the highest order of the material sublime. Whether they were dreams, or transcripts of some elder workmanship—Assyrian ruins old—restored by this mighty artist, they satisfy our most stretched and craving conceptions of the glories of the antique world. It is a pity that they were ever peopled. On that side, the imagination of the artist halts, and appears defective. Let us examine the point of the story in the ‘Belshazzar’s Feast.’ We will introduce it by an apposite anecdote.

The court historians of the day record, that at the first dinner given by the late King (then Prince Regent) at the Pavilion, the following characteristic frolic was played off. The guests were select and admiring; the banquet profuse and admirable; the lights lustrous and oriental; the eye was perfectly dazzled with the display of plate, among which the great gold salt-cellar, brought from the regalia in the Tower for this especial purpose, itself a tower! stood conspicuous for its magnitude. And now the Rev. * * * *, the then admired court Chaplain, was proceeding with the grace, when, at a signal given, the lights were suddenly overcast, and a huge transparency was discovered, in which glittered in golden letters—

‘BRIGHTON—EARTHQUAKE—SWALLOW-UP-ALIVE!’

Imagine the confusion of the guests; the Georges and garters, jewels, bracelets, moulted upon the occasion!

The fans dropt, and picked up the next morning by the sly court pages ! Mrs Fitz-what's-her-name fainting, and the Countess of * * * * holding the smelling bottle, till the good-humoured Prince caused harmony to be restored, by calling in fresh candles, and declaring that the whole was nothing but a pantomime *hoax*, got up by the ingenious Mr Farley, of Covent Garden, from hints which his Royal Highness himself had furnished ! Then imagine the infinite applause that followed, the mutual rallyings, the declarations that 'they were not much frightened,' of the assembled galaxy.

The point of time in the picture exactly answers to the appearance of the transparency in the anecdote. The huddle, the flutter, the bustle, the escape, the alarm and the mock alarm ; the prettinesses heightened by consternation ; the courtier's fear which was flattery ; and the lady's which was affectation ; all that we may conceive to have taken place in a mob of Brighton courtiers, sympathising with the well-acted surprise of their sovereign ; all this, and no more, is exhibited by the well-dressed lords and ladies in the Hall of Belus. Just this sort of consternation we have seen among a flock of disquieted wild geese at the report only of a gun having gone off !

But is this vulgar fright, this mere animal anxiety for the preservation of their persons—such as we have witnessed at a theatre, when a slight alarm of fire has been given—an adequate exponent of a supernatural terror ? the way in which the finger of God, writing judgments, would have been met by the withered conscience ? There is a human fear, and a divine fear. The one is disturbed, restless, and bent upon escape.

The other is bowed down, effortless, passive. When the spirit appeared before Eliphaz in the visions of the night, and the hair of his flesh stood up, was it in the thoughts of the Temanite to ring the bell of his chamber, or to call up the servants? But let us see in the text what there is to justify all this huddle of vulgar consternation.

From the works of Daniel it appears that Belshazzar had made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. The golden and silver vessels are gorgeously enumerated, with the princes, the king's concubines, and his wives. Then follows—

‘In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace ; and the *king* saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the *king's* countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosened, and his knees smote one against another.’

This is the plain text. By no hint can it be otherwise inferred, but that the appearance was solely confined to the fancy of Belshazzar, that his single brain was troubled. Not a word is spoken of its being seen by any else there present, not even by the queen herself, who merely undertakes for the interpretation of the phenomenon, as related to her, doubtless, by her husband. The lords are simply said to be astonished ; *i.e.* at the trouble and the change of countenance in their sovereign. Even the prophet does not appear to have seen the scroll, which the king saw. He recalls it only, as Joseph did the Dream to the King of Egypt. ‘Then was the part of the hand sent from him [the Lord], and this writing was written.’ He speaks of the phantasm as past.

Then what becomes of this needless multiplication of the miracle? this message to a royal conscience, singly expressed—for it was said, ‘thy kingdom is divided’—simultaneously impressed upon the fancies of a thousand courtiers, who were implied in it neither directly nor grammatically?

But admitting the artist’s own version of the story, and that the sight was seen also by the thousand courtiers—let it have been visible to all Babylon—as the knees of Belshazzar were shaken, and his countenance troubled, even so would the knees of every man in Babylon, and their countenances, as of an individual man, have been troubled; bowed, bent down, so would they have remained, stupor-fixed, with no thought of struggling with that inevitable judgment.

Not all that is optically possible to be seen, is to be shown in every picture. The eye delightedly dwells upon the brilliant individualities in a ‘Marriage at Cana,’ by Veronese, or Titian, to the very texture and colour of the wedding garments, the ring glittering upon the bride’s finger, the metal and fashion of the wine-pots; for at such seasons there is leisure and luxury to be curious. But in a ‘day of judgment,’ or in a ‘day of lesser horrors, yet divine,’ as at the impious feast of Belshazzar, the eye should see, as the actual eye of an agent or patient in the immediate scene would see, only in masses and indistinction. Not only the female attire and jewelry exposed to the critical eye of the fashion, as minutely as the dresses in a lady’s magazine, in the criticised picture—but perhaps the curiosities of anatomical science, and studied diversities of posture, in the falling angels and sinners of Michael Angelo,—have no

business in their great subjects. There was no leisure of them.

By a wise falsification, the great masters of painting got at their true conclusions ; by not showing the actual appearances, that is, all that was to be seen at any given moment by an indifferent eye, but only what the eye might be supposed to see in the doing or suffering of some portentous action. Suppose the moment of the swallowing up of Pompeii. There they were to be seen—houses, columns, architectural proportions, differences of public and private buildings, men and women at their standing occupations, the diversified thousand postures, attitudes, dresses, in some confusion truly, but physically they were visible. But what eye saw them at that eclipsing moment, which reduces confusion to a kind of unity, and when the senses are upturned from their proprieties, when sight and hearing are a feeling only? A thousand years have passed, and we are at leisure to contemplate the weaver fixed standing at his shuttle, the baker at his oven, and to turn over with antiquarian coolness the pots and pans of Pompeii.

‘Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeah, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.’ Who, in reading this magnificent Hebraism, in his conception, sees aught but the heroic son of Nun, with the outstretched arm, and the greater and lesser light obsequious? Doubtless there were to be seen hill and dale, and chariots and horsemen, on open plain, or winding by secret defiles, and all the circumstances and stratagems of war. But whose eyes would have been conscious of this array at the interposition of the synchronic miracle? Yet in the picture of this subject by the artist of the ‘Belshazzar’s Feast’—no

ignoble work either—the marshalling and landscape of the war is everything, the miracle sinks into an anecdote of the day; and the eye may ‘dart through rank and file traverse’ for some minutes, before it shall discover, among his armed followers, *which is Joshua!* Not modern art alone, but ancient, where only it is to be found if anywhere, can be detected erring, from defect of this imaginative faculty. The world has nothing to show of the preternatural in painting, transcending the figure of Lazarus bursting his grave-clothes, in the great picture at Angerstein’s. It seems a thing between two beings. A ghastly horror at itself struggles with newly-apprehending gratitude at second life bestowed. It cannot forget that it was a ghost. It has hardly felt that it is a body. It has to tell of the world of spirits.—Was it from a feeling, that the crowd of half-impassioned bystanders, and the still more irrelevant herd of passers-by at a distance, who have not heard, or but faintly have been told of the passing miracle, admirable as they are in design and hue—for it is a glorified work—do not respond adequately to the action—that the single figure of the Lazarus has been attributed to Michael Angelo, and the mighty Sebastian unfairly robbed of the fame of the greater half of the interest? Now that there were not indifferent passers-by within actual scope of the eyes of those present at the miracle, to whom the sound of it had but faintly, or not at all, reached, it would be hardihood to deny; but would they see them? or can the mind in the conception of it admit of such unconcerning objects? can it think of them at all? or what associating league to the imagination can there be between the seers, and the seers not, of a presential miracle?

Were an artist to paint upon demand a picture of a Dryad, we will ask whether, in the present low state of expectation, the patron would not, or ought not to be fully satisfied with a beautiful naked figure recumbent under wide-stretched oaks? Disseat those woods, and place the same figure among fountains, and falls of pellucid water, and you have a—Naiad ! Not so in a rough print we have seen after Julio Romano, we think—for it is long since—*there*, by no process, with mere change of scene, could the figure have reciprocated characters. Long, grotesque, fantastic, yet with a grace of her own, beautiful in convolution and distortion, linked to her connatural tree, co-twisting with its limbs her own, till both seemed either—these, animated branches ; those, disanimated members—yet the animal and vegetable lives sufficiently kept distinct—*his* Dryad lay—an approximation of two natures, which to conceive, it must be seen ; analogous to, not the same with, the delicacies of Ovidian transformations.

To the lowest subjects, and, to a superficial comprehension, the most barren, the Great Masters gave loftiness and fruitfulness. The large eyes of genius saw in the meanness of present objects their capabilities of treatment from their relations to some grand Past or Future. How has Raphael—we must still linger about the Vatican—treated the humble craft of the ship-builder, in *his* ‘Building of the Ark’? It is in that scriptural series, to which we have referred, and which, judging from some fine rough old graphic sketches of them which we possess, seem to be of a higher and more poetic grade than even the Cartoons. The dim of sight are the timid and the shrinking. There is a cowardice in modern art.

As the Frenchmen, of whom Coleridge's friend made the prophetic guess at Rome, from the beard and horns of the Moses of Michael Angelo collected no inferences beyond that of a He Goat and a Cornuto ; so from this subject, of mere mechanic promise, it would instinctively turn away, as from one incapable of investiture with any grandeur. The dock-yards at Woolwich would object derogatory associations. The *depôt* at Chatham would be the mote and the beam in its intellectual eye. But not to the nautical preparations in the ship-yards of Civita Vecchia did Raphael look for instructions, when he imagined the Building of the Vessel that was to be conservatory of the wrecks of the species of drowned mankind. In the intensity of the action, he keeps ever out of sight the meanness of the operation. There is the Patriarch, in calm forethought, and with holy prescience, giving directions. And there are his agents—the solitary but sufficient Three—hewing, sawing, every one with the might and earnestness of a Demiurgus ; under some instinctive rather than technical guidance ; giant-muscled ; every one a Hercules, or liker to those Vulcanian Three, that in sounding caverns under Mongibello wrought in fire—Brontes, and black Steropes, and Pyracmon. So work the workmen that should repair a world !

Artists again err in the confounding of *poetic* with *pictorial subjects*. In the latter, the exterior accidents are nearly everything, the unseen qualities as nothing. Othello's colour—the infirmities and corpulence of a Sir John Falstaff—do they haunt us perpetually in the reading ? or are they obtruded upon our conceptions one time for ninety-nine that we are lost in admiration at the respective moral or intellectual attributes of the

character? But in a picture Othello is *always* a Black-amore; and the other only Plump Jack. Deeply corporealised, and enchained hopelessly in the grovelling fetters of externality, must be the mind, to which, in its better moments, the image of the high-souled, high-intelligenced Quixote—the errant Star of Knighthood, made more tender by eclipse—has never presented itself, divested from the unhallowed accompaniment of a Sancho, or a rabblement at the heels of Rosinante. That man has read his book by halves; he has laughed, mistaking his author's purport, which was—tears. The artist that pictures Quixote (and it is in this degrading point that he is every season held up at our Exhibitions) in the shallow hope of exciting mirth, would have joined the rabble at the heels of his starved steed. We wish not to see *that* counterfeited, which we would not have wished to see in the reality. Conscious of the heroic insight of the noble Quixote, who, on hearing that his withered person was passing, would have stepped over his threshold to gaze upon his forlorn habiliments, and the 'strange bed-fellows which misery brings a man acquainted with'? Shade of Cervantes! who in thy Second Part could put into the mouth of thy Quixote those high aspirations of a super-chivalrous gallantry, where he replies to one of the shepherdesses, apprehensive that he would spoil their pretty net-works, and, inviting him to be a guest with them, in accents like these: 'Truly, fairest Lady, Actæon was not more astonished when he saw Diana bathing herself at the fountain, than I have been in beholding your beauty: I commend the manner of your pastime, and thank you for your kind offers; and, if I may serve you, so I may

be sure you will be obeyed, you may command me : for my profession is this, To show myself thankful, and a doer of good to all sorts of people, especially of the rank that your person shows you to be ; and if those nets, as they take up but a little piece of ground, should take up the whole world, I would seek out new worlds to pass through, rather than break them : and (he adds) that you may give credit to this my exaggeration, behold at least he that promiseth you this, is Don Quixote de la Mancha, if haply this name hath come to your hearing.' Illustrious Romancer ! were the ' fine frenzies,' which possessed the brain of thy own Quixote, a fit subject, as in this Second Part, to be exposed to the jeers of Duennas and Serving Men ? to be monstereed, and shown up at the heartless banquets of great men ? Was that pitiable infirmity, which in thy First Part misleads him, *always from within*, into half-ludicrous, but more than half-compassionable and admirable errors, not infliction enough from heaven, that men by studied artifices must devise and practise upon the humour, to inflame where they should soothe it ? Why, Goneril would have blushed to practise upon the abdicated king at this rate, and the she-wolf Regan not have endured to play the pranks upon his fled wits, which thou hast made thy Quixote suffer in Duchesses' halls, and at the hands of that unworthy nobleman¹.

In the First Adventures, even, it needed all the art of the most consummate artist in the Book way that the world hath yet seen, to keep up in the mind of the reader the heroic attributes of the character without relaxing ; so as absolutely that they shall suffer no alloy

¹ Yet from this Second Part, our cried-up pictures are mostly selected ; the waiting-women with beards, &c.

from the debasing fellowship of the clown. If it ever obtrudes itself as a disharmony, are we inclined to laugh ; or not, rather, to indulge a contrary emotion ?—Cervantes, stung, perchance, by the relish with which *his* Reading Public had received the fooleries of the man, more to their palates than the generousities of the master, in the sequel let his pen run riot, lost the harmony and the balance, and sacrificed a great idea to the taste of his contemporaries. We know that in the present day the Knight has fewer admirers than the Squire. Anticipating, what did actually happen to him—as afterwards it did to his scarce inferior follower, the Author of ‘Guzman de Alfarache,’—that some less knowing hand would prevent him by a spurious Second Part ; and judging, that it would be easier for his competitor to out-bid him in the comicalities, than in the *romance*, of his work, he abandoned his Knight, and has fairly set up the Squire for his Hero. For what else has he unsealed the eyes of Sancho ; and instead of that twilight state of semi-insanity—the madness at second-hand—the contagion, caught from a stronger mind infected—that war between native cunning, and hereditary deference, with which he has hitherto accompanied his master—two for a pair almost—does he substitute a downright Knave, with open eyes, for his own ends only following a confessed Madman ; and offering at one time to lay, if not actually laying, hands upon him ! From the moment that Sancho loses his reverence, Don Quixote is become a—treatable lunatic. Our artists handle him accordingly.

REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE

THE *Old Year* being dead, the *New Year* coming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the *Days* in the year were invited. The *Festivals*, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below ; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the *Fasts* should be admitted. Some said, the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by *Christmas Day*, who had a design upon *Ash Wednesday* (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the *Vigils* were requested to come with their lanterns, to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the *Days* came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table ; with an occasional knife and fork at the side-board for the *Twenty-Ninth of February*.

I should have told you, that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the *Hours* ; twelve little, merry, whirligig foot-pages as you should desire to see, that went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of *Easter Day*, *Shrove*

Tuesday, and a few such *Moveables*, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul *Days*, fine *Days*, all sorts of *Days*, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, Hail ! fellow *Day*,—well met—brother *Day*—sister *Day*,—only *Lady Day* kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, *Twelfth Day* cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost-cake, all royal, glittering, and *Epiphanous*. The rest came, some in green, some in white—but old *Lent* and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy *Days* came in, dripping ; and sun-shiny *Days* helped them to change their stockings. *Wedding Day* was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear. *Pay Day* came late, as he always does ; and *Doomsday* sent word—he might be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made of it. It would have posed old Erra Pater to have found out any given *Day* in the year, to erect a scheme upon—good *Days*, bad *Days*, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy.

He had stuck the *Twenty-First of June* next to the *Twenty-Second of December*, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow-bone. *Ash Wednesday* got wedged in (as was concerted) betwixt *Christmas* and *Lord Mayor's Days*. Lord ! how he laid about him ! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him—to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still *Christmas Day* was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail-bowl, till he roared,

and hiccup'd, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious hy-po-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipt his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his *left-hand neighbour*, and daubed his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the *Last Day in December*, it so hung in icicles.

At another part of the table, *Shrove Tuesday* was helping the *Second of September* to some cock broth—which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen pheasant—so there was no love lost for that matter. The *Last of Lent* was sponging upon *Shrovetide's* pancakes; which *April Fool* perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a *good fry-day*.

In another part, a hubbub arose about the *Thirtieth of January*, who, it seems, being a sour puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calf's head, which he had had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently; but as it lay in the dish, *March Manyweathers*, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the megrims, screamed out there was a 'human head in the platter,' and raved about Herodias' daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a *Restorative*, confected of *Oak Apple*, which the merry *Twenty-Ninth of May* always carries about with him for that purpose.

The King's health being called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the *Twelfth of August* (a zealous old Whig gentlewoman), and the *Twenty-Third of April*

(a new-fangled lady of the Tory stamp), as to which of them should have the honour to propose it. *August* grew hot upon the matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a *kept* mistress, who went about in *fine clothes*, while she (the legitimate BIRTHDAY) had scarcely a rag, &c.

April Fool, being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace' sake that the exercise of it should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he slyly rounded the first lady in the ear, that an action might lie against the Crown for *bi-geny*.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, *Candlemas* lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the *Days*, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the *same lady* was observed to take an unusual time in *Washing* herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly *New Year* from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate (if any thing was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; *April*

Fool whistled to an old tune of 'New Brooms'; and a surly old rebel at the further end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the *Fifth of November*), muttered out, distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that 'when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better.' Which rudeness of his, the guests resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion; and the malecontent was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the properest place for such a *boutefeu* and firebrand as he had shown himself to be.

Order being restored—the young lord (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in as few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor *Twenty-Ninth of February*, that had sate all this while mumchance at the side-board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly; observing, that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years, with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time, removing the solitary *Day* from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*.

Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a Carol, which *Christmas Day* had taught him for the nonce; and was followed by the latter, who gave 'Miserere' in fine style, hitting off the mumping notes and lengthened drawl of *Old Mortification* with infinite

humour. *April Fool* swore they had exchanged conditions ; but *Good Friday* was observed to look extremely grave ; and *Sunday* held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

Shrove-tide, *Lord Mayor's Day*, and *April Fool*, next joined in a glee—

Which is the properest day to drink ?

in which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the *Quarter Days* said, there could be no question as to that ; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favour of the *Forty Days before Easter* ; because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

All this while *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, who sate next him, slipping amorous *billets-doux* under the table, till the *Dog Days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. *April Fool*, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed—clapped and halloo'd them on ; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the *Ember Days*, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame ; and all was in a ferment : till old Madam *Septuagesima* (who boasts herself the *Mother of the Days*) wisely diverted the conversation with a tedious tale of the lovers which she could reckon when she was young ; and of one Master *Rogation Day* in particular, who was for ever putting the

question to her ; but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell—by which I apprehend she meant the Almanack. Then she rambled on to the *Days that were gone*, the *good old Days*, and so to the *Days before the Flood*—which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed and doited.

Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great coats, and took their leaves. *Lord Mayor's Day* went off in a mist, as usual ; *Shortest Day* in a deep black Fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another *Vigil*—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the *Eve of St Christopher*—seeing *Ash Wednesday* in a condition little better than he should be—e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion, and *Old Mortification* went floating home, singing—

On the bat's back do I fly,

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober ; but very few Aves or Penitentiaries (you may believe me) were among them. *Longest Day* set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another ; but *Valentine* and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

THE WEDDING

I DO not know when I have been better pleased than at being invited last week to be present at the wedding of a friend's daughter. I like to make one at these ceremonies, which to us old people give back our youth in a manner, and restore our gayest season, in the remembrance of our own success, or the regrets, scarcely less tender, of our own youthful disappointments, in this point of a settlement. On these occasions I am sure to be in good-humour for a week or two after, and enjoy a reflected honeymoon. Being without a family, I am flattered with these temporary adoptions into a friend's family ; I feel a sort of cousinhood, or uncleship, for the season ; I am inducted into degrees of affinity ; and, in the participated socialities of the little community, I lay down for a brief while my solitary bachelorship. I carry this humour so far, that I take it unkindly to be left out, even when a funeral is going on in the house of a dear friend.) But to my subject——

The union itself had been long settled, but its celebration had been hitherto deferred, to an almost unreasonable state of suspense in the lovers, by some invincible prejudices which the bride's father had unhappily contracted upon the subject of the too early marriages of females. He has been lecturing any time these five years—for to that length the courtship has been protracted—upon the propriety of putting off the solemnity, till the lady should have completed her five-and-twentieth year. We all began to be afraid that a suit, which as yet had abated of none of its ardours, might at last be lingered

on, till passion had time to cool, and love go out in the experiment. But a little wheedling on the part of his wife, who was by no means a party to these overstrained notions, joined to some serious expostulations on that of his friends, who, from the growing infirmities of the old gentleman, could not promise ourselves many years' enjoyment of his company, and were anxious to bring matters to a conclusion during his life-time, at length prevailed; and on Monday last the daughter of my old friend, Admiral —, having attained the *womanly* age of nineteen, was conducted to the church by her pleasant cousin J —, who told some few years older.

Before the youthful part of my female readers express their indignation at the abominable loss of time occasioned to the lovers by the preposterous notions of my old friend, they will do well to consider the reluctance which a fond parent naturally feels at parting with his child. To this unwillingness, I believe, in most cases may be traced the difference of opinion on this point between child and parent, whatever pretences of interest or prudence may be held out to cover it. The hard-heartedness of fathers is a fine theme for romance writers, a sure and moving topic; but is there not something untender, to say no more of it, in the hurry which a beloved child is sometimes in to tear herself from the paternal stock, and commit herself to strange graftings? The case is heightened where the lady, as in the present instance, happens to be an only child. I do not understand these matters experimentally, but I can make a shrewd guess at the wounded pride of a parent upon these occasions. It is no new observation, I believe, that a lover in most cases has no rival so much to be feared as the father.

Certainly there is a jealousy in *unparallel subjects*, which is little less heart-rending than the passion which we more strictly christen by that name. Mothers' scruples are more easily got over ; for this reason, I suppose, that the protection transferred to a husband is less a derogation and a loss to their authority than to the paternal. Mothers, besides, have a trembling foresight, which paints the inconveniences (impossible to be conceived in the same degree by the other parent) of a life of forlorn celibacy, which the refusal of a tolerable match may entail upon their child. Mothers' instinct is a surer guide here, than the cold reasonings of a father on such a topic. To this instinct may be imputed, and by it alone may be excused, the unbecoming artifices, by which some wives push on the matrimonial projects of their daughters, which the husband, however approving, shall entertain with comparative indifference. A little shamelessness on this head is pardonable. With this explanation, forwardness becomes a grace, and maternal importunity receives the name of a virtue.—But the parson stays, while I preposterously assume his office ; I am preaching, while the bride is on the threshold.

Nor let any of my female readers suppose that the sage reflections which have just escaped me have the oblique tendency of application to the young lady, who, it will be seen, is about to venture upon a change in her condition, at a *mature and competent age*, and not without the fullest approbation of all parties. I only deprecate *very hasty marriages*. ✕

It had been fixed that the ceremony should be gone through at an early hour, to give time for a little *déjeuné* afterwards, to which a select party of friends had been

invited. We were in church a little before the clock struck eight.

Nothing could be more judicious or graceful than the dress of the bride-maids—the three charming Miss Foresters—on this morning. To give the bride an opportunity of shining singly, they had come habited all in green. I am ill at describing female apparel; but, while *she* stood at the altar in vestments white and candid as her thoughts, a sacrificial whiteness, *they* assisted in robes, such as might become Diana's nymphs—Foresters indeed—as such who had not yet come to the resolution of putting off cold virginity. These young maids, not being so blest as to have a mother living, I am told, keep single for their father's sake, and live altogether so happy with their remaining parent, that the hearts of their lovers are ever broken with the prospect (so inauspicious to their hopes) of such uninterrupted and provoking home-comfort. Gallant girls! each a victim worthy of Iphigenia!

I do not know what business I have to be present in solemn places. I cannot divest me of an unseasonable disposition to levity upon the most awful occasions. I was never cut out for a public functionary. Ceremony and I have long shaken hands; but I could not resist the importunities of the young lady's father, whose gout unhappily confined him at home, to act as parent on this occasion, and *give away the bride*. Something ludicrous occurred to me at this most serious of all moments—a sense of my unfitness to have the disposal, even in imagination, of the sweet young creature beside me. I fear I was betrayed to some lightness, for the awful eye of the parson—and the rector's eye of Saint Mildred's in the

Poultry is no trifle of a rebuke—was upon me in an instant, souring my incipient jest to the tristful severities of a funeral.

This was the only misbehaviour which I can plead to upon this solemn occasion, unless what was objected to me after the ceremony, by one of the handsome Miss T——s, be accounted a solecism. She was pleased to say that she had never seen a gentleman before me give away a bride, in black. Now black has been my ordinary apparel so long—indeed I take it to be the proper costume of an author—the stage sanctions it—that to have appeared in some lighter colour would have raised more mirth at my expense, than the anomaly had created censure. But I could perceive that the bride's mother, and some elderly ladies present (God bless them!), would have been well content, if I had come in any other colour than that. But I got over the omen by a lucky apologue, which I remembered out of Pilpay, or some Indian author, of all the birds being invited to the linnets' wedding, at which, when all the rest came in their gayest feathers, the raven alone apologised for his cloak because 'he had no other.' This tolerably reconciled the elders. But with the young people all was merriment, and shaking of hands, and congratulations, and kissing away the bride's tears, and kissings from her in return, till a young lady, who assumed some experience in these matters, having worn the nuptial bands some four or five weeks longer than her friend, rescued her, archly observing, with half an eye upon the bridegroom, that at this rate she would have 'none left.'

My friend the Admiral was in fine wig and buckle on this occasion—a striking contrast to his usual neglect of

personal appearance. He did not once shove up his borrowed locks (his custom ever at his morning studies) to betray the few grey stragglers of his own beneath them. He wore an aspect of thoughtful satisfaction. I trembled for the hour, which at length approached, when after a protracted *breakfast* of three hours—if stores of cold fowls, tongues, hams, botargoes, dried fruits, wines, cordials, &c., can deserve so meagre an appellation—the coach was announced, which was come to carry off the bride and bridegroom for a season, as custom has sensibly ordained, into the country; upon which design, wishing them a felicitous journey, let us return to the assembled guests.

As when a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
The eyes of men
Are idly bent on him that enters next,

so idly did we bend our eyes upon one another, when the chief performers in the morning's pageant had vanished. None told his tale. None sipt her glass. The poor Admiral made an effort—it was not much. I had anticipated so far. Even the infinity of full satisfaction, that had betrayed itself through the prim looks and quiet deportment of his lady, began to wane into something of misgiving. No one knew whether to take their leaves or stay. We seemed assembled upon a silly occasion. In this crisis, betwixt tarrying and departure, I must do justice to a foolish talent of mine, which had otherwise like to have brought me into disgrace in the fore-part of the day; I mean a power, in any emergency, of thinking and giving vent to all manner of strange nonsense. In this awkward dilemma, I found it sovereign. I rattled off some of my most excellent absurdities.

All were willing to be relieved, at any expense of reason, from the pressure of the intolerable vacuum which had succeeded to the morning bustle. By this means I was fortunate in keeping together the better part of the company to a late hour; and a rubber of whist (the Admiral's favourite game) with some rare strokes of chance as well as skill, which came opportunely on his side—lengthened out till midnight—dismissed the old gentleman at last to his bed with comparatively easy spirits.

I have been at my old friend's various times since. I do not know a visiting place where every guest is so perfectly at his ease; nowhere, where harmony is so strangely the result of confusion. Every body is at cross purposes, yet the effect is so much better than uniformity. Contradictory orders; servants pulling one way; master and mistress driving some other, yet both diverse; visitors huddled up in corners; chairs unsymmetrised; candles disposed by chance; meals at odd hours, tea and supper at once, or the latter preceding the former; the host and the guest conferring, yet each upon a different topic, each understanding himself, neither trying to understand or hear the other; draughts and politics, chess and political economy, cards and conversation on nautical matters, going on at once, without the hope, or indeed the wish, of distinguishing them, make it altogether the most perfect *concordia discors* you shall meet with. Yet somehow the old house is not quite what it should be. The Admiral still enjoys his pipe, but he has no Miss Emily to fill it for him. The instrument stands where it stood, but she is gone, whose delicate touch could sometimes for a short minute appease the warring elements. He

has learnt, as Marvel expresses it, to 'make his destiny his choice.' He bears bravely up, but he does not come out with his flashes of wild wit so thick as formerly. His sea songs seldomer escape him. His wife, too, looks as if she wanted some younger body to scold and set to rights. We all miss a junior presence. It is wonderful how one young maiden freshens up, and keeps green, the paternal roof. Old and young seem to have an interest in her, so long as she is not absolutely disposed of. The youthfulness of the house is flown. Emily is married.

THE CHILD ANGEL ; A DREAM

I CHANCED upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical thing of a dream the other night, that you shall hear of. I had been reading the 'Loves of the Angels,' and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures ; and, I remember, the last waking thought, which I gave expression to on my pillow, was a sort of wonder, 'what could come of it.'

I was suddenly transported, how or whither I could scarcely make out—but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither—not the downright Bible heaven—but a kind of fairy-land heaven, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to sport and air itself, I will hope, without presumption.

Methought—what wild things dreams are!—I was

present—at what would you imagine?—at an angel's gossiping.

Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely of its own head, neither you nor I know—but there lay, sure enough, wrapt in its little cloudy swaddling bands—a Child Angel.

Sun-threads—filmy beams—ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the newborn should open its yet closed eyes; which, when it did, first one, and then the other—with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dims the expanding eye-lids of mortal infants, but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaces—what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my seeming—O, the inexplicable simpleness of dreams!—bowls of that cheering nectar,

—which mortals *caudle* call below—

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants,—stricken in years, as it might seem,—so dexterous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth, to greet with terrestrial child-rites the young *present*, which earth had made to heaven.

Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full symphony as those by which the spheres are tutored; but, as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes, muffled; so to accommodate their sound the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And, with the noise of those subdued soundings, the Angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions—but forthwith

flagged and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven—a year in dreams is as a day—continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but, wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, anon was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering—still caught by angel hands—for ever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigour of heaven.

And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and it was to be called *Ge-Urania*, because its production was of earth and heaven.

And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces: but it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang up in angelic bosoms; and yearnings (like the human) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

And with pain did then first those Intuitive Essences, with pain and strife to their natures (not grief), put back their bright intelligences, and reduce their ethereal minds, schooling them to degrees and slower processes, so to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination (as must needs be) of the half-earth-born; and what intuitive notices they could not repel (by reason that their nature is, to know all things at once), the half-heavenly novice, by the better part of its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding; so that Humility and Aspiration went on even-paced in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium.

But, by reason that Mature Humanity is too gross to

breathe the air of that super-subtile region, its portion was, and is, to be a child for ever.

And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlieus of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came: so Love, with Voluntary Humility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adopted.

And myriads of years rolled round (in dreams Time is nothing), and still it kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood, and is the Tutelar Genius of Childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

By the banks of the river Pison is seen, lone—sitting by the grave of the terrestrial Adah, whom the angel Nadir loved, a Child; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A mournful hue overcasts its lineaments; nevertheless, a correspondence is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw above; and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is as a shadow or emblem of that which stains the beauty of the terrestrial. And this correspondence is not to be understood but by dreams.

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love (such power had parental love for a moment to suspend the else-irrevocable law) appeared for a brief instant in his station; and, depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared, and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same Babe, who goeth lame and lovely—but Adah sleepeth by the river Pison.

A DEATH-BED

IN A LETTER TO R. H., ESQ., OF B——.

I CALLED upon you this morning, and found that you were gone to visit a dying friend. I had been upon a like errand. Poor N. R. has lain dying now for almost a week ; such is the penalty we pay for having enjoyed through life a strong constitution. Whether he knew me or not, I know not, or whether he saw me through his poor glazed eyes ; but the group I saw about him I shall not forget. Upon the bed, or about it, were assembled his wife, their two daughters, and poor deaf Robert, looking doubly stupified. There they were, and seemed to have been sitting all the week. I could only reach out a hand to Mrs R. Speaking was impossible in that mute chamber. By this time it must be all over with him. In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend, and my father's friend, for all the life that I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships since. Those are the friendships, which outlast a second generation. Old as I am getting, in his eyes I was still the child he knew me. To the last he called me Jemmy. I have none to call me Jemmy now. He was the last link that bound me to B——. You are but of yesterday. In him I seem to have lost the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart. Lettered he was not ; his reading scarcely exceeded the Obituary of the old Gentleman's Magazine, to which he has never failed of having recourse for these last fifty

years. Yet there was the pride of literature about him from that slender perusal; and, moreover, from his office of archive-keeper to your ancient city, in which he must needs pick up some equivocal Latin; which, among his less literary friends, assumed the air of a very pleasant pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which, having tried to puzzle out the text of a black-lettered Chaucer in your Corporation Library, to which he was a sort of librarian, he gave it up with this consolatory reflection—‘Jemmy,’ said he, ‘I do not know what you find in these very old books, but I observe, there is a deal of very indifferent spelling in them.’ His jokes (for he had some) are ended; but they were old perennials, staple, and always as good as new. He had one song, that spake of the ‘flat bottoms of our foes coming over in darkness,’ and alluded to a threatened invasion, many years since blown over; this he reserved to be sung on Christmas night, which we always passed with him, and he sang it with the freshness of an impending event. How his eyes would sparkle when he came to the passage:—

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,
In spite of the devil and Brussels' Gazette!

What is the Brussels' Gazette now? I cry, while I endite these trifles. His poor girls, who are, I believe, compact of solid goodness, will have to receive their afflicted mother at an unsuccessful home in a petty village in ——shire, where for years they have been struggling to raise a girls' school with no effect. Poor deaf Robert (and the less hopeful for being so) is thrown upon a deaf world, without the comfort to his father on

his death-bed of knowing him provided for. They are left almost provisionless. Some life assurance there is ; but, I fear, not exceeding ——. Their hopes must be from your Corporation, which their father has served for fifty years. Who or what are your leading members now, I know not. Is there any, to whom, without impertinence, you can represent the true circumstances of the family ? You cannot say good enough of poor R., and his poor wife. Oblige me and the dead, if you can.

OLD CHINA

I HAVE an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to ; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have ? to those little, lawless, azure-tintured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in

courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect ! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream !

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using ; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to over-shade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

‘I wish the good old times would come again,’ she

said, 'when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state'—so she was pleased to ramble on—'in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

'Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or

can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

‘When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the ‘Lady Blanch’; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi’s and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?’

‘Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter’s Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday—holydays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day’s fare of savoury cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth—and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing—and sometimes they would

prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now, when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

‘You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the Battle of Hexham, and the Surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs Bland in the Children in the Wood—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say, that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride

then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient stair-cases was bad enough,—but there was still a law of civility to women recognised to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money, and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

‘There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves, in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

‘I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet,—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with ‘lusty brimmers’ (as you used to quote it out of *hearty cheerful Mr Cotton*, as you called him), we used to welcome in the ‘coming guest.’ Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us.’

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor — hundred pounds a year. ‘It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have

been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth; a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked: live better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a day—could Bannister and Mrs Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one-shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient stair-cases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Cræsus had, or the great Jew R—— is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house.'

POPULAR FALLACIES

I.—THAT A BULLY IS ALWAYS A COWARD

THIS axiom contains a principle of compensation, which disposes us to admit the truth of it. But there is no safe trusting to dictionaries and definitions. We should more willingly fall in with this popular language, if we did not find *brutality* sometimes awkwardly coupled with *valour* in the same vocabulary. The comic writers, with their poetical justice, have contributed not a little to mislead us upon this point. To see a hectoring fellow exposed and beaten upon the stage, has something in it wonderfully diverting. Some people's share of animal spirits is notoriously low and defective. It has not strength to raise a vapour, or furnish out the wind of a tolerable bluster. These love to be told that huffing is no part of valour. The truest courage with them is that which is the least noisy and obtrusive. But confront one of these silent heroes with the swaggerer of real life, and his confidence in the theory quickly vanishes. Pretensions do not uniformly bespeak non-performance. A modest inoffensive deportment does not necessarily imply valour; neither does the absence of it justify us in denying that quality. Hickman wanted modesty—we do not mean *him* of *Clarissa*—but who ever doubted his courage? Even the poets—upon whom this equitable distribution of qualities should be most binding—have thought it agreeable to nature to depart from the rule upon occasion. Harapha, in the 'Agonistes,' is indeed a bully upon the received notions. Milton has made him at once a

blusterer, a giant, and a dastard. But Almanzor, in Dryden, talks of driving armies singly before him—and does it. Tom Brown had a shrewder insight into this kind of character than either of his predecessors. He divides the palm more equably, and allows his hero a sort of dimidiate pre-eminence :—‘Bully Dawson kicked by half the town, and half the town kicked by Bully Dawson.’ This was true distributive justice.

II.—THAT ILL-GOTTEN GAIN NEVER PROSPERS

The weakest part of mankind have this saying commonest in their mouth. It is the trite consolation administered to the easy dupe, when he has been tricked out of his money or estate, that the acquisition of it will do the owner *no good*. But the rogues of this world—the prudenter part of them, at least—know better ; and, if the observation had been as true as it is old, would not have failed by this time to have discovered it. They have pretty sharp distinctions of the fluctuating and the permanent. ‘Lightly come, lightly go,’ is a proverb, which they can very well afford to leave, when they leave little else, to the losers. They do not always find manors, got by rapine or chicanery, insensibly to melt away, as the poets will have it ; or that all gold glides, like thawing snow, from the thief’s hand that grasps it. Church land, alienated to lay uses, was formerly denounced to have this slippery quality. But some portions of it somehow always stuck so fast, that the denunciators have been fain to postpone the prophecy of refundment to a late posterity.

III.—THAT A MAN MUST NOT LAUGH AT HIS OWN JEST

The severest exaction surely ever invented upon the self-denial of poor human nature! This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it; to sit esurient at his own table, and commend the flavour of his venison upon the absurd strength of his never touching it himself. On the contrary, we love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party; to watch a quirk, or a merry conceit, flickering upon the lips some seconds before the tongue is delivered of it. If it be good, fresh, and racy—begotten of the occasion; if he that utters it never thought it before, he is naturally the first to be tickled with it; and any suppression of such complacence we hold to be churlish and insulting. What does it seem to imply, but that your company is weak or foolish enough to be moved by an image or a fancy, that shall stir you not all, or but faintly? This is exactly the humour of the fine gentleman in Mandeville, who, while he dazzles his guests with the display of some costly toy, affects himself to ‘see nothing considerable in it.’

IV.—THAT SUCH A ONE SHOWS HIS BREEDING—THAT IT IS EASY TO PERCEIVE HE IS NO GENTLEMAN

A speech from the poorer sort of people, which always indicates that the party vituperated is a gentleman. The very fact which they deny, is that which galls and exasperates them to use this language. The forbearance with which it is usually received, is a proof what interpretation the bystander sets upon it. Of a kin to this, and

still less politic, are the phrases with which, in their street rhetoric, they ply one another more grossly :—*He is a poor creature.*—*He has not a rag to cover* —, &c. ; though this last, we confess, is more frequently applied by females to females. They do not perceive that the satire glances upon themselves. A poor man, of all things in the world, should not upbraid an antagonist with poverty. Are there no other topics—as, to tell him his father was hanged—his sister, &c.—, without exposing a secret, which should be kept snug between them ; and doing an affront to the order to which they have the honour equally to belong ? All this while they do not see how the wealthier man stands by and laughs in his sleeve at both.

V.—THAT THE POOR COPY THE VICES OF THE RICH

A smooth text to the latter ; and, preached from the pulpit, is sure of a docile audience from the pews lined with satin. It is twice sitting upon velvet to a foolish squire to be told, that *he*—and not *perverse nature*, as the homilies would make us imagine, is the true cause of all the irregularities in his parish. This is striking at the root of free-will indeed, and denying the originality of sin in any sense. But men are not such implicit sheep as this comes to. If the abstinence from evil on the part of the upper classes is to derive itself from no higher principle, than the apprehension of setting ill patterns to the lower, we beg leave to discharge them from all squeamishness on that score : they may even take their fill of pleasures, where they can find them. The Genius of Poverty, hampered and straitened as it is, is not so

barren of invention but it can trade upon the staple of its own vice, without drawing upon their capital. The poor are not quite such servile imitators as they take them for. Some of them are very clever artists in their way. Here and there we find an original. Who taught the poor to steal, to pilfer? They did not go to the great for school-masters in these faculties surely. It is well if in some vices they allow us to be—no copyists. In no other sense is it true that the poor copy them, than as servants may be said to *take after* their masters and mistresses, when they succeed to their reversionary cold meats. If the master, from indisposition or some other cause, neglect his food, the servant dines notwithstanding.

‘O, but (some will say) the force of example is great.’ We knew a lady who was so scrupulous on this head, that she would put up with the calls of the most impertinent visitor, rather than let her servant say she was not at home, for fear of teaching her maid to tell an untruth; and this in the very face of the fact, which she knew well enough, that the wench was one of the greatest liars upon the earth without teaching; so much so, that her mistress possibly never heard two words of consecutive truth from her in her life. But nature must go for nothing: example must be every thing. This liar in grain, who never opened her mouth without a lie, must be guarded against a remote inference, which she (pretty casuist!) might possibly draw from a form of words—literally false, but essentially deceiving no one—that under some circumstances a fib might not be so exceedingly sinful—a fiction, too, not at all in her own way, or one that she could be suspected of adopting, for few servant-wenches care to be denied to visitors.

This word *example* reminds us of another fine word which is in use upon these occasions—*encouragement*. ‘People in our sphere must not be thought to give encouragement to such proceedings.’ To such a frantic height is this principle capable of being carried, that we have known individuals who have thought it within the scope of their influence to sanction despair, and give *éclat* to—suicide. A domestic in the family of a county member lately deceased, for love, or some unknown cause, cut his throat, but not successfully. The poor fellow was otherwise much loved and respected; and great interest was used in his behalf, upon his recovery, that he might be permitted to retain his place; his word being first pledged, not without some substantial sponsors to promise for him, that the like should never happen again. His master was inclinable to keep him, but his mistress thought otherwise; and John in the end was dismissed, her ladyship declaring that she ‘could not think of encouraging any such doings in the county.’

VI.—THAT ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST

Not a man, woman, or child, in ten miles round Guildhall, who really believes this saying. The inventor of it did not believe it himself. It was made in revenge by somebody, who was disappointed of a regale. It is a vile cold-scrag-of-mutton sophism; a lie palmed upon the palate, which knows better things. If nothing else could be said for a feast, this is sufficient, that from the superflux there is usually something left for the next day. Morally interpreted, it belongs to a class of proverbs, which have a tendency to make us undervalue *money*.

Of this cast are those notable observations, that money is not health ; riches cannot purchase every thing ; the metaphor which makes gold to be mere muck, with the morality which traces fine clothing to the sheep's back, and denounces pearl as the unhandsome excretion of an oyster. Hence, too, the phrase which imputes dirt to acres—a sophistry so barefaced, that even the literal sense of it is true only in a wet season. This, and abundance of similar sage saws assuming to inculcate *content*, we verily believe to have been the invention of some cunning borrower, who had designs upon the purse of his wealthier neighbour, which he could only hope to carry by force of these verbal jugglings. Translate any one of these sayings out of the artful metonymy which envelops it, and the trick is apparent. Goodly legs and shoulders of mutton, exhilarating cordials, books, pictures, the opportunities of seeing foreign countries, independence, heart's ease, a man's own time to himself, are not *muck*—however we may be pleased to scandalise with that appellation the faithful metal that provides them for us.

VII.—OF TWO DISPUTANTS, THE WARMEST IS GENERALLY IN THE WRONG

Our experience would lead us to quite an opposite conclusion. Temper, indeed, is no test of truth ; but warmth and earnestness are a proof at least of a man's own conviction of the rectitude of that which he maintains. Coolness is as often the result of an unprincipled indifference to truth or falsehood, as of a sober confidence in a man's own side in a dispute. Nothing is

more insulting sometimes than the appearance of this philosophic temper. There is little Titubus, the stammering law-stationer in Lincoln's Inn—we have seldom known this shrewd little fellow engaged in an argument where we were not convinced he had the best of it, if his tongue would but fairly have seconded him. When he has been spluttering excellent broken sense for an hour together, writhing and labouring to be delivered of the point of dispute—the very gist of the controversy knocking at his teeth, which like some obstinate iron-grating still obstructed its deliverance—his puny frame convulsed, and face reddening all over at an unfairness in the logic which he wanted articulation to expose, it has moved our gall to see a smooth portly fellow of an adversary, that cared not a button for the merits of the question, by merely laying his hand upon the head of the stationer, and desiring him to be *calm* (your tall disputants have always the advantage), with a provoking sneer carry the argument clean from him in the opinion of all the bystanders, who have gone away clearly convinced that Titubus must have been in the wrong, because he was in a passion; and that Mr —, meaning his opponent, is one of the fairest, and at the same time one of the most dispassionate arguers breathing.

VIII.—THAT VERBAL ALLUSIONS ARE NOT WIT,
BECAUSE THEY WILL NOT BEAR A TRANSLATION

The same might be said of the wittiest local allusions. A custom is sometimes as difficult to explain to a foreigner as a pun. What would become of a great part of the wit

of the last age, if it were tried by this test? How would certain topics, as aldermanity, cuckoldry, have sounded to a Terentian auditory, though Terence himself had been alive to translate them? *Senator urbanus*, with *Curruca* to boot for a synonyme, would but faintly have done the business. Words, involving notions, are hard enough to render; it is too much to expect us to translate a sound, and give an elegant version to a jingle. The Virgilian harmony is not translatable, but by substituting harmonious sounds in another language for it. To Latinise a pun, we must seek a pun in Latin, that will answer to it; as, to give an idea of the double endings in *Hudibras*, we must have recourse to a similar practice in the old monkish doggrel. Dennis, the fiercest oppugner of puns in ancient or modern times, professes himself highly tickled with the 'a stick,' chiming to 'ecclesiastic.' Yet what is this but a species of pun, a verbal consonance?

IX.—THAT THE WORST PUNS ARE THE BEST

If by worst be only meant the most far-fetched and startling, we agree to it. A pun is not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear; not a feather to tickle the intellect. It is an antic which does not stand upon manners, but comes bounding into the presence, and does not show the less comic for being dragged in sometimes by the head and shoulders. What though it limp a little, or prove defective in one leg—all the better. A pun may easily be too curious and artificial. Who has not at one time or other been at a party of professors (himself perhaps an old offender in that line), where, after ringing a round of the most ingenious

conceits, every man contributing his shot, and some there the most expert shooters of the day ; after making a poor *word* run the gauntlet till it is ready to drop ; after hunting and winding it through all the possible ambages of similar sounds ; after squeezing, and hauling, and tugging at it, till the very milk of it will not yield a drop further—suddenly some obscure, unthought-of fellow in a corner, who was never 'prentice to the trade, whom the company for very pity passed over, as we do by a known poor man when a money-subscription is going round, no one calling upon him for his quota—has all at once come out with something so whimsical, yet so pertinent ; so brazen in its pretensions, yet so impossible to be denied ; so exquisitely good, and so deplorably bad, at the same time—that it has proved a Robin Hood's shot ; anything ulterior to that is despaired of ; and the party breaks up, unanimously voting it to be the very worst (that is, best) pun of the evening. This species of wit is the better for not being perfect in all its parts. What it gains in completeness, it loses in naturalness. The more exactly it satisfies the critical, the less hold it has upon some other faculties. The puns which are most entertaining are those which will least bear an analysis. Of this kind is the following, recorded, with a sort of stigma, in one of Swift's Miscellanies.

An Oxford scholar, meeting a porter who was carrying a hare through the streets, accosts him with this extraordinary question : 'Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare, or a wig ?'

There is no excusing this, and no resisting it. A man might blur ten sides of paper in attempting a defence of it against a critic who should be laughter-proof. The

quibble in itself is not considerable. It is only a new turn given, by a little false pronunciation, to a very common, though not very courteous inquiry. Put by one gentleman to another at a dinner-party, it would have been vapid ; to the mistress of the house, it would have shown much less wit than rudeness. We must take in the totality of time, place, and person ; the pert look of the inquiring scholar, the desponding looks of the puzzled porter ; the one stopping at leisure, the other hurrying on with his burthen ; the innocent though rather abrupt tendency of the first member of the question, with the utter and inextricable irrelevancy of the second ; the place—a public street, not favourable to frivolous investigations ; the affrontive quality of the primitive inquiry (the common question) invidiously transferred to the derivative (the new turn given to it) in the implied satire ; namely, that few of that tribe are expected to eat of the good things which they carry, they being in most countries considered rather as the temporary trustees than owners of such dainties,—which the fellow was beginning to understand ; but then the *wig* again comes in, and he can make nothing of it ; all put together constitute a picture : Hogarth could have made it intelligible on canvass.

Yet nine out of ten critics will pronounce this a very bad pun, because of the defectiveness in the concluding member, which is its very beauty, and constitutes the surprise. The same person shall cry up for admirable the cold quibble from Virgil about the broken Cremona ; because it is made out in all its parts, and leaves nothing to the imagination. We venture to call it cold ; because of thousands who have admired it, it would be difficult to

find one who has heartily chuckled at it. As appealing to the judgment merely (setting the risible faculty aside), we must pronounce it a monument of curious felicity. But as some stories are said to be too good to be true, it may with equal truth be asserted of this bi-verbal allusion, that it is too good to be natural. One cannot help suspecting that the incident was invented to fit the line. It would have been better had it been less perfect. Like some Virgilian hemistichs, it has suffered by filling up. The *nimum Vicina* was enough in conscience; the *Cremonæ* afterwards loads it. It is in fact a double pun; and we have always observed that a superfoetation in this sort of wit is dangerous. When a man has said a good thing, it is seldom politic to follow it up. We do not care to be cheated a second time; or, perhaps, the mind of man (with reverence be it spoken) is not capacious enough to lodge two puns at a time. The impression, to be forcible, must be simultaneous and undivided.

X.—THAT HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES

Those who use this proverb can never have seen Mrs Conrady.

The soul, if we may believe Plotinus, is a ray from the celestial beauty. As she partakes more or less of this heavenly light, she informs, with corresponding characters, the fleshly tenement which she chooses, and frames to herself a suitable mansion.

All which only proves that the soul of Mrs Conrady, in her pre-existent state, was no great judge of architecture.

To the same effect, in a Hymn in honour of Beauty, divine Spenser, *platonizing*, sings :—

—‘ Every spirit as it is more pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For of the soul the body form doth take :
For soul is form, and doth the body make.’

But Spenser, it is clear, never saw Mrs Conrady.

These poets, we find, are no safe guides in philosophy ; for here, in his very next stanza but one, is a saving clause, which throws us all out again, and leaves us as much to seek as ever :—

‘ Yet oft it falls, that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformed tabernacle drown’d,
Either by chance, against the course of kind,
Or through unaptness in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborn ground,
That will not yield unto her form’s direction,
But is perform’d with some foul imperfection.’

From which it would follow, that Spenser had seen somebody like Mrs Conrady.

The spirit of this good lady—her previous *anima*—must have stumbled upon one of these untoward tabernacles which he speaks of. A more rebellious commodity of clay for a ground, as the poet calls it, no gentle mind—and sure her’s is one of the gentlest—ever had to deal with.

Pondering upon her inexplicable visage—inexplicable, we mean, but by this modification of the theory—we have come to a conclusion that, if one must be plain, it is better to be plain all over, than, amidst a tolerable residue

of features, to hang out one that shall be exceptionable. No one can say of Mrs Conrady's countenance, that it would be better if she had but a nose. It is impossible to pull her to pieces in this manner. We have seen the most malicious beauties of her own sex baffled in the attempt at a selection. The *tout ensemble* defies particularising. It is too complete—too consistent, as we may say—to admit of these invidious reservations. It is not as if some Apelles had picked out here a lip—and there a chin—out of the collected ugliness of Greece, to frame a model by. It is a symmetrical whole. We challenge the minutest connoisseur to cavil at any part or parcel of the countenance in question; to say that this, or that, is improperly placed. We are convinced that true ugliness, no less than is affirmed of true beauty, is the result of harmony. Like that, too, it reigns without a competitor. No one ever saw Mrs Conrady, without pronouncing her to be the plainest woman that he ever met with in the course of his life. The first time that you are indulged with a sight of her face, is an era in your existence ever after. You are glad to have seen it—like Stonehenge. No one can pretend to forget it. No one ever apologised to her for meeting her in the street on such a day and not knowing her: the pretext would be too bare. Nobody can mistake her for another. Nobody can say of her, 'I think I have seen that face somewhere, but I cannot call to mind where.' You must remember that in such a parlour it first struck you—like a bust. You wondered where the owner of the house had picked it up. You wondered more when it began to move its lips—so mildly too! No one ever thought of asking her to sit for her picture. Locketts are

for remembrance; and it would be clearly superfluous to hang an image at your heart, which, once seen, can never be out of it. It is not a mean face either; its entire originality precludes that. Neither is it of that order of plain faces which improve upon acquaintance. Some very good but ordinary people, by an unwearied perseverance in good offices, put a cheat upon our eyes: juggle our senses out of their natural impressions; and set us upon discovering good indications in a countenance, which at first sight promised nothing less. We detect gentleness, which had escaped us, lurking about an under lip. But when Mrs Conrady has done you a service, her face remains the same; when she has done you a thousand, and you know that she is ready to double the number, still it is that individual face. Neither can you say of it, that it would be a good face if it was not marked by the small-pox—a compliment which is always more admissible than excusatory—for either Mrs Conrady never had the small-pox; or, as we say, took it kindly. No, it stands upon its own merits fairly. There it is. It is her mark, her token; that which she is known by.

XI.—THAT WE MUST NOT LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH

Nor a lady's age in the parish register. We hope we have more delicacy than to do either; but some faces spare us the trouble of these *dental* inquiries. And what if the beast, which my friend would force upon my acceptance, prove, upon the face of it, a sorry Rozinante, a lean, ill-favoured jade, whom no gentleman could think of setting up in his stables? Must I, rather than not be

obliged to my friend, make her a companion to Eclipse or Lightfoot? A horse-giver, no more than a horse-seller, has a right to palm his spavined article upon us for good ware. An equivalent is expected in either case; and, with my own good will, I would no more be cheated out of my thanks, than out of my money. Some people have a knack of putting upon you gifts of no real value, to engage you to substantial gratitude. We thank them for nothing. Our friend Mitis carries this humour of never refusing a present, to the very point of absurdity—if it were possible to couple the ridiculous with so much mistaken delicacy, and real good-nature. Not an apartment in his fine house (and he has a true taste in household decorations), but is stuffed up with some preposterous print or mirror—the worst adapted to his panels that may be—the presents of his friends that know his weakness; while his noble Vandykes are displaced, to make room for a set of daubs, the work of some wretched artist of his acquaintance, who, having had them returned upon his hands for bad likenesses, finds his account in bestowing them here gratis. The good creature has not the heart to mortify the painter at the expense of an honest refusal. It is pleasant (if it did not vex one at the same time) to see him sitting in his dining parlour, surrounded with obscure aunts and cousins to God knows whom, while the true Lady Marys and Lady Bettys of his own honourable family, in favour to these adopted frights, are consigned to the staircase and the lumber-room. In like manner his goodly shelves are one by one stript of his favourite old authors, to give place to a collection of presentation copies—the flour and bran of modern poetry. A presentation copy, reader—if haply you are yet innocent

of such favours—is a copy of a book which does not sell, sent you by the author, with his foolish autograph at the beginning of it ; for which, if a stranger, he only demands your friendship ; if a brother author, he expects from you a book of yours which does sell, in return. We can speak to experience, having by us a tolerable assortment of these gift-horses. Not to ride a metaphor to death—we are willing to acknowledge, that in some gifts there is sense. A duplicate out of a friend's library (where he has more than one copy of a rare author) is intelligible. There are favours, short of the pecuniary—a thing not fit to be hinted at among gentlemen—which confer as much grace upon the acceptor as the offerer ; the kind, we confess, which is most to our palate, is of those little conciliatory missives, which for their vehicle generally choose a hamper—little odd presents of game, fruit, perhaps wine—though it is essential to the delicacy of the latter, that it be home-made. We love to have our friend in the country sitting thus at our table by proxy ; to apprehend his presence (though a hundred miles may be between us) by a turkey, whose goodly aspect reflects to us his ‘plump corpusculum’ ; to taste him in grouse or woodcock ; to feel him gliding down in the toast peculiar to the latter ; to incorporate him in a slice of Canterbury brawn. This is indeed to have him within ourselves ; to know him intimately ; such participation is methinks unitive, as the old theologians phrase it. For these considerations we should be sorry if certain restrictive regulations, which are thought to bear hard upon the peasantry of this country, were entirely done away with. A hare, as the law now stands, makes many friends. Caius conciliates Titius (knowing his *goût*) with a leash

of partridges. Titius (suspecting his partiality for them) passes them to Lucius ; who in his turn, preferring his friend's relish to his own, makes them over to Marcius ; till in their ever widening progress, and round of unconscious circum-migration, they distribute the seeds of harmony over half a parish. We are well disposed to this kind of sensible remembrances ; and are the less apt to be taken by those little airy tokens—inpalpable to the palate—which, under the names of rings, lockets, keepsakes, amuse some people's fancy mightily. We could never away with these indigestible trifles. They are the very kickshaws and foppery of friendship.

XII.—THAT HOME IS HOME THOUGH IT IS
NEVER SO HOMELY

Homes there are, we are sure, that are no homes ; the home of the very poor man, and another which we shall speak to presently. Crowded places of cheap entertainment, and the benches of ale-houses, if they could speak, might bear mournful testimony to the first. To them the very poor man resorts for an image of the home, which he cannot find at home. For a starved grate, and a scanty firing, that is not enough to keep alive the natural heat in the fingers of so many shivering children with their mother, he finds in the depth of winter always a blazing hearth, and a hob to warm his pittance of beer by. Instead of the clamours of a wife, made gaunt by famishing, he meets with a cheerful attendance beyond the merits of the trifle which he can afford to spend. He has companions which his home denies him, for the very poor man has no visitors. He can look into the goings on of the world, and speak a little to politics. At

home there are no politics stirring, but the domestic. All interests, real or imaginary, all topics that should expand the mind of man, and connect him to a sympathy with general existence, are crushed in the absorbing consideration of food to be obtained for the family. Beyond the price of bread, news is senseless and impertinent. At home there is no larder. Here there is at least a show of plenty ; and while he cooks his lean scrap of butcher's meat before the common bars, or munches his humbler cold viands, his relishing bread and cheese with an onion, in a corner, where no one reflects upon his poverty, he has sight of the substantial joint providing for the landlord and his family. He takes an interest in the dressing of it ; and while he assists in removing the trivet from the fire, he feels that there is such a thing as beef and cabbage, which he was beginning to forget at home. All this while he deserts his wife and children. But what wife, and what children ? Prosperous men, who object to this desertion, image to themselves some clean contented family like that which they go home to. But look at the countenance of the poor wives who follow and persecute their good man to the door of the public house, which he is about to enter, when something like shame would restrain him, if stronger misery did not induce him to pass the threshold. That face, ground by want, in which every cheerful, every conversable lineament has been long effaced by misery, —is that a face to stay at home with ? is it more a woman, or a wild cat ? alas ! it is the face of the wife of his youth, that once smiled upon him. It can smile no longer. What comforts can it share ? what burthens can it lighten ? Oh, 'tis a fine thing to talk of the humble

meal shared together ! But what if there be no bread in the cupboard ? The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible nurse to us once, do not bring up their children ; they drag them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humour it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said, that 'a babe is fed with milk and praise.' But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, unnourishing ; the return to its little baby-tricks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses, it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing câress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child ; the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passions of young wonder. It was never sung to—no one ever told to it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance ; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labour. It is the rival, till it can be

the co-operator, for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace: it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times. It makes the very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays (fitting that age); of the promised sight, or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear-starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman, before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?

There is yet another home, which we are constrained to deny to be one. It has a larder, which the home of the poor man wants; its fireside conveniences, of which the poor dream not. But with all this, it is no home. It is—the house of the man that is infested with many visitors. May we be branded for the veriest churl, if we deny our heart to the many noble-hearted friends that at times exchange their dwelling for our poor roof! It is not of guests that we complain, but of endless, purposeless visitants; droppers in, as they are called. We sometimes wonder from what sky they fall. It is the very error of the position of our lodging; its horoscopy was ill calculated, being just situate in a medium—a

plaguy suburban mid-space—fitted to catch idlers from town or country. We are older than we were, and age is easily put out of its way. We have fewer sands in our glass to reckon upon, and we cannot brook to see them drop in endlessly succeeding impertinences. At our time of life, to be alone sometimes is as needful as sleep. It is the refreshing sleep of the day. The growing infirmities of age manifest themselves in nothing more strongly, than in an inveterate dislike of interruption. The thing which we are doing, we wish to be permitted to do. We have neither much knowledge nor devices ; but there are fewer in the place to which we hasten. We are not willingly put out of our way, even at a game of nine-pins. While youth was, we had vast reversions in time future ; we are reduced to a present pittance, and obliged to economise in that article. We bleed away our moments now as hardly as our ducats. We cannot bear to have our thin wardrobe eaten and fretted into by moths. We are willing to barter our good time with a friend, who gives us in exchange his own. Herein is the distinction between the genuine guest and the visitant. This latter takes your good time, and gives you his bad in exchange. The guest is domestic to you as your good cat, or household bird ; the visitant is your fly, that flaps in at your window, and out again, leaving nothing but a sense of disturbance, and victuals spoiled. The inferior functions of life begin to move heavily. We cannot concoct our food with interruptions. Our chief meal, to be nutritive, must be solitary. With difficulty we can eat before a guest ; and never understood what the relish of public feasting meant. Meats have no sapor, nor digestion fair play, in a crowd. The unexpected coming

in of a visitant stops the machine. There is a punctual generation who time their calls to the precise commencement of your dining-hour—not to eat—but to see you eat. Our knife and fork drop instinctively, and we feel that we have swallowed our latest morsel. Others again show their genius, as we have said, in knocking the moment you have just sat down to a book. They have a peculiar compassionate sneer, with which they ‘hope that they do not interrupt your studies.’ Though they flutter off the next moment, to carry their impertinences to the nearest student that they can call their friend, the tone of the book is spoiled; we shut the leaves, and, with Dante’s lovers, read no more that day. It were well if the effect of intrusion were simply co-extensive with its presence; but it mars all the good hours afterwards. These scratches in appearance leave an orifice that closes not hastily. ‘It is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship,’ says worthy Bishop Taylor, ‘to spend it upon impertinent people, who are, it may be, loads to their families, but can never ease my loads.’ This is the secret of their gaddings, their visits, and morning calls. They too have homes, which are—no homes.

XIII.—THAT YOU MUST LOVE ME, AND LOVE MY DOG

‘Good sir, or madam—as it may be—we most willingly embrace the offer of your friendship. We long have known your excellent qualities. We have wished to have you nearer to us; to hold you within the very innermost fold of our heart. We can have no reserve towards a person of your open and noble nature. The

frankness of your humour suits us exactly. We have been long looking for such a friend. Quick—let us disburthen our troubles into each other's bosom—let us make our single joys shine by reduplication—But *yap*, *yap*, *yap*!—what is this confounded cur? he has fastened his tooth, which is none of the bluntest, just in the fleshy part of my leg.'

'It is my dog, sir. You must love him for my sake. Here, Test—Test—Test!'

'But he has bitten me.'

'Ay, that he is apt to do, till you are better acquainted with him. I have had him three years. He never bites me.'

Yap, yap, yap!—'He is at it again.'

'Oh, sir, you must not kick him. He does not like to be kicked. I expect my dog to be treated with all the respect due to myself.'

'But do you always take him out with you, when you go a friendship-hunting?'

'Invariably. 'Tis the sweetest, prettiest, best-conditioned animal. I call him my *test*—the touchstone by which I try a friend. No one can properly be said to love me, who does not love him.'

'Excuse us, dear sir—or madam aforesaid—if upon further consideration we are obliged to decline the otherwise invaluable offer of your friendship. We do not like dogs.'

'Mighty well, sir,—you know the conditions—you may have worse offers. Come along, Test.'

The above dialogue is not so imaginary, but that, in the intercourse of life, we have had frequent occasions of breaking off an agreeable intimacy by reason of these

canine appendages. They do not always come in the shape of dogs ; they sometimes wear the more plausible and human character of kinsfolk, near acquaintances, my friend's friend, his partner, his wife, or his children. We could never yet form a friendship—not to speak of more delicate correspondence—however much to our taste, without the intervention of some third anomaly, some impertinent clog affixed to the relation—the understood *dog* in the proverb. The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture ; like a schoolboy's holiday, with a task affixed to the tail of it. What a delightful companion is ****, if he did not always bring his tall cousin with him ! He seems to grow with him ; like some of those double births, which we remember to have read of with such wonder and delight in the old 'Athenian Oracle,' where Swift commenced author by writing Pindaric Odes (what a beginning for him !) upon Sir William Temple. There is the picture of the brother, with the little brother peeping out at his shoulder ; a species of fraternity, which we have no name of kin close enough to comprehend. When **** comes, poking in his head and shoulders into your room, as if to feel his entry, you think, surely you have now got him to yourself—what a three hours' chat we shall have !—but ever in the haunch of him, and before his diffident body is well disclosed in your apartment, appears the haunting shadow of the cousin, over-peering his modest kinsman, and sure to over-lay the expected good talk with his insufferable procerity of stature, and uncorresponding dwarfishness of observation. Misfortunes seldom come alone. 'Tis hard when a blessing comes accompanied. Cannot we like Sempronia, without sitting down to chess

with her eternal brother? or know Sulpicia, without knowing all the round of her card-playing relations? must my friend's brethren of necessity be mine also? must we be hand and glove with Dick Selby the parson, or Jack Selby the calico printer, because W. S., who is neither, but a ripe wit and a critic, has the misfortune to claim a common parentage with them? Let him lay down his brothers; and 'tis odds but we will cast him in a pair of our's (we have a superflux) to balance the concession. Let F. H. lay down his garrulous uncle; and Honorius dismiss his vapid wife, and superfluous establishment of six boys—things between boy and manhood—too ripe for play, too raw for conversation—that come in, impudently staring their father's old friend out of countenance; and will neither aid, nor let alone, the conference: that we may once more meet upon equal terms, as we were wont to do in the disengaged state of bachelorhood.

It is well if your friend, or mistress, be content with these canicular probations. Few young ladies but in this sense keep a dog. But when Rutilia hounds at you her tiger aunt; or Ruspina expects you to cherish and fondle her viper sister, whom she has preposterously taken into her bosom, to try stinging conclusions upon your constancy; they must not complain if the house be rather thin of suitors. Scylla must have broken off many excellent matches in her time, if she insisted upon all, that loved her, loving her dogs also.

An excellent story to this moral is told of Merry, of Della Cruscan memory. In tender youth, he loved and courted a modest appanage to the Opera,—in truth a dancer, who had won him by the artless contrast

between her manners and situation. She seemed to him a native violet, that had been transplanted by some rude accident into that exotic and artificial hotbed. Nor, in truth, was she less genuine and sincere than she appeared to him. He wooed and won this flower. Only for appearance' sake, and for due honour to the bride's relations, she craved that she might have the attendance of her friends and kindred at the approaching solemnity. The request was too amiable not to be conceded ; and in this solicitude for conciliating the good will of mere relations, he found a presage of her superior attentions to himself, when the golden shaft should have 'killed the flock of all affections else.' The morning came ; and at the Star and Garter, Richmond—the place appointed for the breakfasting—accompanied with one English friend, he impatiently awaited what reinforcements the bride should bring to grace the ceremony. A rich muster she had made. They came in six coaches—the whole corps du ballet—French, Italian, men and women. Monsieur de B., the famous *pirouetter* of the day, led his fair spouse, but craggy, from the banks of the Seine. The Prima Donna had sent her excuse. But the first and second Buffa were there ; and Signor Sc—, and Signora Ch—, and Madame V—, with a countless cavalcade besides of chorusers, figurantes, at the sight of whom Merry afterwards declared, that 'then for the first time it struck him seriously, that he was about to marry—a dancer.' But there was no help for it. Besides, it was her day ; these were, in fact, her friends and kinsfolk. The assemblage, though whimsical, was all very natural. But when the bride—handing out of the last coach a still more extraordinary figure than

the rest—presented to him as her *father*—the gentleman that was to *give her away*—no less a person than Signor Delpini himself—with a sort of pride, as much as to say, See what I have brought to do us honour !—the thought of so extraordinary a paternity quite overcame him ; and slipping away under some pretence from the bride and her motley adherents, poor Merry took horse from the back yard to the nearest sea-coast, from which, shipping himself to America, he shortly after consoled himself with a more congenial match in the person of Miss Brunton ; relieved from his intended clown father, and a bevy of painted buffas for bridesmaids.

XIV.—THAT WE SHOULD RISE WITH THE LARK

At what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a mere human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises—we take ten, or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice), to be the very earliest hour, at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say ; for to do it in earnest, requires another half-hour's good consideration. Not but there are pretty sun-risings, as we are told, and such like gawds, abroad in the world, in summer time especially, some hours before what we have assigned ; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But having been tempted once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being

the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances ; which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persic. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun (as 'tis called), to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches ; Nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense of our presumption, in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveller. We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous, at the outset especially, in these break-of-day excursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world ; to conquer death by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality are in us ; and we pay usually in strange qualms, before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversion. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast huddling on their clothes, are already up and about their occupations, content to have swallowed their sleep by wholesale ; we choose to linger a-bed, and digest our dreams. . It is the very time to recombine the wandering images, which night in a confused mass presented ; to snatch them from forgetfulness ; to shape, and mould them. Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp them too grossly, to taste them curiously. We love to chew the cud of a foregone vision : to collect the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder nocturnal tragedies ; to drag into day-light a struggling and half-vanishing night-mare ; to handle and examine the terrors, or the airy solaces. We have too much respect for these

spiritual communications, to let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid, or so careless, as that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to have as much significance as our waking concerns ; or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly we approach by years to the shadowy world, whither we are hastening. We have shaken hands with the world's business ; we have done with it ; we have discharged ourself of it. Why should we get up ? we have neither suit to solicit, nor affairs to manage. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth act. We have nothing here to expect, but in a short time a sick bed, and a dismissal. We delight to anticipate death by such shadows as night affords. We are already half acquainted with ghosts. We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed grey before our hairs. The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no more of life than what the mimic images in play-houses present us with. Even those types have waxed fainter. Our clock appears to have struck. We are SUPERANNUATED. In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to have friends at court. The abstracted media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence, upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know a little of the usages of that colony ; to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be the less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be

of their dark companionship. Therefore, we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world; and think we know already, how it shall be with us. Those uncouth shapes, which, while we clung to flesh and blood, affrighted us, have become familiar. We feel attenuated into their meagre essences, and have given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. We once thought life to be something; but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up?

XV. THAT WE SHOULD LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB

We could never quite understand the philosophy of this arrangement, or the wisdom of our ancestors in sending us for instruction to these woolly bed-fellows. A sheep, when it is dark, has nothing to do but to shut his silly eyes, and sleep if he can. Man found out long sixes.—Hail, candle-light! without disparagement to sun or moon, the kindest luminary of the three—if we may not rather style thee their radiant deputy, mild viceroy of the moon!—We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by candle-light. They are every body's sun and moon. This is our peculiar and household planet. Wanting it, what savage unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in caves and unilluminated fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbour's cheek to be sure that he

understood it? This accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. It has a sombre cast (try Hesiod or Ossian), derived from the tradition of those unlantern'd nights. Jokes came in with candles. We wonder how they saw to pick up a pin, if they had any. How did they sup? what a *mélange* of chance carving they must have made of it!—here one had got a leg of a goat, when he wanted a horse's shoulder—there another had dipt his scooped palm in a kid-skin of wild honey, when he meditated right mare's milk. There is neither good eating nor drinking in fresco. Who, even in these civilised times, has never experienced this, when at some economic table he has commenced dining after dusk, and waited for the flavour till the lights came? The senses absolutely give and take reciprocally. Can you tell pork from veal in the dark? or distinguish Sherris from pure Malaga? Take away the candle from the smoking man; by the glimmering of the left ashes, he knows that he is still smoking, but he knows it only by an inference; till the restored light, coming in aid of the olfactories, reveals to both senses the full aroma. Then how he redoubles his puffs! how he burnishes!—There is absolutely no such thing as reading, but by a candle. We have tried the affectation of a book at noon-day in gardens, and in sultry arbours; but it was labour thrown away. Those gay motes in the beam come about you, hovering and teasing, like so many coquets, that will have you all to their self, and are jealous of your abstractions. By the midnight taper, the writer digests his meditations. By the same light, we must approach to their perusal, if we would catch the flame, the odour. It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phœbus. No true poem ever

owed its birth to the sun's light. They are abstracted works—

‘ Things that were born, when none but the still night,
And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes.’

Marry, daylight—daylight might furnish the images, the crude material; but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing (as mine author hath it), they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild internal light, that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's Morning Hymn in Paradise, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's rich description of a sun-rise smells decidedly of the taper. Even ourself, in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best measured cadences (Prose has her cadences) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman, ‘blessing the doors’; or the wild sweep of winds at midnight. Even now a loftier speculation than we have yet attempted, courts our endeavours. We would indite something about the Solar System.—*Betty, bring the candles.*

XVI. THAT A SULKY TEMPER IS A MISFORTUNE

We grant that it is, and a very serious one—to a man's friends, and to all that have to do with him; but whether the condition of the man himself is so much to be deplored, may admit of a question. We can speak a little to it, being ourself but lately recovered—we whisper it in confidence, reader—out of a long and desperate fit of the sullen. Was the cure a blessing? The conviction which wrought it, came too clearly to leave a scruple of

the fanciful injuries—for they were mere fancies—which had provoked the humour. But the humour itself was too self-pleasing, while it lasted—we know how bare we lay ourself in the confession—to be abandoned all at once with the grounds of it. We still brood over wrongs which we know to have been imaginary ; and for our old acquaintance, N——, whom we find to have been a truer friend than we took him for, we substitute some phantom—a Caius or a Titius—as like him as we dare to form it, to wreak our yet unsatisfied resentments on. It is mortifying to fall at once from the pinnacle of neglect ; to forego the idea of having been ill-used and contumaciously treated by an old friend. The first thing to aggrandise a man in his own conceit, is to conceive of himself as neglected. There let him fix if he can. To undeceive him is to deprive him of the most tickling morsel within the range of self-complacency. No flattery can come near it. Happy is he who suspects his friend of an injustice ; but supremely blest, who thinks all his friends in a conspiracy to depress and undervalue him. There is a pleasure (we sing not to the profane) far beyond the reach of all that the world counts joy—a deep, enduring satisfaction in the depths, where the superficial seek it not, of discontent. Were we to recite one half of this mystery, which we were let into by our late dissatisfaction, all the world would be in love with disrespect ; we should wear a slight for a bracelet, and neglects and contumacies would be the only matter for courtship. Unlike to that mysterious book in the Apocalypse, the study of this mystery is unpalatable only in the commencement. The first sting of a suspicion is grievous ; but wait—out of that wound, which to flesh and blood

seemed so difficult, there is balm and honey to be extracted. Your friend passed you on such or such a day,—having in his company one that you conceived worse than ambiguously disposed towards you,—passed you in the street without notice. To be sure he is something short-sighted; and it was in your power to have accosted *him*. But facts and sane inferences are trifles to a true adept in the science of dissatisfaction. He must have seen you; and S——, who was with him, must have been the cause of the contempt. It galls you, and well it may. But have patience. Go home, and make the worst of it, and you are a made man from this time. Shut yourself up, and—rejecting, as an enemy to your peace, every whispering suggestion that but insinuates there may be a mistake—reflect seriously upon the many lesser instances which you had begun to perceive, in proof of your friend's disaffection towards you. None of them singly was much to the purpose, but the aggregate weight is positive; and you have this last affront to clench them. Thus far the process is any thing but agreeable. But now to your relief comes in the comparative faculty. You conjure up all the kind feelings you have had for your friend; what you have been to him, and what you would have been to him, if he would have suffered you; how you defended him in this or that place; and his good name—his literary reputation, and so forth, was always dearer to you than your own! Your heart, spite of itself, yearns towards him. You could weep tears of blood but for a restraining pride. How say you? do you not yet begin to apprehend a comfort? some allay of sweetness in the bitter waters? Stop not here, nor penuriously cheat yourself of your reversions. You are on vantage

ground. Enlarge your speculations, and take in the rest of your friends, as a spark kindles more sparks. Was there one among them, who has not to you proved hollow, false, slippery as water? Begin to think that the relation itself is inconsistent with mortality. That the very idea of friendship, with its component parts, as honour, fidelity, steadiness, exists but in your single bosom. Image yourself to yourself, as the only possible friend in a world incapable of that communion. Now the gloom thickens. The little star of self-love twinkles, that is to encourage you through deeper glooms than this. You are not yet at the half point of your elevation. You are not yet, believe me, half sulky enough. Advertising to the world in general (as these circles in the mind will spread to infinity), reflect with what strange injustice you have been treated in quarters where (setting gratitude and the expectation of friendly returns aside as chimeras) you pretended no claim beyond justice, the naked due of all men. Think the very idea of right and fit fled from the earth, or your breast the solitary receptacle of it, till you have swelled yourself into at least one hemisphere; the other being the vast Arabia Stony of your friends and the world aforesaid. To grow bigger every moment in your own conceit, and the world to lessen; to deify yourself at the expense of your species; to judge the world—this is the acme and supreme point of your mystery—these the true PLEASURES of SULKINESS. We profess no more of this grand secret than what ourself experimented on one rainy afternoon in the last week, sulking in our study. We had proceeded to the penultimate point, at which the true adept seldom stops, where the consideration of benefit forgot is about to merge in the

meditation of general injustice—when a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the very friend, whose not seeing of us in the morning, (for we will now confess the case our own), an accidental oversight, had given rise to so much agreeable generalization! To mortify us still more, and take down the whole flattering superstructure which pride had piled upon neglect, he had brought in his hand the identical S——, in whose favour we had suspected him of the contumacy. Asseverations were needless, where the frank manner of them both was convictive of the injurious nature of the suspicion. We fancied that they perceived our embarrassment; but were too proud, or something else, to confess to the secret of it. We had been but too lately in the condition of the noble-patient in Argos:

Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro—

and could have exclaimed with equal reason against the friendly hands that cured us—

Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD

DEHORTATIONS from the use of strong liquors have been the favourite topic of sober declaimers in all ages, and have been received with abundance of applause by water-drinking critics. But with the patient himself, the

man that is to be cured, unfortunately their sound has seldom prevailed. Yet the evil is acknowledged, the remedy simple. Abstain. No force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will. 'Tis as easy as not to steal, not to tell lies.

Alas ! the hand to pilfer, and the tongue to bear false witness, have no constitutional tendency. These are actions indifferent to them. At the first instance of the reformed will, they can be brought off without a murmur. The itching finger is but a figure in speech, and the tongue of the liar can with the same natural delight give forth useful truths, with which it has been accustomed to scatter their pernicious contraries. But when a man has commenced sot——

O pause, thou sturdy moralist, thou person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched, and ere thy gorge riseth at the *name* which I have written, first learn what the *thing* is ; how much of compassion, how much of human allowance, thou may'st virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the ruins of a man. Exact not, under so terrible a penalty as infamy, a resuscitation from a state of death almost as real as that from which Lazarus rose not but by a miracle.

Begin a reformation, and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain but going through fire ? what if the whole system must undergo a change violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects ? what if a process comparable to flaying alive be to be gone through ? is the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity

which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the whole victim, body and soul?

I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he has felt of getting rid of the present sensation at any rate, I have known him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

Why should I hesitate to declare, that the man of whom I speak is myself? I have no puling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the woe that I have brought upon it.

I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads and iron insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt; whom brandy (I have seen them drink it like wine), at all events whom wine, taken in ever so plentiful measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother, who, trying his strength with them, and coming off foiled from the contest, would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak, the nervous; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around them

without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for term of life.

Twelve years ago I had completed my six-and-twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I have reason to think, did not rust in me unused.

About that time I fell in with some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sitters up a-nights, disputants, drunken; yet seemed to have something noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called fancy I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a profest joker! I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having, in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experience at all times of finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment in my speech!

Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay,

pen a character or description—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks.

To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes ; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools ; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull ; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give ; to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt ; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred ; to give pleasure and be paid with squinting malice ; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors ; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness ; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause,—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

Time, which has a sure stroke at dissolving all connexions which have no solider fastening than this liquid cement, more kind to me than my own taste or penetration, at length opened my eyes to the supposed qualities of my first friends. No trace of them is left but in the vices which they introduced, and the habits they infixed. In them my friends survive still, and exercise ample retribution for any supposed infidelity that I may have been guilty of towards them.

My next more immediate companions were and are persons of such intrinsic and felt worth, that though accidentally their acquaintance has proved pernicious to me, I do not know that if the thing were to do over again, I should have the courage to eschew the mischief at the price of forfeiting the benefit. I came to them reeking from the

steams of my late over-heated notions of companionship ; and the slightest fuel which they unconsciously afforded, was sufficient to feed my old fires into a propensity.

They were no drinkers, but, one from professional habits, and another from a custom derived from his father, smoked tobacco. The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to re-take a backsliding penitent. The transition, from gulping down draughts of liquid fire to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for us when we hope to commute. He beats us at barter ; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two for one. That (comparatively) white devil of tobacco brought with him in the end seven worse than himself.

It were impertinent to carry the reader through all the processes by which, from smoking at first with malt liquor, I took my degrees through thin wines, through stronger wine and water, through small punch, to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, slur a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come next to none, and so to none at all. But it is hateful to disclose the secrets of my Tartarus.

I should repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me, the drudging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed to it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, a feeling as of ingratitude has started up ; how it has put on personal claims and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it

casually in a book, as where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney-corner of some inn in Joseph Andrews, or Piscator in the Complete Angler breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate room *Piscatoribus Sacrum*, has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks. How a pipe was ever in my midnight path before me, till the vision forced me to realize it—how then its ascending vapours curled, its fragrance lulled, and the thousand delicious ministerings conversant about it, employing every faculty, extracted the sense of pain. How from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery. How, even now, when the whole secret stands confessed in all its dreadful truth before me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone—

Persons not accustomed to examine the motives of their actions, to reckon up the countless nails that rivet the chains of habit, or perhaps being bound by none so obdurate as those I have confessed to, may recoil from this as from an overcharged picture. But what short of such a bondage is it, which in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife, and a reprobating world, chains down many a poor fellow, of no original indisposition to goodness, to his pipe and his pot?

I have seen a print after Corregio, in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past rather than perception of present pleasures, languid

enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good, a Sybaritic effeminacy, a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this represented in one point of time.—When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

Of *that* there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,—to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins:—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered,—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth,

and not undo 'em

To suffer WET DAMNATION to run thro' 'em.

Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your instance that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve? if the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering?

Recovering!—O if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit! In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence, only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you?—For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential), in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-denial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, when ever he shall arrive in that state, in which, paradoxical

as it may appear, *reason shall only visit him through intoxication* ; for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties by repeated acts of intemperance may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear daylight ministeries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good¹.

Behold me then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gains, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago, I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to ail anything. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day.

¹ When poor M—— painted his last picture, with a pencil in one trembling hand, and a glass of brandy and water in the other, his fingers owed the comparative steadiness with which they were enabled to go through their task in an imperfect manner, to a temporary firmness derived from a repetition of practices, the general effect of which had shaken both them and him so terribly.

Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the daytime I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which, though never very particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c., haunts me as a labour impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honour, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favourite occupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connexion of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before any thing great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances, concerning which I can say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further? or is this disclosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these Confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he finds his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time.

ELIA.

NOTES

PAGE 1

PREFACE

Published in *The London Magazine* for Jan. 1823. Somewhat altered in the collected volume. See appendix.

incondite] Shapeless, badly put together: used by Lamb in *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple* (*Essays of Elia*, p. 146).

under the first person] See *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago* (*Essays of Elia*, pp. 19-36).

PAGE 3

intimados] Intimates.

PAGE 4

statist] Statesman, politician.

Shacklewell] Near Dalston, in the present borough of Hackney. Lamb occasionally took lodgings here. He alludes to it in *The South-Sea House* and *The Old and the New Schoolmaster* (*Essays of Elia*, pp. 1, 80).

PAGE 5

toga virilis] The *toga*, the emblem of Roman citizenship, was assumed by Roman youths in their sixteenth year, when they were accounted to have reached manhood.

PAGE 6

BLAKESMOOR IN H—SHIRE

Published in *The London Magazine* for Sept. 1824. Blakesmoor is Blakesware in Widford parish, the seat of the Plumers, where Lamb's grandmother, Mrs Field, was housekeeper. See notes on

'Plumers of Hertfordshire' and the essays, *Mackery End* and *Dream Children* (*Essays of Elia*, pp. 247, 125, 162-3). See also Mary Lamb's story of *The Young Mahometan* in *Mrs Leicester's School*. The present house of Blakesware was built upon a higher site, after the old house, as here described, had been taken down.

PAGE 7

Cowley] The reminiscence may be compared with Cowley's own story (Essay 11) of how he read Spenser as a child in his mother's parlour.

grass-plat] The old form of 'grass-plot.'

PAGE 8

all Ovid] The scenes alluded to are described in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, books III, VI. The hunter Actaeon was turned into a stag and devoured by his own hounds, for disturbing Diana and her nymphs while they were bathing. The flute-player Marsyas was flayed by Apollo, for presuming to engage in a musical contest with him. See Lamb's allusion to Spagnoletto's painting of Marsyas (*Essays of Elia*, p. 13).

Dan] An abbreviation of the Latin *dominus*, 'my lord,' or 'sir.' Commonly used by medieval monks, like the monk in Chaucer, 'dan Piers.'

old Mrs Battle] An imaginary name. The Mrs Battle of Lamb's essay, *Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist*, is not identified with any one at Blakesware. Lamb probably alludes to Elizabeth, widow of William Plumer the elder, who died at Blakesware in 1767, and is the 'Mrs Beresford' of Mary Lamb's *Young Mahometan*.

PAGE 9

Lacus Incognitus] Unknown lake.

Bind me, ye woodbines] Lamb originally added a note giving the reference for these lines. They are from Marvell's poem *Upon Appleton House to my Lord Fairfax*, ll. 609-16.

PAGE 10

trenchant] The adjective is properly used of the sword with the sense of 'piercing.' Here it is used in the sense of 'capable of being penetrated.'

capitulatory] The word may be paraphrased as 'inscribed with the chapter of their history,' alluding to the detailed inscriptions on monuments.

'Resurgam'] I shall rise again—a common motto on tombstones.

empirics] Experimental philosophers.

PAGE 11

Damoetas] The shepherd in Vergil's third eclogue, who is feeding the flock of Ægon.

the hills of Lincoln] See *Poor Relations* for another statement of the Lincoln origin of the Lambs, and cf. the description of Lovel in *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple (Essays of Elia*, p. 143 and note on p. 293). Mr Lucas refers to Lamb's sonnet, *The Family Name*, and its allusion to 'some shepherd on Lincolnian plains.'

a newer trifle] New Place, Gilston. See note in *Essays of Elia*, pp. 247, 298.

W—s] The initial is imaginary.

watchet] Light blue. See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 257.

Alice] The object of Lamb's early affections, the Alice W—n, of *New Year's Eve* and *Dream Children (Essays of Elia*, pp. 45, 167).

I take it] For a passage omitted here see appendix.

stately busts in marble] Mary Lamb, in *The Young Mahometan*, refers to these as pictures: 'the heads of the twelve Caesars were hung round the hall.'

PAGE 13

POOR RELATIONS

Published in *The London Magazine* for May 1823.

a death's head] Cf. Jeremy Taylor, *Holy Dying*, ch. ii. § 1: 'the Egyptian skeleton served up at feasts; and Trimalcion's banquet in Petronius, in which was brought in the image of a dead man's bones of silver,' etc.

Agathocles' pot] Agathocles, tyrant of Syracuse B.C. 317–289, who assumed the title of king of Sicily, was apprenticed to a potter in his youth. The pot was thus a reminder of his humble origin.

Lamb's favourite, Burton (*Anat. Mel.* ed. Shilleto, ii, 163), has the story inaccurately : 'Who thinks worse of...*Agathocles*, that *Sicilian* King, for being a potter's son?'

Mordecai] Esther ii, 19, 21 ; iii, 2.

Lazarus] St Luke xvi, 20.

a lion in your path] Cf. Proverbs xxii, 13 ; xxvi, 13.

a frog in your chamber] See Psalm cv, 30.

a fly in your ointment] Cf. Eccles. x, 1.

a mote in your eye] See St Matt. vii, 3, etc.

a triumph to your enemy] Cf. Psalms xxv, 2 ; xli, 11.

the one thing not needful] See St Luke x, 42.

PAGE 14

a tide-waiter] The officer from the customs' house who comes on board ships on their arrival in port.

PAGE 15

a worse evil under the sun] Cf. Eccles. v, 13 ; vi, 1 ; x, 5.

humourist] A man with a peculiar humour or oddity. See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 243.

aliquando] The story is told by the elder Seneca. Augustus said of the orator Quintus Haterius, when his eloquence was too vehement : '*Haterius noster sufflaminandus est*,' i.e. 'Our Haterius must be repressed.'

PAGE 16

a harpsichord] The elementary instrument from which the piano was developed.

Richard Amlet, Esq.] Dick Amlet is the pretended gentleman in Vanbrugh's *Confederacy*. Cf. note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 312.

W—] His real name was Favell, and his father was a house-painter near Cambridge. He is the F. of *Christ's Hospital*: see note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 260.

PAGE 17

Nessian venom] The poisoned blood of the centaur Nessus, in which Deianira steeped the shirt of Hercules, was the cause of Hercules' death.

Latimer] Hugh Latimer, bishop of Worcester 1535-9, burned 1555, was at Clare hall, Cambridge. Richard Hooker, the author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, died 1600, was at Corpus Christi college, Oxford.

PAGE 18

the Artist Evangelist] St Luke, the patron of painters.

knew his mounted sign] Milton, *Par. Lost*, IV, 1013-14:

‘The fiend look’d up, and knew

His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled.’

St Sebastian] San Sebastian in Guipuzcoa, the key to northern Spain, was besieged by Wellington 1 July—31 Aug. 1813.

PAGE 19

sad yet comely] Cf. Lamb’s description in the essay *On Some of the Old Actors* of the ‘comely sad’ appearance of the comedian Dodd walking in Gray’s Inn gardens (*Essays of Elia*, p. 221).

Lincoln] See note on p. 215 above. Although no trace of Lamb’s family can now be discovered with certainty at Lincoln, the passage which follows is accurate in description, and it may be concluded with certainty that Lamb’s references to Lincoln as his father’s early home were founded on fact. The original city of Lincoln, in British and early Roman times, occupied the top of the hill: the lower town appears to have grown in the later Roman period, while a long suburb was developed later in the plain south of the Witham.

the Tower] The Mint is on the east side of the Tower, outside the ditch.

PAGE 20

a common school] The hostility, which may have been true of the past, does not appear to exist at present. Within recent years the Lincoln grammar school, the buildings of which were ‘above hill,’ and the middle school, which was held in the old Grey-friars ‘below hill,’ have been amalgamated in new buildings about half-a-mile east of the Minster.

young Grotiuses] Hugo Grotius (van Groot), born at Delft 1583, died 1645, was the most famous European jurist of the early seventeenth century. The allusion is to his work *De iure belli et pacis*, a code of international law.

Minster] I.e. *monasterium*. The word is commonly used of the cathedral at Lincoln, as at York. Neither Lincoln nor York

minster, however, any more than Beverley, Southwell, and a few other churches of which the word is still used, was a church of monks: the *monasterium* in each case was a body of secular canons, i.e. clergy living in the world, as opposed to 'regulars,' monks or canons living under a rule in common.

my aunt] Sarah Lamb. See notes in *Essays of Elia*, pp. 255, 286.

PAGE 21

escrutoire] *Escrutoire* is the correct form.

STAGE ILLUSION

Published, as *Imperfect Dramatic Illusion*, in *The London Magazine* for August 1825.

PAGE 22

Jack Bannister] See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 311.

PAGE 23

Gattie] Henry Gattie (1774-1844), acted at Drury Lane 1813-33.

PAGE 24

Mr Emery] See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 315.

Tyke] Mr Lucas notes that this character comes from Thomas Morton's *School of Reform*, produced in 1805.

Macbeth] See Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, II, i, 33.

PAGE 25

Osric] Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, v, ii.

Mr Wrench] Benjamin Wrench (1778-1843), comedian, member of the Drury Lane company 1809-15.

PAGE 26

TO THE SHADE OF ELLISTON

This and the next essay were printed, as *Reminiscences of Elliston*, in *The Englishman's Magazine* for August 1831; soon after the death of their subject. Robert William Elliston (1774-1831), one of the greatest actors of his day in high comedy, was manager of the Olympic Pavilion in Wych Street 1813-19, and of Drury Lane 1819-26. His extravagant management reduced him

to bankruptcy in 1826. He took the principal part in the performance of Lamb's unsuccessful farce, *Mr H—*, at Drury Lane, 10 Dec. 1806.

ROVER] The chief character in *Wild Oats*, by John O'Keeffe, first produced in 1791.

the vain Platonist] The Platonic theory was that the body was the prison-house of the soul: see the myth in Plato's *Phaedrus* in which his doctrines on this head are embodied. The idea may be seen in Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*:

‘Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy.’

Palace of Dainty Devices] Lamb mingles the title of William Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566-7), a collection of tales or novels from classical and Italian sources, with that of *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576), an anthology of poems collected by Richard Edwards and published posthumously.

PAGE 27

Patriarchs and un-chrisom babes] The *Limbus patrum* and *Limbus infantum* were distinct divisions of the nether world in the scholastic philosophy: Dante (*Inferno* iv) treated them as one. The chrisom is the white robe worn by infants at baptism: the *Limbus infantum* was the ‘receptacle’ for unbaptised children.

Milton] *Par. Lost*, III, 445, etc. Lamb's quotation is a parody of ll. 445, 448, 449, 455, 456, 457, 475, ingeniously combined into one passage.

thy Regent Planet] An astrological term: the planet by which Elliston's career was ruled. His eccentricities earned him the reputation of a lunatic.

Lessee] I.e. of Drury Lane.

Figurantes] Ballet-dancers (French).

Eye on sinful Phantasy] Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v, v, 97, etc.—the song sung by the pretended fairies as they pinched Falstaff.

capriccios] Caprices, freaks (Italian).

forked] I.e. naked. So Falstaff, 2 *Hen. IV*, III, ii, 334-5, compares Shallow to ‘a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife.’

the old boatman] Charon.

PAGE 28

the weedy wharf] Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I, v, 32-3:

‘the fat weed

That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf.’

raucid] Hoarse.

king, and cobbler] Cf. the essay on *The Decay of Beggars*: ‘the Lucian wits...show us an Alexander in the shades cobbling shoes, and see note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 304.

the surly Ferryman] Cf. Vergil, *Æn.* VI, 315: ‘navita sed tristis,’ etc.

à la Foppington] Lord Foppington (Sir Novelty Fashion) is the new-made peer of Vanbrugh’s *The Relapse*. See the motto of *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading* (p. 36 below).

the tiresome monodrame] The descent of Orpheus to the shades to recover his wife Eurydice.

pura et puta anima] A pure and cleansed soul.

keysars] Kaisers, emperors.

PAGE 29

his two brethren] Minos and Æacus.

calendars] Lists of prisoners at an assize.

those Medusean ringlets] The serpents which formed the hair of the Gorgon Medusa.

whip the offending Adam] See Shakespeare, *Hen. V*, I, i, 29.

O.P. side] I.e. the side ‘opposite prompter,’ a common stage-direction.

PLAUDITO, ET VALETO] ‘Clap hands, and farewell,’ an adaptation of the phrase said by one of the actors at the conclusion of a play, e.g. *valete et plaudite* in the *Eunuchus* of Terence.

ELLISTONIANA

The second part of the essay of which the foregoing address formed the first.

to auspicate] To make a good-omened beginning.

PAGE 30

Lovelace] This refers to an incident in Richardson’s *Clarissa Harlowe*.

Wrench] See note on p. 218.

PAGE 31

Apelles] The great Grecian painter, contemporary with Alexander the Great.

G. D.] George Dyer. See *Amicus Redivivus*.

Ranger] The chief character in *The Suspicious Husband* (1747), a comedy by Dr Benjamin Hoadly, son of the celebrated bishop.

PAGE 32

Cibber] The character of Sir Novelty Fashion was created in Colley Cibber's comedy *Love's Last Shift, or The Fool in Fashion* (1696), to which Vanbrugh's *The Relapse* (see note above, p. 220) was a sequel.

Ben Jonson] In *Timber; or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter*, § *De augmentis scientiarum*—*Julius Cæsar*—*Lord St Alban*. Jonson wrote 'in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been,' etc. Where Lamb wrote 'Heaven,' Jonson wrote 'God.'

my Lord Verulam] Bacon was created baron Verulam in 1618, and viscount St Albans 1621. He never was lord Bacon.

PAGE 33

St Dunstan's Church] The old church of St Dunstan's-in-the-West had recently been destroyed. Figures of giants used to strike the hours on the clock.

the consular exile] Caius Marius, seven times consul, took refuge at Carthage after his escape from captivity at Minturnæ. When the messenger of the Roman prætor brought him the order to leave the country, he answered 'Tell the prætor that you have seen Caius Marius a fugitive sitting among the ruins of Carthage.'

Elba] The isle of Elba, annexed by Napoleon in 1802, was allotted to him as a place of retirement, with the rights of a sovereign, after his abdication in 1814.

the small Olympic] Lamb appears to be wrong here. Elliston had been manager of the Olympic from 1813 to 1819. After his bankruptcy in 1826, he became manager of the Surrey theatre, and filled that post from 1827 to his death in 1831. He had been connected with the Surrey theatre before he undertook the management of the Olympic: his second period there was remarkable for the successful production of *Black-Eyed Susan*.

PAGE 34

Sir A — C —] Sir Anthony Carlisle (1768-1840), one of the best surgeons of the day, professor of anatomy at the Royal Academy 1808-24.

highest heaven] This, and 'Jove in his chair' refer to Milton, *Par. Lost*, I, 514-17:

'So Jove usurping reigned. These, first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven.'

Vestris] Lucia Elisabeta Bartolozzi, grand-daughter of the famous engraver, born 1797. First as opera-singer and dancer, and then as *comédienne* and singer, she was long one of the most prominent figures on the London stage, under the name of Madame Vestris. While manageress of the Olympic, she married in 1835 Charles Mathews the younger, and, with him, managed Covent Garden 1839-42 and the Lyceum 1847-54. She left the stage in 1854, and died two years later.

PAGE 35

the son of Peleus] Achilles. The passage referred to is Achilles' speech in Homer, *Iliad* XXI, 99-113.

PAGE 36

Colet] John Colet, dean of St Paul's 1504-19 and founder of St Paul's school.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING

Published in *The London Magazine* for July 1822. The motto is from Vanbrugh's *The Relapse; or, Virtue in Danger*, II, 1: for 'amused' read 'diverted,' as in the original.

PAGE 37

Shaftesbury] Anthony Ashley Cooper, third earl of Shaftesbury (1671-1713), whose *Characteristics* (1711) was a fashionable book of early eighteenth-century philosophy.

Jonathan Wild] Fielding's *Jonathan Wild the Great* (1743), a satirical novel, in which Fielding ridiculed with sustained irony the contemporary taste for 'greatness' irrespective of virtue. Jonathan Wild, the notorious receiver of stolen goods and thief-taker, was hanged in 1725.

Hume] David Hume's *History of England* (1754-61). Of the other writers, Edward Gibbon published the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* 1776-88, a book whose splendid literary merits Lamb might have recognised. William Robertson wrote the *History of Scotland* (1759), *History of Charles V* (1769) and *History of America* (1777): he was principal of Edinburgh university. James Beattie (1735-1803) wrote poems and philosophical and theological works. Soame Jenyns was author of a *Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil* (1757) and of a *View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion* (1776). The translation of Josephus by William Whiston (1737) long remained a popular work with all classes of English society. The *Principles of Morals and Political Philosophy*, by William Paley, archdeacon of Carlisle, was published in 1785.

Population Essay] Lamb was probably thinking of the *Essay on Population* by Thomas Robert Malthus (1798).

a Steele, or a Farquhar] Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729), the essayist, and George Farquhar (1678-1707), wrote prose comedies.

Adam Smith] Vice-rector of Glasgow university 1762, and lord rector 1787; published the famous *The Wealth of Nations* in 1776.

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my shivering folios] Lamb's library was not remarkable for its handsome bindings. One observer recalled the booksellers' price-tickets left on the backs of the books, which were in a ragged condition. See Lucas, *Life of Charles Lamb*, ii, 288.

Paracelsus] The works of the philosopher Paracelsus (born at Einsiedeln in canton Schwyz c. 1493, died at Strassburg, 1541) were published in three volumes at Geneva in 1658.

Raymund Lully] A Franciscan philosopher, born at Palma in Majorca about 1235, and stoned at Tunis in 1315, while endeavouring to instil a rationalised system of Christian philosophy into the minds of the infidels. His works were published in ten volumes in 1721. Lamb originally added after 'Lully' the parenthesis '—I have them both, reader—.' Cf. *Essays of Elia*, p. 69.

PAGE 39

eterne] Shakespeare, *Macbeth* III, ii, 38: 'But in them nature's copy's not eterne.'

We know not where] Shakespeare, *Othello* v, ii, 12-13:

'I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.'

Life of the Duke of Newcastle] The life of William Cavendish, duke and marquess of Newcastle-on-Tyne, a famous royalist general (1592-1676), was written by his wife, Margaret Lucas, and published in 1667. See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 264.

Sir Philip Sidney] Lamb was probably thinking of Sidney's prose romance, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*. Bishop Taylor is Jeremy Taylor, bishop of Down and Connor 1661-7, whose works were collected and published in Lamb's lifetime (1820-2) under the editorship of Reginald Heber. Milton's prose works were edited once in Lamb's lifetime by Charles Symmons (1804), and in the year of his death (1834) by Robert Fletcher. The works of Thomas Fuller (1608-61), prebendary of Salisbury, have been reprinted in various inexpensive forms; but Lamb's remark in this essay is still as true as it was then.

First Folio of Shakspeare] The first edition of Shakespeare's plays as a whole, printed in 1623, seven years after his death. Lamb originally added 'You cannot make a *pet* book of an author whom everybody reads.' Nicholas Rowe's edition was published in 1709. Jacob Tonson and his grand-nephew published two editions of Shakespeare, one (1725) under Pope's, the other (1747) under Warburton's editorship.

Shakspeare gallery engravings] These engravings, from pictures by contemporary artists, illustrated the edition of Shakespeare published by the engraver, alderman John Boydell, in 1802. The original pictures and engravings were exhibited in a building in Pall Mall, called the Shakespeare Gallery.

PAGE 40

Beaumont and Fletcher] The folio edition was published in 1647. See p. 159 above, and note on p. 259 below. Lamb originally added, after 'I have no sympathy with them,' the words 'nor with Mr Gifford's Ben Jonson.' William Gifford, the first editor of *The Quarterly Review*, published his edition of Jonson in 1816.

the Anatomy of Melancholy] By Robert Burton, published in 1621.

Malone] Edmund Malone (1741-1812), editor of Shakespeare (1790) and of the Variorum edition published after his death by James Boswell (1821). The piece of vandalism described by Lamb was perpetrated in 1793: the whitewash was taken off and the colouring restored in 1861.

PAGE 41

Kit Marlowe] Christopher Marlowe (1564-93), the first great dramatic poet of the Elizabethan stage. Michael Drayton (1563-1631), one of the most fluent and versatile of Elizabethan poets and sonneteers. William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585-1649), writer of sonnets and poems strongly tinged with Italian influence. Abraham Cowley (1618-67), the most distinguished poet of the fantastic or 'metaphysical' school and author of essays which are medleys of prose and verse. See note on p. 214 above.

Bishop Andrewes] Lancelot Andrewes, bishop of Chichester 1605, Ely 1609, and Winchester 1619-26.

PAGE 42

Nando's] A famous coffee-house at 17, Fleet street.

in hand, Sir] Here Lamb added a short paragraph expressing his preference for *The Morning Herald*, 'an agreeable miscellany, rather than a newspaper.'

Tobin] For the Tobins, see note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 255.

Candide] Voltaire's famous satirical narrative, published in 1755.

Cythera] The island, now called Cerigo, in the Grecian Archipelago, sacred to Venus, who was said to have risen from the sea in its neighbourhood, and was thence called Cytherea.

Pamela] Or *Virtue Rewarded*, the earliest novel of Samuel Richardson, published in 1740. It is the story of a servant-girl, who, after being persecuted by her libertine master, conquers him by her virtue and becomes his wife.

PAGE 43

Skinner's Street] Skinner street was made in 1802 to provide a more direct way from Newgate street to Holborn, on the site now levelled and covered by the eastern part of Holborn Viaduct. It received its name from alderman Skinner, who promoted its making.

Lardner] Nathaniel Lardner's *Credibility of the Gospel History*, published in fourteen volumes (1727-55). Lardner died in 1768.

the five points] The five cardinal points of Calvinistic theology.

snatch a fearful joy] See Gray's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, st. 4.

Martin B—] Martin Burney, son of admiral Burney and the lady usually identified with 'Mrs Battle.'

Clarissa] *Clarissa Harlowe* by Samuel Richardson, the author of *Pamela*: published in seven volumes, 1747-8.

PAGE 44

I saw a boy] *The Two Boys*, by Mary Lamb, published in *Poetry for Children* (1809).

THE OLD MARGATE HOY

Published in *The London Magazine* for July 1823.

I believe I have said so before] In *Oxford in the Vacation*: see *Essays of Elia*, pp. 13, 14.

PAGE 45

Hoy] A small passenger sailing-vessel: the word appears to be Dutch in origin.

that fire-god] The river Scamander, attempting to overwhelm Achilles in his contest with the Trojans after the death of Patroclus, was dried up by Hephaestus, the fire-god, at the request of Hera. See Homer, *Iliad* XXI.

PAGE 46

Eastcheap] Stow, *Survey of London*, 1598, notes that Eastcheap 'is now a flesh market of butchers...it had sometime also cooks mixed amongst the butchers, and such other as sold victuals ready dressed of all sorts. For of old time, when friends did meet, and were disposed to be merry, they went not to dine and sup in taverns, but to the cooks, where they called for meat what they liked, which they always found ready dressed at a reasonable rate.'

another Ariel] See Shakespeare, *Tempest*, I, ii, 196-8.

PAGE 47

Aldermanbury, or Watling-street] Lamb originally wrote 'Thames or Tooley-street.'

Carmania] Carmania or Kerman, a district in the south of Persia.

PAGE 48

ignorant present] Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I, v, 57-8.

destroyed long since] As long before as B.C. 224, by earthquake. The remains were sold to a Jew and entirely removed in A.D. 672. The Colossus was a statue of the Sun by the sculptor Chares, which was above 100 feet high, and stood near the entrance of the harbour of Rhodes.

PAGE 49

the Reculvers] The name ordinarily given to the two western towers of the ruined church at Reculver, conspicuous objects on the north coast of Kent, between Herne Bay and Birchington.

pent up in populous cities] Milton, *Par. Lost*, IX, 445: 'As one who long in populous city pent,' etc.

PAGE 51

those who go down unto it] Psalm cvii, 23.

Orellana] Another name for the Amazon, from its first navigator, Francisco Orellana, a companion of Pizarro, who descended the river from Peru to its mouth.

For many a day] From Thomson, *The Seasons: Summer*, ll. 1002-3; of Vasco da Gama's voyage round the Cape.

still-vexed Bermoothes] Shakespeare, *Tempest*, I, ii, 229.

Be but as bugs] Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II, xii, st. 25:

'Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to,' etc.

Juan Fernandez] The uninhabited island in the Pacific, due west of Valparaiso, on which Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe, was marooned.

PAGE 52

Charoba] Landor, *Gebir*, v, 129.

this detestable Cinque Port] Hastings. The other Cinque ports are Dover, Sandwich, Hythe and Romney, with the two 'ancient towns' of Rye and Winchelsea.

I cry out for the water-brooks] See Psalm xlii, 1.

PAGE 53

to dwell with Meshech] See Psalm cxx, 5.

run hollands] Smuggled Dutch gin.

to read strange matter in] Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I, v, 63-4 :

‘Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters.’

PAGE 54

Lothbury] See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 290.

The daughters of Cheapside] See Thomas Randolph, *Ode to Master Anthony Stafford*, st. 3 : ‘The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard Street.’

PAGE 55

THE CONVALESCENT

Published in *The London Magazine* for July 1825.

tergiversation] I.e. changing sides : literally ‘turning the back’ (upon one’s own party).

Mare Clausum] The title of Selden’s work on international law, published in 1635. ‘Mare Clausum’ = the closed sea, i.e. the part of the sea within which any nation has sole and sovereign rights and any other is an intruder.

PAGE 56

refreshing] A ‘refresher’ is an extra fee to a counsel in a law-suit.

honing] Fretting. To ‘hone’ (= to long for, to desire) is given by Halliwell as a Northumbrian word.

PAGE 57

thin douceur] Small cheque or bank-note, the doctor’s fee.

PAGE 59

The Lernean pangs] The archer Philoctetes, according to one legend, wounded himself with one of the arrows, which Hercules had poisoned with the bile of the Lernaean hydra, and had bequeathed to him as his armour-bearer. Owing to the incurable

nature of his wound, the Greeks, on their way to Troy, abandoned him on the isle of Lemnos. At the end of the war, his presence was so necessary that Ulysses and Diomedes brought him to Troy, where he was healed by Machaon, and slew Paris with his arrows.

PAGE 60

What a speck] Mr Lucas thinks that this may allude to Falstaff's words in Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. IV*, III, iii, 2-3: 'do I not dwindle?' The likeness seems slight.

Tityus] The Euboean giant, who, for his insult to Artemis, was condemned to lie stretched over nine acres of ground in Tartarus, with two vultures or snakes consuming his liver.

PAGE 61

SANITY OF TRUE GENIUS

This was originally published in *The New Monthly Magazine* for May 1826 as one of the series of *Popular Fallacies* (see below, p. 260), under the heading *That great Wit is allied to Madness*.

So strong a wit] Cowley, *On the Death of Mr William Hervey*, st. 13.

chaos 'and old night'] Milton, *Par. Lost*, I, 543. 'Burning marl' occurs in the same book of the poem, l. 296.

a 'human mind untuned'] Mr Lucas refers to the 'untuned and jarring senses' of Shakespeare, *King Lear*, IV, 7.

PAGE 62

the good servant Kent] This, of course, refers to the case of Lear; while 'the honest steward Flavius' refers to that of Timon.

that wild sea-brood] The seals of Poseidon, which were tended by Proteus.

PAGE 63

Wither] Lamb spelt the name 'Withers.' Mr Lucas refers the phrase to Wither's *Shepherd's Hunting*, eclogue iv, l. 409:

'Though our wise ones call thee madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy mad'st fits,
More than all their greatest wits.'

Lane's novels] William Lane was the proprietor of the Minerva press in Leadenhall street, which published trashy fiction of a sentimental type.

betossed] Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, v, iii, 76 :

‘What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode?’

PAGE 64

the cave of Mammon] See Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, book II, canto vii.

Ambition] The translation of the name Philotime, given by Spenser to this lady.

PAGE 65

CAPTAIN JACKSON

Published in *The London Magazine* for Nov. 1824. The identity of the old friend of whom Lamb writes in this essay is otherwise unknown.

Althea's horn] Lamb should have written ‘Amalthea.’ A horn of the goat Amalthea, on whose milk Zeus had been fed, was given by him to the daughters of the Cretan king Melisseus, and endowed with the miraculous power of containing anything which might be wished by its owner. Hence the word *cornucopia*, i.e. horn of plenty.

PAGE 66

mind, the mind, Master Shallow] Apparently a reminiscence of Shakespeare, 2 *Hen. IV*, III, ii, 278 : ‘Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man ! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.’

Single Gloucester] A kind of cheese.

above the salt] In large houses, distinguished guests sat at the upper end of the table or tables, the mark of division between them and their inferiors being a large salt-cellar.

vere hospitibus sacra] Truly sacred to guests.

PAGE 67

Glover] Richard Glover (1712–85) published *Leonidas*, an epic in nine books, in 1737 : it was extended to twelve books in 1770. His ‘occasional retirements’ were due to shortness of money.

PAGE 69

When we came down through Glasgow town] An old Scottish song, known by the name of its refrain 'Waly, waly.'

PAGE 70

equipage etern] An unidentified quotation.

Tibbs] The shabby beau in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*. Bobadil is the boastful captain in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

Published in *The London Magazine* for May 1825. Lamb had resigned his clerkship in the India house and retired on a pension in May 1825. The story of his resignation is thinly veiled by the fictitious names of the essay. The mottos are from Vergil, *Eclogue* i, 27: 'Libertas, quae sera tamen respexit inertem,' and from a source which, according to Mr Lucas, is not O'Keeffe, but a possible reminiscence of a song in Colman's *Inkle and Yarico*.

PAGE 71

six-and-thirty] Lamb had been a clerk since leaving Christ's hospital in 1789: he entered the India house in 1792, and was therefore for 33 years there.

the cheerful cries of London] Lamb has already mentioned these and the ballad-singers in the essay on *The Decay of Beggars*. See *Essays of Elia*, p. 188.

PAGE 72

my native fields] See *Mackery End*.

PAGE 73

the wood had entered] Adapted from Psalm cv, 18.

PAGE 74

Boldero] The names are, of course, fictitious. Lamb had, at an earlier date, in the postscript to the *Chapter on Ears*, omitted in the collected editions, introduced 'the barbarious name of Boldero,' which he assumed to be 'clearly of transatlantic origin.'

Esto perpetua!] Let it (the firm) endure for ever.

PAGE 75

that's born, and has his years come to him] Mr Lucas identifies this from Middleton, *The Mayor of Queenborough*, act I, sc. i:

'Than he that's born and has his years come to him
In some rough desert.'

PAGE 76

Sir Robert Howard] The play from which this quotation comes is *The Vestal Virgin, or the Roman Ladies*.

PAGE 77

Ch—] The letters in this and the cases following are said to stand for [John] Ch[ambers], [Henry] Do[dwell] and [W. D.] Pl[umley].

Gresham] Sir Thomas Gresham, died 1579, founder of the Royal Exchange. Whittington is, of course, Richard Whittington, died 1423, three times lord mayor between 1397 and 1420.

Aquinas] St Thomas of Aquino, the great Dominican theologian of the thirteenth century. See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 251.

A fortnight] The second part of the essay, as originally arranged, began at this point.

Carthusian] The Carthusians were the strictest order of monks in western Europe. See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 274.

PAGE 78

before a fine picture] The passage may be compared with the contrast in *My Relations*, where James Elia is seen going off westwards to look at pictures, while his cousin goes eastwards to his daily work in the City (*Essays of Elia*, p. 118).

'Change time] Time for business at the Royal Exchange.

the Elgin marbles] The sculptures from the Parthenon at Athens, brought to England by Thomas Bruce, seventh earl of Elgin, and sold to the nation in 1816. They are in the British museum.

PAGE 79

the huge cantle] A reminiscence of Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. IV*, III, i, 99-100:

'And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.'

Lucretian pleasure] See Lucretius, *De Rerum Nat.* II, 1-4: 'Suave mari magno,' etc. The pleasure is to behold the ills from which we ourselves are free.

As low as to the fiends] See Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, II, ii, 518-9. *Opus operatum est]* The work is performed.

PAGE 80

THE GENTEEL STYLE IN WRITING

Originally published in *The New Monthly Magazine* for March 1826, as one of the *Popular Fallacies* (see p. 260 below), under the heading *That my Lord Shaftesbury and Sir William Temple are models of the Genteel Style in Writing*. The works referred to here are the *Characteristics* (1711) of Anthony Ashley Cooper, third earl of Shaftesbury (1671-1713), already mentioned in *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading* (see p. 37 above); and the *Miscellanea* (1680 and 1692) of the statesman and diplomatist sir William Temple (1628-99), the patron of Swift.

Shene] East Sheen in Surrey, between Richmond and Mortlake.

Nimeguen and the Hague] Temple was ambassador at the Hague, and was an envoy in 1679 to the conference at Nymegen, at which peace was signed between Louis XIV and the emperor.

Monsieur Pomponne] Simon Arnauld, marquis de Pomponne (1618-99): in 1671 he was Louis XIV's minister of foreign affairs.

PAGE 81

Robert Earl of Leicester] Robert Sidney, second earl of Leicester of the fifth creation, nephew of sir Philip Sidney and father of Algernon Sidney and of the lady celebrated by Waller as Sacharissa. He succeeded to the title in 1626, and died in 1677.

Countess of Desmond] Catharine, countess of Desmond, daughter of John Fitzgerald of the Decies, was the second wife of Thomas Fitzgerald, the twelfth earl. She was married after 1505 and died in 1604: her age, which was said to be 140, was probably exaggerated. There is a portrait of her in her old age at Knole park, Kent.

Old Prince Maurice of Nassau] Prince Maurice also told Temple (*Works*, 1814, ii, 284-6) a remarkable story of a talking parrot: 'I dare say,' says Temple, 'the Prince at least believed himself all he told me, having ever passed for a very honest and pious man.'

the Rainegrave] I.e. the Rheingraf, elector palatine.

PAGE 82

Gascony] Walter Pater, *Gaston de Latour*, p. 96, notes the prevalence of the peach in south-west France. 'After the reign of...apple-blossom and corn,' i.e. in the country round Chartres, 'it was that of peach-blossom and wine,' i.e. in Touraine and the south-western provinces.

Cosevelt] Koesfeld in Westphalia, about 25 miles west of Münster. The great prince-bishopric of Münster included a great part of Westphalia. The bishop at the time of Temple's visit in 1665 was Christoph-Bernard von Galen (1660-78).

Cowley] Cowley's fifth essay has for its subject *The Garden*, in a letter to John Evelyn, concluding with an ode.

PAGE 83

Me quoties reficit, &c.] See Horace, *Epp.* 1, xviii, 104-12. The 'Digentian stream' is the small river Digentia, now Licenza, which watered the valley near Tivoli in which Horace's farm was situated.

PAGE 84

a white staff] The official emblem of the lord high treasurer of England: the 'blue riband' is, of course, that of the Garter.

the controversy] Temple's essay on *Ancient and Modern Learning* and his defence of the epistles of Phalaris gave him the place, which he fills in Swift's *Battle of the Books*, of 'general of allies to the ancients' in this dispute.

the Gothic humours] The Gothic invasions of the fifth and sixth centuries were fatal to the Roman empire in the West.

PAGE 86

BARBARA S—

Published in *The London Magazine* for April 1825. The lady, whom Lamb states to have told him this story, was Ann Street, best known by the surname of her second husband, Spranger Barry (d. 1777), with whom she acted at Covent Garden and elsewhere. She retired from the stage in 1798, and died in 1801, aged 67. But the original story appears to have been told him by Fanny Kelly (see note below), and to have been carefully disguised by him in this form.

young Arthur] In *King John*, IV, i. The other reference is to *Richard III*, III, i.

PAGE 87

the 'Children in the Wood'] By Thomas Morton, died 1838. See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 311.

PAGE 88

Mrs Porter's Isabella] Mary Porter, the leading tragic actress of her day at her retirement from the stage in 1743: she died in 1765. Her career on the London stage extended over half-a-century. Isabella is the heroine of Thomas Southerne's *Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage*, the story of a supposed widow who marries again in ignorance of her previous husband's existence. The Little Son is her child by her first husband, Biron.

Miss Kelly] Frances Maria Kelly (1790-1882), one of the most attractive actresses of the early nineteenth century. Lamb offered her marriage in a letter which throws much light upon the nobility of his character: a sonnet addressed to her appeared in his *Works* (1818). She survived her retirement from the stage in 1835 by forty-seven years.

Mr Liston] John Liston, comedian. He acted in London, chiefly at Covent Garden, from 1805 to 1837, and died in 1846.

Mrs Charles Kemble] Marie Thérèse De Camp (1774-1838): she made her *début* at Drury Lane in 1786, and played in many Shakespearean and other parts. In 1806 she married Charles Kemble (1775-1854), the youngest brother of John Philip Kemble, and his successor in the management of Covent Garden. Their three distinguished children were the famous actress Fanny Kemble, the singer Adelaide Kemble (Mrs Sartoris), and the historian and archaeologist John Mitchell Kemble, the friend of Tennyson.

Macready] William Charles Macready (1793-1873), from 1819 to 1851 the leading tragedian of the English stage.

Mr Matthews] Charles Mathews the elder (1776-1835). See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 311. He collected a celebrated gallery of portraits of actors (see appendix to *Essays of Elia*). For his son, Charles James Mathews, see note on 'Vestris,' p. 222 above.

PAGE 89

Dodd, and Parsons, and Baddeley] See notes in *Essays of Elia*, pp. 309, 310. For Edwin, *ibid.* p. 315.

Diamond's] Tressel Dimond was manager of the theatre at Bath during the later part of the eighteenth century. He acted constantly at the theatre from about 1774 to 1795.

PAGE 92

Lady Randolph] The heroine of John Home's *Douglas* (1756). Mrs Siddons made her last appearance (1817) in this character.

PAGE 93

THE TOMBS IN THE ABBEY

The concluding portion of the *Letter of Elia to Robert Southey, Esquire*, published in *The London Magazine* for October 1823, and rewritten in its present form. Southey, in an article in *The Quarterly Review* upon the 'Progress of Infidelity,' had attacked Lamb's friends, Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt, and referred to the *Essays of Elia* as 'a book, which wants only a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it is original.' The quarrel was afterwards healed, and the selection from Lamb's letter was so revised as to be free from any trace of its earlier indignation. See appendix.

historified] Southey's *Book of the Church*, a history of the Church of England, was published in 1824.

your education at Westminster] Westminster school owes its present foundation to Henry VIII, but it is the survivor of the school which, at Westminster, as in almost every religious house, formed part of the almoner's department in the monastery.

PAGE 94.

Cathedral] A cathedral is a church which is the see or seat of a bishop, and contains his chair (*cathedra*). Westminster abbey became a cathedral in 1540, but the see came to an end with the translation of its first bishop, Thomas Thirlby, to Norwich in 1550.

PAGE 95

the tomb of Nelson] In the crypt of St Paul's. The great marble sarcophagus is that made by order of cardinal Wolsey for himself, and was brought from his tomb-house, the earlier St George's chapel (now the Albert memorial chapel) at Windsor.

PAGE 96

Major André] Hanged in 1780 by the Americans for his negotiations for the betrayal of West Point on the Hudson to the English. His monument by Van Gelder is in the south aisle of the nave at Westminster.

Peter's Pence] The annual tax levied by the popes on the nation, nominally a penny from every household, but commuted for an annual payment of a little over 300 marks. It was first exacted under the name of Rome-scot in the tenth century, and was abolished by Henry VIII. Lamb refers to the dedication of Westminster abbey to St Peter.

AMICUS REDIVIVUS

Published in *The London Magazine* for Dec. 1823. For Lamb's eccentric and scholarly friend, George Dyer (1755-1841), see *Oxford in the Vacation* and note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 252. The motto is from Milton, *Lycidas*, ll. 50, 51. *Amicus Redivivus* = the friend restored to life.

my cottage at Islington] No. 19, Colebrooke row, to which Lamb removed in 1823 from Russell street, Covent Garden, runs from the right-hand top of City road, near the Angel, to St Peter's street, Islington, nearly parallel to High street and Upper street, Islington.

the stream] The New river, then open, as it still is in Canonbury.

PAGE 97

his who bore Anchises] Aeneas.

MONOCULUS] The imaginary name alludes to the single eye possessed, as related below, by this practitioner.

truckled to the pedantry of a diploma] I.e. he has not condescended to obtain a diploma, a merely pedantic guarantee of qualification.

PAGE 98

Cannabis] Hemp. Lamb uses this periphrasis for suffocation, brought on by would-be suicides who have attempted to hang themselves.

extinctions] Modes of extinction, i.e. of the vital spark.

the grand repository] The New river waterworks in Spa fields, Clerkenwell. The Middleton's Head was an inn in the neighbourhood, called after sir Hugh Myddleton, who in 1613 supplied London with water by the construction of the New river from Great Amwell in Hertfordshire. Myddleton street and Myddleton square are in the neighbourhood.

a sad brown] a dark brown. 'Sad-coloured' was a very general old-fashioned term for the colour of stuffs which are not quite black.

dinged] Dingied, darkened.

PAGE 99

gelid] I.e. the gelid element, cold water.

Trumpington] Two miles south of Cambridge, close to the London road.

Pembroke] Dyer's college at Cambridge was actually Emmanuel.

PAGE 100

tremor cordis] Palpitation of the heart. Leontes, in Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, I, ii, 110, says :

'I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;

But not for joy; not joy.'

his good Sir Hugh] See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III, i, 11-25.

Waters of Sir Hugh Middleton] See note on 'the grand repository' above.

that Abyssinian traveller] James Bruce, the explorer of the sources of the Blue Nile, is evidently meant. The record of his African travels from 1769 to 1774 was published in 1790, when Lamb was fifteen. Lamb's exploration of the sources of the New river on a school holiday is again referred to in *Newspapers Thirty-Five Years Ago* (see pp. 113, 114 above).

the vales of Amwell] Great Amwell, near which is the principal spring of the New river, was not far from Widford (see notes on *Blakesmoor in H—shire*). The New river is connected by a feeder with the Lea at Broxbourne, and reaches London by way of Cheshunt, Enfield, Hornsey and Stoke Newington.

green Hertfordshire] Cf. the line quoted at the end of *My Relations* (*Essays of Elia*, p. 121).

benevolent hoary aspect] Dyer was twenty years Lamb's senior, and in 1823 was 68.

eternal novelty] I.e. the eternal name of New.

DYERIAN] The adjective is coined to bear a resemblance to 'Pierian,' an epithet applied to the muses, from Pieria in Thrace, an early seat of their worship.

And could such spacious virtue] From John Cleveland's elegy on Edward King (Milton's Lycidas): 'But can his spatious virtue,' etc. (Lucas).

imposthumed] Swollen.

PAGE 101

into Euripus with Aristotle] The Euripus was the strait between the mainland and Euboea, in which Aristotle is said to have drowned himself in despair at his inability to understand the secret of its tides.

dipper] Advocate of baptism by total immersion.

with Clarence in his dream] See Shakespeare, *Richard III*, I, iv.

Christian beginning to sink] In the river of Death, at the end of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The quotation in Bunyan has 'all *his* waves go over me.' It is a free version of Psalm lxix, 2.

Palinurus] The pilot of Aeneas, who was drowned in his sleep on the voyage to Italy from Carthage. See Vergil, *Aen.* v, ll. 835-71.

watchet] See note on p. 215 above.

constrained Lazari] Compelled to return, like Lazarus, from the dead.

bilking] Cheating.

Arion] The bard of Methymna in Lesbos, saved from a violent death at the hands of a ship's crew and from the alternative of drowning by the kind offices of a school of dolphins.

Machaon] The son of Asclepius, and doctor to the Greeks at the siege of Troy.

Dr Hawes] William Hawes (1736-1808), physician to the London dispensary and founder of the Royal Humane Society.

wharfs] A reminiscence of 'Lethe wharf' in Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I, v, 33.

the grim Feature] Death; Milton, *Par. Lost*, x, 279. See the description of the 'execrable shape' in *Par. Lost*, III, 666 sqq.

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Asphodel] The immortal flower of the Elysian fields.

scholiast] Commentator, writer of *scholia* or marginal notes on the classics.

Markland] Jeremiah Markland (1693-1776), fellow and tutor of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and classical scholar. Like Dyer and Lamb, he was an *alumnus* of Christ's hospital.

Tyrwhitt] Thomas Tyrwhitt (1730-86), fellow of Merton college, Oxford, and clerk of the house of Commons. He was an eminent classical scholar, but his chief fame rests upon his services to the text of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, his edition of which appeared in 1775.

the sweet lyrist] Thomas Gray (1716-71). Gray migrated from Peterhouse to Pembroke in 1756, owing to a practical joke arising out of his dread of a fire in college. From 1768 to 1771 he was Regius professor of modern history at Cambridge.

Askew] Anthony Askew (1722-74), M.D., of Emmanuel college, Cambridge, physician to Christ's hospital. He collected classical MSS, and wrote an unpublished work on Greek inscriptions. As the text implies, he was an early patron of Dyer.

SOME SONNETS OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY

Published in *The London Magazine* for Sept. 1823, and originally called *Defence of the Sonnets of Sir Philip Sydney*, forming no. 1 of a projected series of *Nugae Criticae* (Critical Trifles). 'Sydney' is Lamb's spelling throughout; 'Sidney' is now the usual form. The sonnets quoted from *Astrophel and Stella*, published in 1591, are in their order here nos. XXXI, XXXIX, XXIII, XXVII, XLI, LIII, LXIV, LXXIII, LXXIV, LXXV, CIII, LXXXIV. There are a few slight differences between Lamb's text and the original.

Milton] In *Eikonoklastes*, ch. i, Milton blames Charles I for using Pamela's prayer from the *Arcadia*, inserted in *Eikon Basilike*: 'a prayer stolen word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman praying to a heathen god; and that in no serious book, but the vain amatorious poem of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*; a book in that kind full of worth and wit, but among religious thoughts and duties not worthy to be named.'

a sort of after-tune] The sonnets, 108 in number, interspersed

with lyrics, composing *Astrophel and Stella*, were printed as a supplement to Sidney's prose romance, *Arcadia*, in the edition of 1598 and subsequent editions.

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the Masque at Ludlow Castle] *Comus*, written in 1634.

a later Sydney] Algernon Sidney, son of Robert, second earl of Leicester (see note on p. 233 above). He was implicated in the Rye house plot, as a well-known republican leader, and was executed in Dec. 1683.

His letter on the French match] Written in Nov. 1579, on behalf of the Puritan party at court, to warn Elizabeth against her projected marriage with the duc d'Alençon.

circum præcordia frigus] I.e. the cold about the heart-strings.

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the dear Author of the Schoolmistress] William Shenstone (1714-63). His *Pastoral Ballad in four parts* (1743) is referred to: *The Schoolmistress*, his best known work, written in Spenserian stanza, is not a love-poem.

Angelus unicuique] The lines *Ad Leonoram Romae canentem* among the short pieces at the end of Milton's book of Latin elegies. 'A winged angel from the heavenly orders (believe it, ye nations) has fallen for himself to each man's lot. What wonder, Leonora, if thine is greater glory? for thy very voice has the accent of a present God. Either God, or surely intelligence of the third heaven, leaving his place, winds in secret his active way through thy throat. He winds his active way, and teaches at his ease that mortal minds can become sensibly accustomed to immortal sound. But if God is indeed all things and is interfused through all things, in thee alone He speaks, in the rest He holds His peace.'

the pale Dian] The moon.

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sweet pillows] Sidney has 'smooth pillows.'

STELLA] Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of Walter, second earl of Essex: she married Robert, third baron Rich and afterwards earl of Warwick. She died in 1607.

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of both sides] Sidney's father was sir Henry Sidney of Penshurst, Kent: his mother was lady Mary Dudley, daughter of John, duke of Northumberland.

PAGE 108

O heav'nly Fool] The word 'fool' is used in affection, as Lear speaks of Cordelia in Shakespeare, *King Lear*, v, iii, 305: 'And my poor fool is hang'd!'

Aganippe] Sidney has 'Aganippe's.' The well of Aganippe, sacred to the muses, was at the foot of mount Helicon.

Tempe] The vale of Tempe in Thessaly between mounts Oeta and Olympus, through which the Peneus flows to the sea.

imp feathers] An imp=a graft. Hence 'to imp'=to graft new feathers on to a hawk's wing. Cf. Shakespeare, *Richard II*, I, ii, 292: 'Imp out our broken country's drooping wing.'

His sire's revenge] Edward IV became king of England after the defeat of the Lancastrians at Towton (1461), which was the revenge for his father's death at the battle of Wakefield (1460).

PAGE 109

Balance] Conciliation and diplomacy.

Floure-de-luce] Referring to Edward's invasion of France in 1475, nominally in concert with Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy. Louis XI made peace with Edward at Picquigny, near Amiens.

I saw thyself] This appears to be the best reading, but the later editions of *Astrophel and Stella* (e.g. the present editor's copy, in *Arcadia*, 10th ed. 1655) have 'I saw thee with full many a smiling line.'

beauty so divine] Sidney has 'beauties.'

those Æol's youth] I.e. the children of Æolus, the young winds.

More soft] Sidney has 'More oft.'

PAGE 110

Spenser] Spenser actually calls him, in the dedication of the *Shepherds Calendar*: 'the president Of Noblesse and of chivalrie.'

trampling horses' feet] See the twelfth sonnet above.

Sweet pillows] See note on this passage above.

a thin diet of dainty words] In the original form of this essay, Lamb added a note on the poems of Edward, second baron Thurlow. He quotes one of Thurlow's sonnets with the somewhat excessive praise that it 'for quiet sweetness, and unaffected morality, has scarcely its parallel in our language.' See appendix.

PAGE 111

W. H.] William Hazlitt. See Hazlitt's *Table-Talk*, Essay XVIII, on Milton's sonnets. 'Those of Sir Philip Sydney, who was a great transgressor in his way, turn sufficiently on himself and his own adventures; but they are elaborately quaint and intricate, and more like riddles than sonnets. They are "very tolerable and not to be endured."' See also *Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, no. VI, where the *Arcadia* is unmercifully dissected, and the sonnets termed 'jejune, far-fetched, and frigid' (see above), the twelfth sonnet quoted by Lamb being chosen for a special sneer.

opprobrious thing] Edward de Vere, seventeenth earl of Oxford, quarrelled with Sidney in 1579, and called him a puppy.

the epitaph] Two epitaphs, attributed to Sidney's friend lord Brooke (see below), occur at the end of the elegies on Sidney to which Spenser's *Astrophel* is an introduction.

Friend's Passion for his Astrophel] This elegy was written by Matthew Roydon, and is printed, with the other elegies of the series, among Spenser's works. The stanzas quoted are nos. 15-18, 26, 27.

Partheny] Mount Parthenius in Arcadia.

PAGE 112

eyne] Eyes.

or blame] The original elegy has 'nor blame.'

Lord Brooke's] Fulke Greville, first baron Brooke (1554-1628), the school-fellow at Shrewsbury, life-long friend and biographer of Sidney.

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NEWSPAPERS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

This essay was first printed in *The Englishman's Magazine* for October 1831, as no. 11 of a series entitled *Peter's Net*. No. 1, *Recollections of a late Royal Academician* (Sept. 1831) was not included in *The Last Essays of Elia*. The original title of the

present essay was *On the Total Defect of the Faculty of Imagination, observable in the works of modern British Artists*. Its treatment consists of a wilful digression from its proposed subject.

Dan Stuart] Daniel Stuart (1766–1846) became proprietor of *The Morning Post* in 1795 and of *The Courier* in 1796. Lamb wrote for him from 1802–4.

Somerset House] The Royal Academy and the learned societies which are now housed at Burlington house in Piccadilly, at this time occupied the east wing of Somerset house, facing the Strand. *The Morning Post* office is now in Wellington street, Strand, not far from its old site.

Perry] James Perry (1756–1821), editor of *The Morning Chronicle*.

With holy reverence] Mr Lucas notes that this phrase was identified by the late Mr W. J. Craig in William Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health*, book II.

Fired with a perusal] See notes on *Amicus Redivivus*, p. 238, above.

scaturient] Gushing.

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Bowes Farm] Bowes is on the road to Enfield, west of Edmonton, and near Bowes Park station on the Enfield branch of the Great Northern railway.

the Gnat] A poem called *Culex*, written in hexameters, which has been attributed to Vergil.

Samuel Johnson] This anecdote of Dr Johnson's youth is related by Boswell: 'It is told that, when a child of three years old, he chanced to tread upon a duckling, the eleventh of a brood, and killed it; upon which, it is said, he dictated to his mother the following epitaph:

"Here lies good master duck,
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had lived, it had been *good luck*,
For then we'd had an *odd one*."

Sixpence a joke] For a large number of these jokes, see Mr Lucas' *Life of Charles Lamb*, i, 216–8, 221–3.

PAGE 115

flower of Cytherea] The rose. Cytherea = Venus.

many waters] See Revelation xvii, 1.

Autolycus-like] See the servant's speech in Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, IV, iv, 199, 200.

arrided] Provoked laughter: see note in *Essays of Elia*, pp. 251, 252.

Astræa] The daughter of Zeus and Themis, who lived on earth during the golden age, and was, as the quotation (from Ovid, *Met.* I, 150) says, 'last of the heavenly ones to leave the earth.' She became the constellation Virgo.

PAGE 116

Man goeth forth] Psalm civ, 23.

no go-to-beds with the lamb] See *Popular Fallacies*, nos. XIV, xv, for a discussion of these proverbs.

constellated under Aquarius] I.e. Aquarius was not the planet which presided at our birth and determined our horoscope.

PAGE 117

Basilian] On the face of it, this is an allusion to the austerities of the eastern monks of the order of St Basil; but there can be little doubt that the teetotal enthusiasm of Lamb's friend Basil Montagu (see note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 253) is referred to.

Mount Ague] Not merely a reference to Basil Montagu, but an additional pun on the name of the collège de Montaigu, one of the old colleges affiliated to the university of Paris. The pun is carried further in the use of 'Capulets' for toppers who have not 'taken their degree at Mount Ague'—the Capulets being the hereditary opponents of the Montagues in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.

Bohea] Tèa, a corruption of Wu-i, the district of China from which this quality of tea comes.

as Virgil sings] See Vergil, *Aeneid* VI, 126-9:

'facilis descensus Averno;

noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;

sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,

hoc opus, hic labor est.'

'Easy is the descending to Avernus; night and day the gate of

black Dis stands open ; but to retrace the steps and to escape to the upper air, this is the work, this the labour.'

fractious operants] Complaining workmen.

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a scintillation] A spark. The best-known book of verse of the seventeenth-century poet Henry Vaughan is called *Silex Scintillans*, i.e. the flint giving forth sparks.

bursting him] See the story of *Bel and the Dragon* in the Apocrypha.

Bob Allen] See *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago* (*Essays of Elia*, p. 260).

PAGE 119

Parson Este] Charles Este, a clergyman, a writer for *The World*.

Topham] Edward Topham (1751-1820), founder of *The World* daily newspaper in 1787.

Boaden] James Boaden (1762-1839), editor of *The Oracle* from 1789. He was a Shakespearean scholar, to whom appears to be due the disputed identification of the 'Mr W. H.' of Shakespeare's sonnets with William Herbert, earl of Pembroke; and wrote biographies of actors and actresses, including Mrs Siddons.

PAGE 120

Astræan allusion] The absurd paragraph quoted by Lamb earlier in the essay.

the 'Bigod' of Elia] See *The Two Races of Men* (*Essays of Elia*, p. 261).

Lovell] Daniel Lovell (d. 1818), at a later date (1806-18) owned and edited *The Statesman*, an anti-ministerial journal. It is to this period, the period of the regency, that the incident recorded of him by Lamb belongs.

PAGE 121

the French Revolution] Lamb is writing of the year 1804.

some, who are accounted very good men now] Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, whose change from their earlier principles was never forgiven by such sturdy republicans as Hazlitt.

Mr Bayes] This indicates that the phrase comes in *The Rehearsal*, the second duke of Buckingham's witty attack on 'heroic plays'; but the editor has failed to find it there.

Sir J——s M——h] Sir James Mackintosh (1765–1832), barrister, historian and philosopher, appointed recorder of Bombay in 1804. His *Vindiciae Gallicae* had been written in defence of the French Revolution against Burke, but he subsequently came over to Burke's side of the case. Daniel Stuart was his brother-in-law.

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Citizen Stanhope] Charles, third earl Stanhope (1753–1816), famous for his republican sympathies.

It was about this time] Lamb reverts at the end of the essay, which is entirely a digression from its originally advertised subject, to the point at which he began.

BARRENNESS OF THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY IN THE PRODUCTIONS OF MODERN ART

Written as no. III of the series called *Peter's Net* (see note on previous essay) for *The Englishman's Magazine*, which ceased to exist before its publication. It appeared first in its present form in *The Athenaeum*, in four of the weekly numbers, 12 Jan.—2 Feb. 1833, under the title, *On the Total Defect of the Quality of Imagination observable in the Works of Modern British Artists* (cf. earlier title of previous essay); but a portion of it had already appeared in the weekly *Reflector* in Dec. 1832.

Hogarth excepted] As Hogarth died in 1764, and the present paragraph first saw the light in 1833, Hogarth can hardly be considered an exception to the painters of 'the last fifty years.'

PAGE 123

Titian] Tiziano Vecellio, the chief painter of the Venetian school, born 1477, died 1576. The Bacchus and Ariadne, which at once attracts the eye on entering the Venetian room in the National Gallery, was painted in 1514 for Alfonso I, duke of Ferrara. It was one of the 38 pictures in the Angerstein collection which formed the nucleus of the gallery.

born in fire] Dionysus (Bacchus) was the son of Zeus and Semele, the daughter of Cadmus. Zeus, at her prayer, appeared to her visibly, and she was burned by his lightnings.

the Cretan] Ariadne, daughter of Minos, king of Crete.

Guido] Guido Reni (1575-1642), painter of the Bolognese school. His Bacchus is in the Pitti palace at Florence.

Theseus] the lover of Ariadne, whom she had aided in his task of slaying the Minotaur. She left Crete with him, but was abandoned by him on the isle of Naxos.

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Raphael] Raffaello Sanzio, born at Urbino 1483, died 1520, trained under Perugino at Florence. His highest genius was displayed in his frescoes at the Vatican, and he became the founder of the Roman school of painting.

Somerset House] See note on p. 244, above.

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neoteric] A modern, one of the younger school. Mr Lucas thinks that Turner is meant.

Poussin] Nicolas Poussin, the great French painter of scriptural and mythological subjects, born at Les Andelys (Eure) in 1594, died at Rome in 1665.

still-climbing Hercules] See Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, iii, 340-1:

‘For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?’

Ternary] Trio. The three Hesperides were the guardians of the golden apples which Ge gave to Hera at her marriage with Zeus. The dragon was the companion of their watch. The obtaining of the apples was one of the labours of Hercules.

lidless eyes] From Coleridge, *Ode on the Departing Year*, l. 145: ‘lidless dragon-eyes.’ See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 314.

Ab extra] From the outside.

Watteauish] Antoine Watteau (1684-1721), a native of Valenciennes, was the chief master of the school of painters which indulged in painting the fashionable pastoral life of the courts of Louis XIV and XV. The Wallace collection in London is rich in pictures of this school.

Daughters three] Milton, *Comus*, ll. 982-3:

‘Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.’

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a modern artist] John Martin (1789-1854). ‘Belshazzar’s Feast’ was painted in 1821. His ‘Fall of Babylon,’ ‘Fall of Nineveh,’ ‘Last Judgment,’ etc., pictures containing multitudes of figures amid surroundings of vast architecture and vaguely colossal scenery, were immensely popular, and engravings from them had a very wide sale. His elder brother Jonathan is notorious as the madman who set fire to York minster in 1829; and John Martin’s pictures, with their nightmare setting, are not remarkable for their perfect sanity. Their artistic qualities met with characteristic denunciation from Ruskin.

the Pavilion] George IV’s Oriental villa at Brighton, built in 1784 under the direction of its owner, John Nash being the architect employed.

itself a tower] The silver salt-cellar, given by the city chamber of Exeter to Charles II in 1660, is a model of a rectangular tower or castle-keep with round turrets at the angles.

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Mrs Fitz-what’s-her-name] Maria Anne Fitzherbert, the morganatic wife of George IV, to whom she was married in 1785. At the time when this was written, she was still alive: she died in 1837.

Mr Farley] Charles Farley was manager of the Covent Garden pantomimes from 1806-34. See note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 315. The inauguration of the Pavilion took place before his time: he was at that date only a boy.

the Hall of Belus] Belus was the mythical founder of Babylon. His great tower, the tower of Babel, surrounded by its spiral inclined plane, is seen looming in the darkness of the background of Martin’s picture, the ‘Fall of Babylon.’

PAGE 128

Eliphaz] See Job iv, 13-16.

Daniel] See Daniel v.

Joseph] See Genesis xli.

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Veronese] Paolo Cagliari, known as Veronese (1528-88), one of the great painters of the Venetian school. His *Marriage of Cana* is in the *Salon carré* of the Louvre at Paris.

'day of lesser horrors'] No-one has identified this passage.

Michael Angelo] Michelangelo Buonarroti (1474-1564). The reference is to his *Last Judgment*, painted in fresco upon the west wall of the Sistine chapel in the Vatican.

PAGE 130

Pompeii] Destroyed in the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79.

Sun, stand thou still] Joshua x, 12: Lamb wrote 'Gibeah' where the original has 'Gibeon.'

obsequious] Obedient.

synchronic] Simultaneous: the ordinary adjective is 'synchronous.' Lamb appears to use the word in the sense of 'uniform in point of time.'

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dart through rank and file traverse] Adapted from Milton, *Par. Lost*, I, 567-9:

'He through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views.'

Angerstein's] John Julius Angerstein (1735-1823) acquired great wealth in various businesses and was a famous collector of pictures in his house in Pall Mall: see note on 'Titian,' p. 247, above. The *Raising of Lazarus*, by Sebastiano del Piombo (1485-1557), was painted in 1517-9, and is now no. 1 of the pictures in the National Gallery, among the paintings of the Venetian school.

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Julio Romano] Giulio Pippi, known as Romano (1492-1546), one of Raffaele's pupils. Shakespeare's allusion to him in *Winter's Tale*, v, ii, 106 ('that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape') is somewhat discounted by the fact that Shakespeare imagined him to be a sculptor.

Ovidian transformations] The *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

Raphael] The 'scriptural series' of paintings alluded to are the frescoes which cover the vaults of the *loggia* on the second floor of the west wing of buildings surrounding the Cortile di San Damaso in the Vatican. The architect of these buildings was Bramante: the paintings were executed by Raffaele's pupils after his directions.

PAGE 133

the Frenchmen] See Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, ch. xxi.

the Moses of Michael Angelo] This famous statue forms part of the uncompleted tomb of pope Julius II in San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome.

Cornuto] A horned man, used in the common sense of a cuckold.

Civita Vecchia] The sea-port of Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber.

the solitary but sufficient Three] Shem, Ham and Japhet.

Demiurgus] Literally a handicraftsman; here used in the sense of a creator.

those Vulcanian Three] The Cyclopes of Etna, whose smithy was in a cavern under the mountain. Argos, Steropes and Brontes are their names as given by Hesiod, *Theogonia* 140. Lamb was thinking of Vergil, *Aen.* VIII, 424-5. 'The Cyclopes were working iron in a vast cavern. Brontes and Steropes and Pyracmon naked of limb.' The names refer to Thunder, Lightning and the Strength of Fire.

Mongibello] The Sicilian name for Etna. Gibello = the Arabic *djebel*, a mountain, which is also found in Gibraltar (Djebel-el-Tarik).

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Plump Jack] See Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. IV*, II, iv, 527.

strange bed-fellows] Shakespeare, *Tempest* II, ii, 41-2: 'Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.'

Quixote] The quotation is from Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote*, part II, ch. lviii, in which Don Quixote, in a wood, finds 'himself entangled in nets of green thread, that were set from one tree to another.' The nets had been set to catch birds by two ladies attired like shepherdesses.

PAGE 135

fine frenzies] See Shakespeare, *Midsummer-Night's Dream* v, i, 12.

the abdicated king] Lear.

that unworthy nobleman] The duke whom, with his duchess, Don Quixote meets in part II, ch. xxx. A large portion of the second part is taken up with the tricks played upon him in their castle. Cervantes tells us that they had read the first part, and set themselves to 'follow his humour.'

the First Adventures] Miguel de Cervantes y Saavedra (1547-1616), who died in the same year as Shakespeare, published the first part of *Don Quixote* in 1605 and the second part in 1614.

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Guzman de Alfarache] A romance of the 'picaresque' type, written by Mateo Aleman, the first part being published in 1599, the second in 1605.

offering at one time] This appears to allude to *Don Quixote*, part II, ch. lx, where Sancho trips up and kneels upon his master in self-defence, to avoid being whipped for the disenchanting of Dulcinea.

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REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE

Published in *The London Magazine* for Jan. 1823, and signed 'Elia's Ghost.'

Domine] Schoolmaster, now usually spelt 'dominie.' It is the vocative of *dominus*, and is equivalent to 'sir'—a reminiscence of a period when *dominus* was the courtesy title of a priest, and chantry priests combined the duties of a schoolmaster with that of saying masses for the dead. Ash Wednesday is called a 'domine' here, because it is the first day of Lent, a season set apart for schooling the body in the interests of the soul.

Vigils] Eves of festivals.

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Moveables] Moveable feasts and fasts, which depend upon the date of Easter.

Lady Day] Scornful because of her title. Lady day is 25 March, the feast of the Annunciation.

Twelfth Day] 6 Jan., the feast of the Epiphany, whence the word 'Epiphanous' (=manifest, notable).

tiffany] A thin muslin, worn by persons taking part in Twelfth day amusements. The word is derived through the old French *tiffanie* from Theophania (=manifestation of God), an old name for the Epiphany, Latinised from the Greek *θεοφάνεια*. Theophania was used as a Christian name, the French Tiphaine.

Erra Pater] An old astrologer of uncertain identity. He is mentioned in *Hudibras*, part I, canto i:

'In Mathematicks he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater.'

to erect a scheme upon] I.e. to make out the diagram by which an astrologer determines a horoscope.

a Maypole siding a marrow-bone] The longest day set side by side with the shortest.

Lord Mayor's] 9 Nov., the day on which the lord mayor and sheriffs enter office, with a procession and banquet.

barons of beef] A baron is a double sirloin, the sirloin being a loin of beef dignified with the title of a knight by James I.

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dried ling] Salt fish appropriate to Lent.

left-hand neighbour] Lord Mayor's day.

Second of September] Pheasant and partridge-shooting begin on 1 September.

Last of Lent] Good Friday, as appears lower down. Actually, Lent does not end till mid-day on Easter even.

Thirtieth of January] The anniversary of the execution of Charles I, 30 Jan. 1648-9, which Roundheads were said to celebrate by dining off a calf's head.

incontinently] Immediately.

megrims] A megrim, Fr. *migraine*, is a headache on one side of the head: the word = *hemicranium*, i.e. half the skull.

Herodias' daughter] See St Matt. xiv, 6-11.

Restorative] The 29th of May was the anniversary of the restoration of Charles II (1660). The oak-apple, the symbol of the

day, alludes to the oak at Boscobel in Shropshire, in which Charles II was concealed after the battle of Worcester.

Twelfth of August] The birthday of king George IV, born in 1762. His official birthday was kept on 23 April, St George's day. Lamb contributed a whimsical letter to Hone's *Every-day Book* (1825) on this subject, under the title, *The Humble Petition of an Unfortunate Day*.

PAGE 140

rounded] Whispered.

bi-geny] The offence of being born twice: the word is formed by analogy from 'bigamy.'

Candlemas] 2 Feb., the feast of the Purification, when, in memory of the offerings of the blessed Virgin in the Temple, candles were brought to church and blessed.

burning daylight] Cf. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iv, 43: 'Come, we burn daylight, ho!'; and *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II, i, 54. The protest refers to the fact that after Candlemas the use of candles for purposes of light in churches usually ceased until the following All Saints' day (1 Nov.).

Washing] A reference to the ordinary title of the feast, the Purification.

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the cellar] Alluding to the cellar of the houses of parliament, in which Guy Fawkes and the gunpowder were discovered.

boutefeux] A linstock or stick with a burning wick at one end, used for setting fire to the touch-hole of a cannon.

mumchance] Silent.

the Greek Calends] The Calends, the first of each month, is a term peculiar to the Roman calendar. Thus the Greek Calends is equivalent to no date at all. The Latter Lammas is also an imaginary date: Lammas (Loaf-mass) day, the day of thanksgiving for the first-fruits of the corn, is 1 Aug., the feast of St Peter ad Vincula, sometimes called the gule (throat, i.e. head) of August.

'Miserere'] Psalm li, *Miserere mei, Deus*, one of the seven penitential psalms.

mumping] Melancholy.

Old Mortification] Ash Wednesday personified.

PAGE 142

Valentine's Day] 14 February.

Ember Days] The name has nothing to do, as Lamb seems to imagine, with fire. 'Ember' is the Old English *ymbren*, which appears to mean a period. The Ember days are days of fasting occurring at four seasons of the year, being the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent, Whitsunday, Holy Cross day (14 Sept.), and St Lucy's day (13 Dec.).

Septuagesima] The seventieth day before Easter: the name given to the first of the three Sundays between the Epiphany season and Ash Wednesday, marking the beginning of that variable portion of the Christian year whose dates are determined by that of Easter.

Rogation Day] The three Rogation days, or days of supplication, are those immediately preceding Ascension day. Lamb's pun in the word 'question' is rather far-fetched.

PAGE 143

Days before the Flood] This possibly refers to the reading of the opening chapters of Genesis in church on Septuagesima Sunday, in which the Prayer-book lectionary follows the custom of the medieval Church.

Eve of St Christopher] 24 July. This vigil is chosen by Lamb on account of the legend of St Christopher, who carried travellers on his shoulders across a river, and not because of any special observance or appropriateness of date.

On the bat's back] See Ariel's song in Shakespeare, *Tempest*, v. i, 91.

Penitentiaries] Penitential psalms.

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THE WEDDING

Published in *The London Magazine* for June 1825.

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déjeuné] Correctly *déjeuner*.

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Iphigenia] The daughter of Agamemnon, sacrificed at Aulis to ensure a favourable voyage to Troy for her father and the Greeks.

Saint Mildred's in the Poultry] The church of St Mildred, rebuilt by Wren in 1676, was pulled down in 1872, and the parish united to St Olave Jewry. Since the destruction of St Olave's in 1888, the parish has belonged to St Margaret's, Lothbury. The Poultry is the eastward continuation of Cheapside to the Bank of England. The rector at this time was the rev. Richard Crawley (1807-37).

PAGE 148

Miss T——s] Lamb originally gave the name in full as 'Turners.'

lighter colour] Originally there was a parenthesis here: 'a pea-green coat, for instance, like the bridegroom's.'

Pilpay] Sometimes called Bidpai, an Indian fabulist of uncertain date. The work which goes under his name is known as *Calilah and Dimnah*, the names of the two jackals who sustain leading parts in it.

PAGE 149

botargoes] A botargo (derived from an Arabic source through an Italian medium) is a sausage or cake made of the salted roes of the mullet or tunny.

As when a well-graced actor] See Shakespeare, *Rich. II.* v, ii, 23-5:

'As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him who enters next.'

PAGE 150

concordia discors] Harmony in discord; from Horace, *Epp.* i, xii, 19.

PAGE 151

Marvel] *Upon Appleton House*, l. 744:

'While her glad parents most rejoice
And make their destiny their choice.'

THE CHILD ANGEL

Published in *The London Magazine* for June 1823.

Loves of the Angels] This poem, by Thomas Moore, was published in 1823. It is a narrative founded upon the text in Genesis vi, upon which Byron founded his drama, *Heaven and Earth*.

PAGE 152

gossiping] I.e. a christening-feast. Gossips (god-sibs) are god-parents.

those by which the spheres are tutored] The legendary harmony made by the music of the spheres, each of which was supposed to utter a distinct note in its revolution and combine with the rest in perfect harmony.

PAGE 153

Ge-Urania] I.e. Earth-heavenly.

those Intuitive Essences] The angels, spirits whose knowledge is intuitive and needs no teaching.

Amphibium] A thing partaking of two species of life, in this case the earthly and the angelic. Marvell uses the word in *The Unfortunate Lover*, l. 40: 'The amphibium of life and death.'

PAGE 154

By the banks of the river Pison] The names were invented by Lamb for his fable, 'Adah' originally appearing as 'Mirzah.'

PAGE 155

A DEATH-BED

This letter was written in 1827, and printed with appropriate alterations in Hone's *Table Book*, vol. i, in the same year. The initials of the persons concerned are inverted. R. H. is H[enry Crabb] R[obinson] of B[ury St Edmunds], the diarist who has left invaluable records of the chief men of letters of his day. N. R. was R[andal] N[orris], sub-treasurer and librarian of the Inner Temple, alluded to as R. N. in *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple (Essays of Elia*, p. 133). The letter was omitted from the second edition of *The Last Essays of Elia* (1835), when *Confessions of a Drunkard* (see p. 269 below) took its place.

Jemmy] The original letter had 'Charley,' now altered to suit the name of James Elia.

B—] Originally 'the Temple.' Crabb Robinson, a native of Bury St Edmunds, was of the Middle Temple, and practised at the bar from 1813 to 1828. Born in 1775, the same year as Lamb, he lived till 1867. In the letter as printed, Lamb alters the allusions to the Temple into allusions to B—, an initial probably, as noted above, suggested by Bury St Edmunds.

PAGE 156

flat bottoms of our foes] The song is 'Hearts of Oak,' written by Garrick, with music by Dr Boyce. The passage referred to is:

'But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.'

—**shire]** Hertfordshire.

PAGE 157

OLD CHINA

Published in *The London Magazine* for March 1823.

the first play] See *My First Play* (*Essays of Elia*, p. 156).

PAGE 158

incidence] An angle of incidence is the angle made by a line perpendicular to any surface and the line made at the point where any moving object falls on the same surface.

dancing the hays] The hay or hays is an old country dance. See Suckling, *Farewell to Love*, where the lover, surrendering himself to disenchantment, says that the 'gum and glist'ning,' which are the artificial attractions of his mistress, look

'as if, that day

Snails there had crawl'd the hay.'

Cathay] The old name for China.

my cousin] Bridget Elia, i.e. Mary Lamb. See *Mackery End* (*Essays of Elia*, p. 121).

Hyson] A species of green tea from China. The Chinese words from which it is formed mean 'bright spring.'

speciosa miracula] Beauteous wonders, from Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, l. 144.

PAGE 159

Beaumont and Fletcher] The first folio edition of their plays (1647). The volume is now in the British Museum.

Islington] In 1799-1800 the Lambs lived at 36, Chapel street, Pentonville. This passage fixes the date of the purchase.

PAGE 160

corbeau] A phrase for a black suit, from French *corbeau*=a raven.

Colnaghi's] The famous print shop in Pall Mall East, founded by Paul Colnaghi (1751-1833), a native of Milan.

Izaak Walton] In *The Complete Angler*, the scenery of which belongs to the district, between London and Hertford, which is associated with these walks.

PAGE 161

Trout Hall] See *The Complete Angler*, part I, ch. ii: 'at Trout-hall...where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an angler that proves good company.' The inn is supposed to have been on the Lea, near Edmonton.

the Battle of Hexham] This play and *The Surrender of Calais* were both by George Colman the younger (Lucas).

Bannister and Mrs Bland] Lamb, in the essay *On Some of the Old Actors* (*Essays of Elia*, p. 225) refers to the acting of John Bannister (1778-1815) as Walter in this play. Maria Theresa Bland (*née* Romanzini) acted and sang at Drury Lane from 1789 to 1824. For *The Children in the Wood* see notes on p. 235 above and *Essays of Elia*, p. 311.

Rosalind...Viola] The heroines of Shakespeare's *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*.

PAGE 163

lusty brimmers] From Cotton's verses on *The New Year*, quoted by Lamb in *New Year's Eve*, where the phrase 'hearty, cheerful Mr Cotton' occurs:

'Then let us welcome the New Guest

With lusty brimmers of the best.'

See *Essays of Elia*, p. 51. The phrase 'coming guest' is from Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, sat. ii, l. 159.

shake the superflux] See note on 'superflux,' p. 262 below.

PAGE 164

fathom line] See Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. IV*, I, iii, 203-4.

R—] Rothschild. Nathan Meyer Rothschild, the founder of the great banking-house, died in 1836.

PAGE 165

POPULAR FALLACIES

Nos. I-IX were published in *The New Monthly Magazine* for Jan. 1826; nos. X and XII for March; no. XI for April; nos. XIII, XIV and XV for February; and no. XVI for September. See also notes on *The Sanity of True Genius* and *The Genteel Style in Writing* (pp. 229, 233 above).

I—THAT A BULLY IS ALWAYS A COWARD

The comic writers] Lamb was thinking of such scenes as the trouncing of Bobadill by Down-right in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, act IV, sc. v, or of Bessus by Lygones in Beaumont and Fletcher, *A King and no King*, act v, sc. i. The shaming of Parolles in Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV, iii, is another famous example of this ancient stage device.

huffing] Boasting, bragging.

Hickman] Lucas thinks that the person intended was Tom Hickman, one of the celebrated pugilists of the day. The Hickman of *Clarissa Harlowe* is the accepted lover of Clarissa's correspondent, Miss Howe, and an exemplary contrast to Clarissa's lover, Lovelace, of whom 'he gave his sentiments...with great freedom, but with all the politeness of a gentleman.'

Harapha] The Philistine giant in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, who is full of threats, but is afraid to attack Samson.

PAGE 166

Almanzor] The hero of Dryden's double play, *Almanzor and Almahide, or, the Conquest of Granada* (1672), 'a hero,' as described by Dryden, 'not absolutely perfect, but of an excessive and over-boiling courage,' whose most characteristic remark (part I, act I, sc. i) is 'The Moors have heaven, and me, to assist their cause.'

Tom Brown] A scurrilous but witty pamphleteer, born at Shifnal, Salop, in 1663, died 1704.

dimidiate] Halved.

II—THAT ILL-GOTTEN GAIN NEVER PROSPERS

rapine or chicanery] *Vi aut fraude*, by force or fraud, the old alternatives of the wrong-doer.

PAGE 167

III—THAT A MAN MUST NOT LAUGH AT HIS OWN JEST

esurient] Longing to eat.

quirk] Quip, witty remark.

the fine gentleman in Mandeville] I.e. in Bernard Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*.

PAGE 168

V—THAT THE POOR COPY THE VICES OF THE RICH

This is striking at the root of free-will] See *Articles of Religion*, IX, x.

implicit sheep] I.e. the proverb implies that the poor follow the rich, as a sheep follows the leaders of the flock.

PAGE 169

the staple] The market, the old and literal sense of the word.

casuist] A casuist is a moral theologian, whose ingenuity is exercised in solving moral difficulties, known as cases of conscience (*casus conscientiae*). The intellectual subtlety of the professional casuist has led to the adoption of the word 'casuistry' to signify the specious form of argument by which a logically weak case may be supported. Cf. Browning, *Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha*, st. XVII :

'a tissue

Fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar's

Worked on the bone of a lie.'

PAGE 170

VI—THAT ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST

regale] A rich repast.

cold-scrag-of-mutton sophism] I.e. a false argument invented by somebody to persuade himself that he was satisfied with a cold scrag of mutton.

superflux] Surplus: literally, overflow. The word is used by Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III, iii, 35:

‘Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.’

PAGE 171

metonymy] Metonymy (*μετωνυμία*, i.e. change of name) is the rhetorical use of one word to signify another, e.g. of an attribute of a thing instead of the thing itself. An individual example of metonymy is a metonym, distinct from a synonym, which applies to a case in which one word is substituted for another of precisely the same meaning.

VII—OF TWO DISPUTANTS, THE WARMEST IS GENERALLY IN THE WRONG

PAGE 172

Titubus] An imaginary name, formed from the Latin *titubare* (to stagger, and hence to hesitate, falter), and referring to the law-stationer’s infirmity of stammering.

VIII—THAT VERBAL ALLUSIONS ARE NOT WIT, BECAUSE THEY WILL NOT BEAR A TRANSLATION

PAGE 173

Senator urbanus] An attempt at a Latin translation of alderman. *Curruca*, the hedge-sparrow that hatches the cuckoo’s eggs, comes from the sixth satire of Juvenal, and is here suggested as a Latin proper name for a cuckold, faintly suitable to a Terentian comedy.

The Virgilian harmony] I.e. the harmony of words characteristic of Vergil.

the double endings in Hudibras] E.g. in part I, canto ii:

‘An ancient castle, that commands
Th’ adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You shall not see one stone nor a brick.’

the old monkish doggre] Double rhymes, to which the Latin language lends itself, are used in medieval Latin poetry with great

skill, and often in sacred verse with great majesty. Lamb was probably alluding especially to the satiric and political Latin verse of the middle ages, in which a rhyming couplet, each line consisting of six trochees (—) with a weak ending or half-foot, was employed, e.g. *Carmen de Bello Lewensi*, ll. 417-8 :

‘Cui comparabitur nobilis Edwardus?

Forte nominabitur recte leopardus.’

The lines of *Hudibras* with double endings are nine-syllabled, and the feet are iambs (—).

Dennis] John Dennis (1657-1734), an acute but irritable critic, who roused the anger of Pope. He objected to the habit of punning, in the correspondence which passed between him, Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve and another. The couplet referred to is in *Hudibras*, part I, canto i :

‘And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,

Was beat with fist, instead of a stick.’

IX—THAT THE WORST PUNS ARE THE BEST

an antic] A clown, buffoon. Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry V*, III, ii, 32 : ‘three such antics do not amount to a man.’

PAGE 174

ambages] Windings, intricacies : a Latin word derived from *ambi-agere*, i.e. to lead around. Cf. the adjective ‘ambiguous.’

a Robin Hood’s shot] For the famous archery of Robin Hood, see the ballad of *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*, printed in Percy’s *Reliques* :

‘The second shoote had the wightye yeman,

He shote within the garlände :

But Robin he shott far better than hee,

For he clave the good pricke wande.’

Swift’s Miscellanies] The story which follows, as well as that of the Mantua and Cremona pun, will be found in *The Art of Punning*, by Swift and Dr Thomas Sheridan. Lamb tells the story of the hare with circumstances which are not actually in the original.

PAGE 175

the cold quibble from Virgil] In the first form of this essay the allusion was explained by adding after the words ‘bi-verbal allusion’ the following : ‘applied by Swift to a lady’s dress, or mantua (as it was then termed) coming in contact with one of those fiddles

called Cremonas.' The line 'Mantua vae miserae nimium vicina Cremonae'—i.e. Ah! Mantua, too near neighbour to hapless Cremona, occurs in Vergil, *Eclogue* IX, 28, and was applied by him to his birthplace Mantua, the lands of which were partly included in the confiscation of the lands of Cremona for Augustus' soldiery. In *The Art of Punning* the story is told of Swift himself.

PAGE 176

X—THAT HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES

Mrs Conrady] Who this lady was, or whether she existed at all, is not known. If she existed, it must have been under another name, one would think.

Plotinus] The Neo-Platonic philosopher whom Lamb, in *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago*, mentions as a favourite of Coleridge. He was an Egyptian, born in 205, and died near Minturnae in 269–70. His 54 books of philosophy were edited by his pupil Porphyry and published in six Enneads or sets of nine. His cardinal doctrine was that the soul was an emanation from God, but, imprisoned by sense, had forgotten its origin and stood in need of a new birth or process of regeneration which was to be achieved by a mystical discipline of the intellect.

PAGE 177

divine Spenser] In the *Fower Hymnes, An Hymne in Honour of Beautie*, st. 19.

Yet oft it falls] *Ibid.*, st. 21. 'Perform'd' in the last line of Lamb's quotation makes no sense: Spenser wrote 'deform'd.'

anima] The spirit, the vital principle of the soul.

PAGE 178

Apelles] See note on p. 221 above.

PAGE 179

XI—THAT WE MUST NOT LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN
THE MOUTH

dental inquiries] Dental, because we look into a horse's mouth to find out its age by its teeth.

Rozinante] Don Quixote's horse, properly Rocinante from Spanish *rocin* = a hack.

PAGE 180

Eclipse or Lightfoot] Names appropriate to race-horses.

Mitis] A name formed, like Titubus (see note on p. 262 above), from the characteristic quality of the person alluded to : the Latin *mitis* = gentle, soft.

flour] Printed 'flower' in the original editions.

PAGE 181

plump corpusculum] An unidentified quotation.

concorporate] I.e. to make him part of our own body.

unitive] Lamb probably took the word from Jeremy Taylor.

certain restrictive regulations] The game laws. Poaching was made a felony in 1817 by the act of 57 George III, c. 90, which was superseded by the more stringent act of 9 George IV, c. 69, § 1.

PAGE 182

sensible] I.e. that may be felt, concrete, as opposed to the 'airy tokens' alluded to in the sequel.

kickshaws] Trifles, an English version of the French *quelques-chores*.

XII—THAT HOME IS HOME THOUGH IT IS NEVER
SO HOMELY

speak to] I.e. speak of, address ourselves to. Used again below: 'speak a little to politics.'

pittance] Allowance, now used almost exclusively of money.

PAGE 184

a babe is fed with milk and praise] 'A child is fed with milk and praise' is from *The First Tooth* in Charles and Mary Lamb's *Poetry for Children*.

PAGE 185

the position of our lodging] Lamb was living at this time at Colebrooke Cottage, Islington. See notes on *Amicus Redivivus*, p. 237 above.

PAGE 186

sleep of the day] In the original (1826) followed this passage : 'O the comfort of sitting down heartily to an old folio, and thinking surely that the next hour or two will be your own—and

the misery of being defeated by the useless call of somebody, who is come to tell you that he is just come from hearing Mr Irving ! What is that to you ? Let him go home, and digest what the good man said to him. You are at your chapel, in your oratory.' When Lamb wrote, Edward Irving was attracting large audiences at Hatton Garden chapel. At the time when this essay was included in *The Last Essays of Elia*, Irving was no longer in London, but was in Scotland and had founded the Catholic Apostolic church : in 1833, when the *Last Essays* were published, his troubles with the presbytery had come to their climax, and he had suffered deprivation.

concoct] Digest.

sapor] Savour. Cf. note on *Essays of Elia*, p. 307.

PAGE 187

Dante's lovers] Paolo Malatesta and Francesca da Rimini, in the famous passage, *Inferno* v, 136-8 :

'La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante.

Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse.

Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.'

I.e. 'He kissed my lips all trembling. The book was our Galahad [who played the part of go-between in the old tale of Lancelot and Guinevere, the book which brought the lovers together] and he who wrote it. That day we read therein no further.'

worthy Bishop Taylor] The passage is in *A Discourse of... Friendship*.

XIII—THAT YOU MUST LOVE ME, AND LOVE MY DOG

PAGE 189

where Swift commenced author] See Johnson, *Life of Swift* : 'Swift began early to think, or to hope, that he was a poet, and wrote Pindaric odes to Temple, to the king, and to the Athenian society, a knot of obscure men, who published a periodical pamphlet of answers to questions, sent, or supposed to be sent, by letters. I have been told that Dryden, having perused these verses, said, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet" ; and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden.'

procerity] Tallness.

Sempronia] Lamb, as in others of this series of *Fallacies*, invents imaginary characters, after the manner of Horace, as imitated by the poets and essayists of the eighteenth century.

PAGE 190

superflux] See note on p. 262 above.

canicular probations] I.e. forms of trial in the shape of a dog. Lamb says that it is well if the relations or friends whom your friends expect you to endure are as comparatively harmless as dogs, but it is a different thing when they are like tigers or vipers.

Scylla] According to the most famous tradition of a personal appearance which in any case was eccentric, Scylla was transformed into a shape which, retaining the upper part of its beauty, ended in the tail of a fish or serpent, surrounded by barking dogs.

Merry] Robert Merry (1755-98), a poetaster, who, living in Florence from 1784-7, became a member of the Accademia della Crusca, the literary society which had as its object the preservation of the purity of the Tuscan or classical form of Italian. Under the name of Della Crusca, he became the head of a small mutual admiration society of writers of mawkish verse, who owe such fame as they possess to Gifford's satires, *The Baviad* and *Maeviad*.

PAGE 191

killed the flock of all affections else] Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, I, i, 36:

'How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her.'

Buffa] Comic actress in light opera.

PAGE 192

Signor Delpini] Carlo Antonio Delpini (d. 1828), actor in pantomime at Drury Lane and other theatres, and manager of the scenery at the opera.

Miss Brunton] Elizabeth Brunton, an American actress. Merry went to America in 1796 and died two years later.

XIV—THAT WE SHOULD RISE WITH THE LARK

This *Fallacy* is a sustained example of Lamb's debt in style to Sir Thomas Browne, whose accent he catches here with something more than imitation.

Christmas solstice] Probably written in Jan. 1826.

PAGE 193

Persic] The Persians were sun-worshippers. In *New Year's Eve* (see *Essays of Elia*, p. 49), Lamb professed to 'hold with the Persian' in his preference of the sun to 'Phœbus' sickly sister.'
his image] Sleep.

PAGE 194

that Imperial forgetter] Nebuchadnezzar (Daniel ii).

PAGE 195

**XV—THAT WE SHOULD LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB
 long sixes]** Long candles, sold six in a bunch.

PAGE 196

right mare's milk] Right=good, sound.

in fresco] Fresco is literally 'cool.' Hence it is used to mean 'a cool state of air,' and is here used in the sense of 'dusk, obscurity.'

Sherries] The old form of sherry=Xeres, from the place of its origin, Jerez de la Frontera.

the olfactories] The sense of smell.

Phœbus] Apollo, the personification of the sun, was the god of poetry.

PAGE 197

Things that were born] From the *Apologetical Dialogue* which concludes Ben Jonson's *Poetaster* (Lucas).

the true turning and filing] Adapted from Ben Jonson's lines on Shakespeare: 'In his well torned and true filed lines.'

Milton's Morning Hymn] *Par. Lost*, v, 153-208: 'These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,' etc.

Taylor] See Jeremy Taylor, *Holy Dying*, ch. i, sect. 3: 'But as when the sun approaching towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by-and-by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil,

because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life.'

blessing the doors] Milton, *Il Penseroso*, ll. 83-4:

'the bell-man's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.'

XVI—THAT A SULKY TEMPER IS A MISFORTUNE

We can speak a little to it] See note on p. 265 above.

PAGE 198

a Caius or a Titius] See note on 'Sempronia,' p. 266 above, and cf. no. XI above (pp. 181, 182).

we sing not to the profane] Cf. Horace, *Carm.* III, i, 1-4.

that mysterious book in the Apocalypse] See Revelation x, 9, 10. Cf. note on *Essays of Elia*, p. 269.

PAGE 200

Arabia Stony] Arabia Petraea was the Roman name for the rocky portion of northern Arabia which includes the Sinaitic peninsula and had its capital at the rock-city of Petra.

PAGE 201

Qui se credebat] Horace, *Epp.* II, ii, 129-30. '[There was one, not ignoble, at Argos], who, sitting happily and applauding in the empty theatre, believed that he was listening to wondrous tragedians.'

Pol me occidistis] *Ibid.*, ll. 138-40. '[When he returned to himself], "Egad, my friends," said he, "you have killed me, not cured me, by thus snatching away my pleasure and forcibly robbing me of the delightful vagary of my brain."'

CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD

This essay, originally published in *The Philanthropist* (Jan. 1813), appeared in *The London Magazine* for Aug. 1822, and was included only in the second edition of *The Last Essays of Elia* (1835), in which it took the place of *A Death-Bed* (see p. 257 above). For a discussion of the extent to which it is autobiographical, see Mr Lucas' *Life of Charles Lamb*, ch. XXVIII.

Dehortations from] I.e. exhortations against.

PAGE 202

commenced sot] 'Commenced' is used in the old sense of 'taken a degree,' as a bachelor of arts, when his degree is conferred, is said to 'commence bachelor.'

PAGE 203

myself] There can be very little doubt that Lamb, although not the most sober of authors, used his imagination to a large extent in this essay, and that it was intended to be a picture of an extreme to which he conceived that he *might* be led, not an extreme to which he *was* led. It is hardly possible that, after ten years, he would have taken the trouble to re-publish it, at the height of the popularity of *Elia*, if he had any idea that it would be taken literally; and the passion for writing tracts was foreign to his nature. It should be remembered that De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* had been published during the previous year (1821) in the same magazine; and it is not unlikely that Lamb revived his old essay in a half-whimsical spirit, as a contrast in autobiography to De Quincey's unashamed and highly imaginative revelations.

agonistic] Athletic, champion.

PAGE 204

Twelve years ago] This refers to 1813. Lamb looked back to 1801, soon after which time he began his short career as a newspaper writer under Stuart and Fenwick. See *Newspapers Thirty-Five Years Ago*, which contains a mention of convivial evenings and morning headaches (p. 116 above).

nervous impediment] Lamb's natural stammer. It is quite in Lamb's manner to build up a fiction upon a foundation of truth.

PAGE 206

seven worse than himself] See St Matt. xii, 45; St Luke xi, 26.
until they come] I.e. until they become.

PAGE 207

Adams] Parson Abraham Adams, the amiable and learned eccentric of Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*. See notes in *Essays of Elia*, pp. 272, 273.

that delicate room] The parlour in Charles Cotton's fishing-house in Beresford dale, between Derbyshire and Staffordshire. See *The Complete Angler*, part II, ch. iii: 'whilst I am taking a pipe of tobacco, which is always my breakfast.'

Correggio] Antonio Allegri (1494-1534), called Correggio from his birthplace, Correggi in the duchy of Modena. His most famous paintings are in the gallery and churches of Parma. The original of Lamb's picture is in the Louvre at Paris.

PAGE 208

Sybaritic] Luxurious, an adjective formed from the name of the city of Sybaris in southern Italy, the inhabitants of which were remarkable for their wealth and extravagance.

body of the death] Romans vii, 24.

and not undo 'em] Mr Lucas identifies this from Cyril Tourneur, *The Revenger's Tragedy*, act III, sc. v.

PAGE 210

Evil is so far his good] See Milton, *Par. Lost*, IV, 110, 'Evil, be thou my good.'

APPENDIX

PASSAGES OMITTED FROM THE COLLECTED EDITION OF THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA

PAGE 1

In *The London Magazine* (January 1823) the present preface was entitled *A Character of the late Elia by a Friend*, and began thus:

This gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, hath at length paid his final tribute to nature. He just lived long enough (it was what he wished) to see his papers collected into a volume. The pages of the LONDON MAGAZINE will henceforth know him no more.

Exactly at twelve last night his queer spirit departed, and the bells of Saint Bride's rang him out with the old year. The mournful vibrations were caught in the dining-room of his friends T. and H. ; and the company, assembled there to welcome in another First of January, checked their carousals in mid-mirth and were silent. Janus wept. The gentle P——r, in a whisper, signified his intention of devoting an Elegy; and Allan C——, nobly forgetful of his countrymen's wrongs, vowed a Memoir to his *manes*, full and friendly as a Tale of Lyddalcross.

The paragraph 'To say truth,' etc., follows. T. and H. are Taylor and Hessey, the publishers of *The London Magazine* at 93, Fleet street: their address explains the allusion to the bells of St Bride's. Janus was Thomas Griffiths Wainewright (1794-1852), who wrote art critiques for the magazine under the *nom de plume* of Janus Weathercock: he left behind him a sinister reputation as forger and poisoner. P——r is the poet Bryan Waller Procter

(1787-1874), who wrote under the name of Barry Cornwall (see note in *Essays of Elia*, p. 285). Allan Cunningham (1784-1842) had contributed *The Twelve Tales of Lyddal Cross* to the magazine during the previous year.

PAGE 5

After 'some of his writings' the essay concluded thus :

He left little property behind him. Of course, the little that is left (chiefly in India bonds) devolves upon his cousin Bridget. A few critical dissertations were found in his escritoire, which have been handed over to the Editor of this Magazine, in which it is to be hoped they will shortly appear, retaining his accustomed signature.

He has himself not obscurely hinted that his employment lay in a public office. The gentlemen in the Export department of the East India House will forgive me, if I acknowledge the readiness with which they assisted me in the retrieval of his few manuscripts. They pointed out in a most obliging manner the desk, at which he had been planted for forty years ; showed me ponderous tomes of figures, in his own remarkably neat hand, which, more properly than his few printed tracts, might be called his 'Works.' They seemed affectionate to his memory, and universally commended his expertness in book-keeping. It seems he was the inventor of some ledger, which should combine the precision and certainty of the Italian double entry (I think they called it) with the brevity and facility of some newer German system—but I am not able to appreciate the worth of the discovery. I have often heard him express a warm regard for his associates in office, and how fortunate he considered himself in having his lot thrown in amongst them. There is more sense, more discourse, more shrewdness, and even talent, among these clerks (he would say) than in twice the number of authors by profession that I have conversed with. He would brighten up sometimes upon the 'old days of the India House,' when he consorted with Woodroffe and Wissett, and Peter Corbet (a descendant and worthy representative, bating the point of sanctity, of old facetious Bishop Corbet), and Hoole who translated Tasso, and Bartlemy Brown whose father (God assoil him therefore) modernised Walton—and sly, warm-hearted old Jack Cole

(King Cole they called him in those days) and Campe, and Fombelle—and a world of choice spirits, more than I can remember to name, who associated in those days with Jack Burrell (the *bon vivant* of the South Sea House), and little Eyton (said to be a *facsimile* of Pope—he was a miniature of a gentleman) that was cashier under him, and Dan Voight of the Custom House that left the famous library.

Well, Elia is gone—for aught I know, to be reunited with them—and these poor traces of his pen are all we have to show for it. How little survives of the wordiest authors! Of all they said or did in their lifetime, a few glittering words only! His Essays found some favourers, as they appeared separately. They shuffled their way in the crowd well enough singly; how they will *read*, now they are brought together, is a question for the publishers, who have thus ventured to draw out into one piece his 'weaved-up follies.'

'PHIL-ELIA.'

Most of the names in the passage are now forgotten. Bridget is Bridget Elia, i.e. Mary Lamb: see *Mackery End* (*Essays of Elia*, pp. 121-4) and the essay on *Old China* in the present volume. For the allusion to Lamb's 'works,' cf. *The Superannuated Man*, p. 77 above. Bishop Corbet was the poet Richard Corbet, dean of Christ Church, Oxford, 1620-8, consecrated bishop of Oxford 19 Oct. 1628, translated to Norwich 1632, died 28 July 1635: Aubrey (*Brief Lives*, ed. Clark, 1898, i, 183-8) has anecdotes of his facetiousness, which Lamb probably remembered. John Hoole (1727-1803) was principal auditor at the India house: he translated Tasso (1763) and the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto (1783). Mr Lucas notes that the moderniser of Walton was Moses Browne (1704-87), author of *Piscatory Eclogues* (1729) and editor of *The Complete Angler* (1750). 'Weaved-up follies' is from Shakespeare, *Richard II*, IV, i, 228-9: 'Must I do so? and must I ravel out My weaved-up folly?'

PAGE 11

After 'Mildred Elia, I take it,' the following passage was printed in the original essay:

From her, and from my passion for her—for I first learned love from a picture—Bridget took the hint of those pretty whimsical lines, which thou mayst see, if haply thou hast never seen them, Reader, in the margin. But my Mildred grew not old, like the imaginary Helen.

In a foot-note were added these lines by Mary Lamb, first printed at the end of Lamb's play, *John Woodvil* (1802):

'High-born Helen, round your dwelling,
These twenty years I've paced in vain:
Haughty beauty, thy lover's duty
Hath been to glory in his pain.

'High-born Helen, proudly telling
Stories of thy cold disdain;
I starve, I die, now you comply,
And I no longer can complain.

'These twenty years I've lived on tears,
Dwelling for ever on a frown;
On sighs I've fed, your scorn my bread;
I perish now you kind are grown.

'Can I, who loved my beloved
But for the scorn "was in her eye,"
Can I be moved for my beloved,
When she returns me sigh for sigh?

'In stately pride, by my bedside,
High-born Helen's portrait hung;
Deaf to my praise, my mournful lays
Are nightly to the portrait sung.

'To that I weep, nor ever sleep,
Complaining all night long to her.—
Helen, grown old, no longer cold,
Said—"you to all men I prefer."

The original version of the poem, in the last stanza but one, reads 'portrait's hung.' There are other slight variations of type and punctuation.

PAGE 43

After 'the five points' came in the original the following paragraph:

I was once amused—there is a pleasure in *affecting* affectation—at the indignation of a crowd that was justling in with me at the pit-door of Covent Garden theatre, to have

a sight of Master Betty—then at once in his dawn and his meridian—in *Hamlet*. I had been invited quite unexpectedly to join a party, whom I met near the door of the playhouse, and I happened to have in my hand a large octavo of Johnson and Steevens's Shakspeare, which, the time not admitting of my carrying it home, of course went with me to the theatre. Just in the very heat and pressure of the doors opening—the *rush*, as they term it—I deliberately held the volume over my head, open at the scene in which the young Roscius had been most cried up, and quietly read by the lamp-light. The clamour became universal. 'The affectation of the fellow,' cried one. 'Look at that gentleman *reading*, papa,' squeaked a young lady, who in her admiration of the novelty almost forgot her fears. I read on. 'He ought to have his book knocked out of his hand,' exclaimed a pursy cit, whose arms were too fast pinioned to his side to suffer him to execute his kind intention. Still I read on—and, till the time came to pay my money, kept as unmoved, as Saint Antony at his Holy Offices, with the satyrs, apes, and hobgoblins, mopping, and making mouths at him, in the picture, while the good man sits undisturbed at the sight, as if he were the sole tenant of the desert.—The individual rabble (I recognised more than one of their ugly faces) had damned a slight piece of mine but a few nights before, and I was determined the culprits should not a second time put me out of countenance.

William Henry West Betty (1791–1874) created a sensation by his acting at provincial theatres in 1803, and appeared at Covent Garden for the first time on 1 Dec. 1804, at a salary of £50 a night. His first part was Achmet in *Barbarossa*, an adaptation of Voltaire's *Mérope*. His fame as the 'young Roscius' hardly survived a second season in London. Lamb's 'slight piece' was the two-act farce *Mr H—*, which was produced at Drury Lane in Dec. 1806, with Elliston in the title-rôle, and was a failure. Its appearance was actually two years later than the short-lived mania for Master Betty's acting.

PAGE 71

The original foot-note to the words 'unbending and recreation' runs thus:

Our ancestors, the noble old Puritans of Cromwell's day, could distinguish between a day of religious rest and a day of recreation; and while they exacted a rigorous abstinence from all amusements (even to the walking out of nursery maids with their little charges in the fields) upon the Sabbath; in the lieu of the superstitious observance of the Saints' days, which they abrogated, they humanely gave to the apprentices and poorer sort of people every alternate Thursday for a day of entire sport and recreation. A strain of piety and policy to be commended above the profane mockery of the Stuarts and their Book of Sports.

PAGE 79

After 'and what is it all for?' the essay originally continued thus:

I recite those verses of Cowley, which so mightily agree with my constitution.

Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts to shake off innocence:
Business! the grave impertinence:
Business! the thing which I of all things hate:
Business! the contradiction of my fate.

Or I repeat my own lines, written in my Clerk state:—

Who first invented work—and bound the free
And holyday-rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of business, in the green fields, and the town—
To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh! most sad,
To this dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood?
Who but the Being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel—
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—
In that red realm from whence are no returnings;
Where toiling, and turmoiling, ever and aye
He, and his thoughts keep pensive worky-day!

O this divine Leisure !—Reader, if thou art furnished with the old series of the London, turn incontinently to the third volume (page 367), and you will see my present condition there touched in a ‘Wish’ by a daintier pen than I can pretend to. I subscribe to that Sonnet *toto corde*.

The essay proceeded ‘A man can never,’ etc., as in the text. The lines from Cowley are from *The Complaint*, st. 2: they are from the speech of the Muse to Cowley, and, where Lamb has ‘my fate’ in the last line, the original has ‘thy fate.’ Lamb’s own sonnet, called *Work* in the collected editions of his poems, was printed in *The Examiner* during June 1821. The other sonnet, later called *Leisure*, was written, as may be inferred from Elia’s allusion to it, by Lamb himself, and was printed in *The London Magazine* for April 1821. The first line is, ‘They talk of Time, and of Time’s galling yoke.’

PAGE 93

The original *Letter of Elia to Robert Southey*, of which *The Tombs in the Abbey* forms a part, is as follows:

SIR,—You have done me an unfriendly office, without perhaps much considering what you were doing. You have given an ill name to my poor Lucubrations. In a recent Paper on Infidelity, you usher in a conditional commendation of them with an exception; which, preceding the encomium, and taking up nearly the same space with it, must impress your readers with the notion, that the objectionable parts in them are at least equal in quantity to the pardonable. The censure is in fact the criticism; the praise—a concession merely. Exceptions usually follow, to qualify praise or blame. But there stands your reproof, in the very front of your notice, in ugly characters, like some bugbear, to frighten all good Christians from purchasing. Through you I am become an object of suspicion to preceptors of youth, and fathers of families. ‘*A book, which wants only a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it is original.*’ With no further explanation, what must your readers conjecture, but that my little volume is some vehicle for heresy or infidelity? The quotation, which you honour me by subjoining, oddly enough, is of a character, which bespeaks a temperament in the writer

the very reverse of *that* your reproof goes to insinuate. Had you been taxing me with superstition, the passage would have been pertinent to the censure. Was it worth your while to go so far out of your way to affront the feelings of an old friend, and commit yourself by an irrelevant quotation, for the pleasure of reflecting upon a poor child, an exile at Genoa?

I am at a loss what particular Essay you had in view (if my poor ramblings amount to that appellation) when you were in such a hurry to thrust in your objection, like bad news, foremost.—Perhaps the paper on ‘Saying Graces’ was the obnoxious feature. I have endeavoured there to rescue a voluntary duty—good in place, but never, as I remember, literally commanded—from the charge of an undecent formality. Rightly taken, Sir, that paper was not against Graces, but Want of Grace; not against the ceremony, but the carelessness and slovenliness so often observed in the performance of it.

Or was it *that* on the ‘New Year’—in which I have described the feelings of the merely natural man, on a consideration of the amazing change, which is supposable to take place on our removal from this fleshly scene?—If men would honestly confess their misgivings (which few men will) there are times when the strongest Christians of us, I believe, have reeled under questions of such staggering obscurity. I do not accuse you of this weakness. There are some who tremblingly reach out shaking hands to the guidance of Faith—Others who stoutly venture into the dark (their Human Confidence their leader, whom they mistake for Faith); and, investing themselves beforehand with Cherubic wings, as they fancy, find their new robes as familiar, and fitting to their supposed growth and stature in godliness, as the coat they left off yesterday—Some whose hope totters upon crutches—Others who stalk into futurity upon stilts.

The contemplation of a spiritual World,—which, without the addition of a misgiving conscience, is enough to shake some natures to their foundation—is smoothly got over by others, who shall float over the black billows, in their little boat of No-Distrust, as unconcernedly as over a summer sea. The difference is chiefly constitutional.

One man shall love his friends and his friends’ faces; and, under the uncertainty of conversing with them again, in the

same manner and familiar circumstances of sight, speech, &c., as upon earth—in a moment of no irreverent weakness—for a dream-while—no more—would be almost content, for a reward of a life of virtue (if he could ascribe such acceptance to his lame performances), to take up his portion with those he loved, and was made to love, in this good world, which he knows—which was created so lovely, beyond his deservings. Another, embracing a more exalted vision—so that he might receive indefinite additaments of power, knowledge, beauty, glory, &c.—is ready to forego the recognition of humbler individualities of earth, and the old familiar faces. The shapings of our heavens are the modifications of our constitution; and Mr Feeble Mind, or Mr Great Heart, is born in every one of us.

Some (and such have been accounted the safest divines) have shrunk from pronouncing upon the final state of any man; nor dare they pronounce the case of Judas to be desperate. Others (with stronger optics), as plainly as with the eye of flesh, shall behold a *given king* in bliss, and a *given chamberlain* in torment; even to the eternising of a cast of the eye in the latter, his own self-mocked and good-humouredly-borne deformity on earth, but supposed to aggravate the uncouth and hideous expression of his pangs in the other place. That one man can presume so far, and that another would with shuddering disclaim such confidences, is, I believe, an effect of the nerves purely.

If, in either of these Papers, or elsewhere, I have been betrayed into some levities—not affronting the sanctuary, but glancing perhaps at some of the out-skirts and extreme edges, the debateable land between the holy and profane regions—for the admixture of man's inventions twisting themselves with the name of religion itself, has artfully made it difficult to touch even the alloy, without, in some men's estimation, soiling the fine gold)—if I have sported within the purlieus of serious matter—it was, I dare say, a humour—be not startled, Sir—which I have unwittingly derived from yourself. You have all your life been making a jest of the Devil. Not of the scriptural meaning of that dark essence—personal or allegorical; for the nature is no where plainly delivered. I acquit you of intentional irreverence. But indeed you have made wonderfully free with, and been mighty pleasant upon, the popular

idea and attributes of him. A noble Lord, your brother Visionary, has scarcely taken greater liberties with the material keys, and merely Catholic notion of St Peter.—You have flattered him in prose : you have chanted him in goodly odes. You have been his Jester ; Volunteer Laureat, and self-elected Court Poet to Beëlzebub.

You have never ridiculed, I believe, what you thought to be religion, but you are always girding at what some pious, but perhaps mistaken folks, think to be so. For this reason, I am sorry to hear that you are engaged upon a life of George Fox. I know you will fall into the error of intermixing some comic stuff with your seriousness. The Quakers tremble at the subject in your hand. The Methodists are shy of you, upon account of *their* founder. But, above all, our Popish brethren are most in your debt. The errors of that church have proved a fruitful source to your scoffing vein. Their Legend has been a golden one to you. And here your friends, Sir, have noticed a notable inconsistency. To the imposing rites, the solemn penances, devout austerities of that communion ; the affecting though erring piety of their hermits ; the silence and solitude of the Chartreux—their crossings, their holy waters—their Virgin, and their saints—to these, they say, you have been indebted for the best feelings, and the richest imagery, of your Epic poetry. You have drawn copious drafts upon Loretto. We thought at one time you were going post to Rome—but that in the facetious commentaries, which it is your custom to append so plentifully, and (some say) injudiciously, to your loftiest performances in this kind, you spurn the uplifted toe, which you but just now seemed to court ; leave his holiness in the lurch ; and show him a fair pair of Protestant heels under your Romish vestment. When we think you already at the wicket, suddenly a violent cross wind blows you transverse—

ten thousand leagues awry.

Then might we see
Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And flutter'd into rags ; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds.

You pick up pence by showing the hallowed bones, shrine, and crucifix; and you take money a second time by exposing the trick of them afterwards. You carry your verse to Castle Angelo for sale in a morning; and, swifter than a pedlar can transmute his pack, you are at Canterbury with your prose ware before night.

Sir, is it that I dislike you in this merry vein? The very reverse. No countenance becomes an intelligent jest better than your own. It is your grave aspect, when you look awful upon your poor friends, which I would deprecate.

In more than one place, if I mistake not, you have been pleased to compliment me at the expence of my companions. I cannot accept your compliment at such a price. The upbraiding a man's poverty naturally makes him look about him to see whether he be so poor indeed as he is presumed to be. You have put me upon counting my riches. Really, Sir, I did not know I was so wealthy in the article of friendships. There is —, and —, whom you never heard of, but exemplary characters both, and excellent church-goers; and N., mine and my father's friend for nearly half a century; and the enthusiast for Wordsworth's poetry, T. N. T., a little tainted with Socinianism, it is to be feared, but constant in his attachments, and a capital critic; and —, a sturdy old Athanasian, so that sets all to rights again; and W., the light, and warm-as-light hearted, Janus of the London; and the translator of Dante, still a curate, modest and amiable C.; and Allan C., the large-hearted Scot; and P—r, candid and affectionate as his own poetry; and A—p, Coleridge's friend; and G—n, his more than friend; and Coleridge himself, the same to me still, as in those old evenings, when we used to sit and speculate (do you remember them, Sir?) at our old Salutation tavern, upon Pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth; and W—th (why, Sir, I might drop my rent-roll here; such goodly farms and manors have I reckoned up already. In what possessions has not this last name alone estated me!—but I will go on)—and M., the noble-minded kinsman, by wedlock, of W—th; and H. C. R., unwearied in the offices of a friend; and Clarkson, almost above the narrowness of that relation, yet condescending not seldom heretofore from the labours of his world-embracing charity to

bless my humble roof; and the gall-less and single-minded Dyer; and the high-minded associate of Cook, the veteran Colonel, with his lusty heart still sending cartels of defiance to old Time; and, not least, W. A., the last and steadiest left to me of that little knot of whist-players, that used to assemble weekly, for so many years, at the Queen's Gate (you remember them, Sir?) and called Admiral Burney friend.

I will come to the point at once. I believe you will not make many exceptions to my associates so far. But I have purposely omitted some intimacies, which I do not yet repent of having contracted, with two gentlemen, diametrically opposed to yourself in principles. You will understand me to allude to the authors of *Rimini* and of the *Table Talk*. And first, of the former.—

It is an error more particularly incident to persons of the correctest principles and habits, to seclude themselves from the rest of mankind, as from another species, and form into knots and clubs. The best people, herding thus exclusively, are in danger of contracting a narrowness. Heat and cold, dryness and moisture, in the natural world, do not fly asunder, to split the globe into sectarian parts and separations; but mingling, as they best may, correct the malignity of any single predominance. The analogy holds, I suppose, in the moral world. If all the good people were to ship themselves off to *Terra Incognita*, what, in humanity's name, is to become of the refuse? If the persons, whom I have chiefly in view, have not pushed matters to this extremity yet, they carry them as far as they can go. Instead of mixing with the infidel and the freethinker—in the room of opening a negotiation, to try at least to find out at which gate the error entered—they huddle close together, in a weak fear of infection, like that pusillanimous underling in *Spenser*—

This is the wandering wood, this Error's den;
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore, I reed, beware. Fly, fly, quoth then
The fearful Dwarf.

and, if they be writers in orthodox journals, addressing themselves only to the irritable passions of the unbeliever—they

proceed in a safe system of strengthening the strong hands, and confirming the valiant knees; of converting the already converted, and proselyting their own party. I am the more convinced of this from a passage in the very Treatise which occasioned this letter. It is where, having recommended to the doubter the writings of Michaelis and Lardner, you ride triumphant over the necks of all infidels, sceptics, and dissenters, from this time to the world's end, upon the wheels of two unanswerable deductions. I do not hold it meet to set down, in a Miscellaneous Compilation like this, such religious words as you have thought fit to introduce into the pages of a petulant Literary Journal. I therefore beg leave to substitute *numerals*, and refer to the Quarterly Review (for July) for filling of them up. 'Here,' say you, 'as in the history of 7, if these books are authentic, the events which they relate must be true; if they were written by 8, 9 is 10 and 11.' Your first deduction, if it means honestly, rests upon two identical propositions; though I suspect an unfairness in one of the terms, which this would not be quite the proper place for explicating. At all events *you* have no cause to triumph; you have not been proving the premises, but refer for satisfaction therein to very long and laborious works, which may well employ the sceptic a twelvemonth or two to digest, before he can possibly be ripe for your conclusion. When he has satisfied himself about the premises, he will concede to you the inference, I dare say, most readily.—But your latter deduction, *viz.*, that because 8 has written a book concerning 9, therefore 10 and 11 was certainly his meaning, is one of the most extraordinary conclusions *per saltum* that I have had the good fortune to meet with. As far as 10 is verbally asserted in the writings, all sects must agree with you; but you cannot be ignorant of the many various ways in which the doctrine of the ***** has been understood, from a low figurative expression (with the Unitarians) up to the most mysterious actuality; in which highest sense alone you and your church take it. And for 11, *tha* there is *no other possible conclusion*—to hazard this in the face of so many thousands of Arians and Socinians, &c., who have drawn so opposite a one, is such a piece of theological hardihood, as, I think, warrants me in concluding that, when you sit down to pen theology, you do not at all consider your

opponents ; but have in your eye, merely and exclusively, readers of the same way of thinking with yourself, and therefore have no occasion to trouble yourself with the quality of the logic to which you treat them.

Neither can I think, if you had had the welfare of the poor child—over whose hopeless condition you whine so lamentably and (I must think) unseasonably—seriously at heart, that you could have taken the step of sticking him up *by name*—T. H. is as good as *naming* him—to perpetuate an outrage upon the parental feelings, as long as the Quarterly Review shall last. Was it necessary to specify an individual case, and give to Christian compassion the appearance of personal attack? Is this the way to conciliate unbelievers, or not rather to widen the breach irreparably?

I own I could never think so considerably of myself as to decline the society of an agreeable or worthy man upon difference of opinion only. The impediments and the facilitations to a sound belief are various and inscrutable as the heart of man. Some believe upon weak principles. Others cannot feel the efficacy of the strongest. One of the most candid, most upright, and single-meaning men, I ever knew, was the late Thomas Holcroft. I believe he never said one thing and meant another, in his life ; and, as near as I can guess, he never acted otherwise than with the most scrupulous attention to conscience. Ought we to wish the character false, for the sake of a hollow compliment to Christianity?

Accident introduced me to the acquaintance of Mr L. H.—and the experience of his many friendly qualities confirmed a friendship between us. You, who have been misrepresented yourself, I should hope, have not lent an idle ear to the calumnies which have been spread abroad respecting this gentleman. I was admitted to his household for some years, and do most solemnly aver that I believe him to be in his domestic relations as correct as any man. He chose an ill-judged subject for a poem ; the peccant humours of which have been visited on him tenfold by the artful use, which his adversaries have made, of an *equivocal term*. The subject itself was started by Dante, but better because brieflier treated of. But the crime of the lovers, in the Italian and the English poet, with its aggravated enormity of circumstance, is not

of a kind (as the critics of the latter well knew) with those conjunctions, for which Nature herself has provided no excuse, because no temptation.—It has nothing in common with the black horrors, sung by Ford and Massinger. The familiarising of it in tale and fable may be for that reason incidentally more contagious. In spite of Rimini, I must look upon its author as a man of taste, and a poet. He is better than so, he is one of the most cordial-minded men I ever knew, and matchless as a fire-side companion. I mean not to affront or wound your feelings when I say that, in his more genial moods, he has often reminded me of you. There is the same air of mild dogmatism—the same condescending to a boyish sportiveness—in both your conversations. His hand-writing is so much the same with your own, that I have opened more than one letter of his, hoping, nay, not doubting, but it was from you, and have been disappointed (he will bear with my saying so) at the discovery of my error. L. H. is unfortunate in holding some loose and not very definite speculations (for at times I think he hardly knows whither his premises would carry him) on marriage—the tenets, I conceive, of the Political Justice carried a little farther. For any thing I could discover in his practice, they have reference, like those, to some future possible condition of society, and not to the present times. But neither for these obliquities of thinking (upon which my own conclusions are as distant as the poles asunder)—nor for his political asperities and petulancies, which are wearing out with the heats and vanities of youth—did I select him for a friend; but for qualities which fitted him for that relation. I do not know whether I flatter myself with being the occasion, but certain it is, that, touched with some misgivings for sundry harsh things which he had written aforetime against our friend C.,—before he left this country he sought a reconciliation with that gentleman (himself being his own introducer), and found it.

L. H. is now in Italy; on his departure to which land, with much regret I took my leave of him and of his little family—seven of them, Sir, with their mother—and as kind a set of little people (T. H. and all), as affectionate children, as ever blessed a parent. Had you seen them, Sir, I think you could not have looked upon them as so many little Jonases—

but rather as pledges of the vessel's safety, that was to bear such a freight of love.

I wish you would read Mr H.'s lines to that same T. H., 'six years old, during a sickness':—

Sleep breaks at last from out thee,
My little patient boy——

(they are to be found in the 47th page of 'Foliage')—and ask yourself how far they are out of the spirit of Christianity. I have a letter from Italy, received but the other day, into which L. H. has put as much heart, and as many friendly yearnings after old associates, and native country, as, I think, paper can well hold. It would do you no hurt to give that the perusal also.

From the *other gentleman* I neither expect nor desire (as he is well assured) any such concessions as L. H. made to C. What hath soured him, and made him to suspect his friends of infidelity towards him, when there was no such matter, I know not. I stood well with him for fifteen years (the proudest of my life), and have ever spoken my full mind of him to some, to whom his panegyric must naturally be least tasteful. I never in thought swerved from him, I never betrayed him, I never slackened in my admiration of him, I was the same to him (neither better nor worse), though he could not see it, as in the days when he thought fit to trust me. At this instant, he may be preparing for me some compliment, above my deserts, as he has sprinkled many such among his admirable books, for which I rest his debtor; or, for anything I know, or can guess to the contrary, he may be about to read a lecture on my weaknesses. He is welcome to them (as he was to my humble hearth), if they can divert a spleen, or ventilate a fit of sullenness. I wish he would not quarrel with the world at the rate he does; but the reconciliation must be effected by himself, and I despair of living to see that day. But, protesting against much that he has written, and some things which he chooses to do; judging him by his conversation which I enjoyed so long, and relished so deeply; or by his books, in those places where no clouding passion intervenes—I should belie my own conscience, if I said less, than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of

the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy, which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire ; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion. But I forget my manners—you will pardon me, Sir—I return to the correspondence.

Sir, you were pleased (you know where) to invite me to a compliance with the wholesome forms and doctrines of the Church of England. I take your advice with as much kindness, as it was meant. But I must think the invitation rather more kind than seasonable. I am a Dissenter. The last sect, with which you can remember me to have made common profession, were the Unitarians. You would think it not very pertinent, if (fearing that all was not well with you), I were gravely to invite you (for a remedy) to attend with me a course of Mr Belsham's Lectures at Hackney. Perhaps I have scruples to some of your forms and doctrines. But if I come, am I secure of civil treatment?—The last time I was in any of your places of worship was on Easter Sunday last. I had the satisfaction of listening to a very sensible sermon of an argumentative turn, delivered with great propriety, by one of your bishops. The place was Westminster Abbey. As such religion, as I have, has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process, I was not unwilling, after sermon ended, by no unbecoming transition, to pass over to some serious feelings, impossible to be disconnected from the sight of those old tombs, &c. But, by whose order I know not, I was debarred that privilege even for so short a space as a few minutes ; and turned, like a dog or some profane person, out into the common street ; with feelings, which I could not help, but not very congenial to the day or the discourse. I do not know that I shall ever venture myself again into one of your Churches.

The letter continues 'You had your education,' etc., as in the text.

The quotation from *Elia* which Southey instanced was the passage about 'dear little T. H.' in *Witches, and other Night Fears* (see *Essays of Elia*, pp. 109, 110). T. H. was Thornton Hunt (1810-73), the son of Leigh Hunt, who resided in Italy with his family from 1822 to 1825. Hunt's poem, *The Story of Rimini*, had

been published in 1816: its subject is the story of Paolo and Francesca, immortalised by Dante in *Inferno*, canto v.

Lamb's letter contains some allusions to Southey's early unorthodoxy—e.g. to the radical scheme of pantisocracy, discussed by him and Coleridge in 1794. The pieces which induced Lamb to give him the title of 'Court Poet to Beëlzebub' will be found in his *Ballads and Metrical Tales* and in *The Devil's Walk*, the earliest version of which, printed in 1799, was the joint work of Southey and Coleridge. His 'brother Visionary' was Byron, whose *Vision of Judgment* (1822) was a satire upon Southey's hexameter poem of the same name (1821), written after the death of George III. Southey's *Life of Wesley*, which had made the Methodists 'shy' of him, was published in 1820. The 'old Salutation tavern,' where the pantisocratic discussions took place, was the Salutation and Cat at 17, Newgate street.

The persons alluded to are as follows: N. is Randal Norris (see note on p. 257 above). T. N. T. is Thomas Noon Talfourd (1795–1854), author of the tragedy *Ion* (1835), and a justice of the common pleas from 1849. W. is Thomas Griffiths Wainewright (see p. 272 above), C. is Henry Francis Cary (1772–1844), whose translation of Dante appeared 1805–12. Allan C. is Allan Cunningham: P—r is B. W. Procter (see pp. 272–3 above). A—p is Thomas Allsop (1795–1880). G—n is James Gillman, the surgeon, in whose house at Highgate Coleridge spent the last eighteen years of his life. W—th is, of course, Wordsworth. M. stands for Monkhouse: Lamb describes in one of his letters a dinner-party at his house, with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Rogers and Moore, on 4 March, 1823. H. C. R. is Henry Crabb Robinson the diarist (see notes on pp. 257, 258 above). For Thomas Clarkson, see note on *Essays of Elia*, p. 288. For George Dyer, see *ibid.*, note on p. 252, and the essay *Amicus Redivivus* (p. 96 above). W. A. is William Ayrton (see note on *Essays of Elia*, p. 268). For admiral Burney see *ibid.* note on p. 266, and note on p. 226 above. Thomas Holcroft (1745–1809) is remembered chiefly as a dramatist, but was also an ardent republican, and the friend of William Godwin, the author of *Political Justice* (1793) and father-in-law of Shelley. W. H. is William Hazlitt, whose *Table Talk* appeared in 1821–2. Thomas Belsham (1750–1829) was the Unitarian minister of the Gravel Pit chapel at Hackney and of the chapel in Essex street (see note on *Essays of Elia*, p. 286).

The quotation 'Ten thousand leagues awry' is from Milton, *Paradise Lost*, III, 488 and 489–93. 'This is the wandering wood' is from Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I, i, 13. 'Strengthening the strong hands,' etc., is an adaptation of Isaiah xxxv, 3.

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After 'unfortunate relic' the original letter concluded thus :

—can you help us in this emergency to find the nose?—
or can you give Chantry a notion (from memory) of its pristine
life and vigour? I am willing for peace' sake to subscribe my
guinea towards a restoration of the lamented feature.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

ELIA.

Chantry is the sculptor Francis Legatt Chantrey (1781-1842),
knighted in 1835.

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At 'a thin diet of dainty words' originally there was a reference
to the following foot-note (see note on p. 243 above) :

A profusion of verbal dainties, with a disproportionate lack
of matter and circumstance, is, I think, one reason of the
coldness with which the public has received the poetry of a
nobleman now living ; which, upon the score of exquisite
diction alone, is entitled to something better than neglect.
I venture to copy one of his Sonnets in this place, which for
quiet sweetness, and unaffected morality, has scarcely its parallel
in our language.

TO A BIRD THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LACKEN
IN THE WINTER

By Lord Thurlow

O melancholy Bird, a winter's day,
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
To Patience, which all evil can allay.
God has appointed thee the Fish thy prey,
And given thyself a lesson to the Fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools, nor the Professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart.
He who has not enough, for these, to spare
Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair :
Nature is always wise in every part.

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